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MEMOIR

AND

SELECT REMAINS

OF THE LATE

REV. JOHN R. M'DOWALL,

THE MARTYR OF THE SEVENTH COMMANDMENT,

IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

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## CONTENTS.

	Page
PREFACE,	vii
CHAPTER I.—EARLY LIFE OF M'DOWALL.— <i>Account by his Father,</i>	1
CHAPTER II.—YOUTHFUL DIARY.—Miscellaneous reflections—Petitions—Reminiscences—Sickness—Conversion—Trials—Dedication to the ministry—Incipient labors—Sabbath-schools—Alternate depression and comfort—Revival of religion—Self-renunciation—Dedication to martyrdom,	5
CHAPTER III.—Relinquishment of worldly prospects—Plans of study—Hungerings and thirstings after righteousness—Solemn covenant engagements and vows—Copy of a letter,	15
CHAPTER IV.—Precautions against error—Against impetuosity and indiscretion—Chastisements—Disappointments—Resignation—Claims of the heathen—Response to the call—Departure from his father's house—Commencement of his studies at Amherst—Resolutions and prayers,	19
CHAPTER V.—EXERCISES OF HIS MIND AT AMHERST.—Joy in God—Temptations—Coldness—Slow Progress—Self-abasement—Sanctuary and social privileges—The heathen—The Jews—Longing desires for their conversion—Anxiety to visit Jerusalem, and labor in Palestine—He unites with the church in Amherst—Pecuniary destitution—Spiritual distresses—Instruction of children,	25
CHAPTER VI.—Entrance at College—New dangers and new resolutions—Prayers for his father—for his mother—for his sister and brothers—For the church—Sore temptations—Solicitude to understand the Bible—Conscientiousness—New-Year's meditations—Excessive study—Excursion—Revivals—Sickness—Recovery—Destitution—Relief—A precious season—Thoughts of home and kindred—Close of the term—Self-examination—Commencement—Prayer for a revival in college—Labors in South Hadley, Granby, and South-Hampton—Exhortation to professors—Preparations to enter another institution,	36
CHAPTER VII.—Funeral—Conversation with a colored man—Thoughts on prayer—Colleges—Sunday School—Poor health—Depravity of man—Visits among the unconverted—Opposition—Objections refuted—Determination to go forward,	45
CHAPTER VIII.—Trouble—Thoughts of home—Death of Mr. Fisk—Calumny—Reflections—Vacation—Fast in Kinderhook,	52

	Page
CHAPTER IX.—Return to college—Prayer-meetings—Conversion of a young man—Slander—Officers in college,	58
CHAPTER X.—Visits among sinners—Success—Opposition—Cruelty to animals—Doubts—Kindness of parents—Despondency—Visit to Ballstown, and his parents,	61
CHAPTER XI.—Thoughts on the revival—Trials—Concerning leaving the Dutch church—Deep sense of sin—Letters—Ministerial qualifications,	63
CHAPTER XII.—Letter from Mr. Crane—Labors in College—Persecutions—Prayer Meeting—Fainting—Kindness—Letter from J. C. Beaman, Ohio—Labors in the vicinity of College—Journey to Canada—Faithfulness and piety,	80
CHAPTER XIII.—Letter from Mr. Richmond—Letter from Mr. Hallock—Doings of the Board at Providence—Mr. M'Dowall's labors—Extracts from his Journal—Testimonials of his friends—Labors in different parts—Ill health—Influence and energy of ladies—Letter to Mr. Hallock—Extracts from the Report of the Rhode Island Sunday-school Union,	86
CHAPTER XIV.—Return to Princeton—Reflections on various subjects—Reading Sermons—African School—Joining Princeton Presbytery—Appetite—Visits in African families—On inducing people to read the Bible through—Pleasant interview—Inquiries to know duty respecting future labors—Left Princeton for New-York—Visit Five Points—Horrid scene and depravity exposed—Appeal to Ladies—An African's excuse not to attend meeting—Called to see a corpse—Preached Christ—John Stratford—Labors continued—Sailors—Lotteries,	97
CHAPTER XV.—Groceries—Gambling—Reflections on lust—On the wages of sin—Cruelty of the keepers of houses of infamy—Manner of leading females to the Five Points—Progress of the school—Difficulties in the way of females who wish to leave the abodes of sin—Indifference in the city to the cause of reform—Faithfulness in preaching—Females taken to the Refuge—Character of the seducer,	109
CHAPTER XVI.—Papacy and Paganism—Search the Scriptures—Visit to the Refuge—Story of a poor girl—A word to parents—Evening at the Tract House—Leaving the School—A short summary of his doings—Conversation with a wicked woman—Close preaching—Visit with Mr. Wheelwright among the abandoned—Talk to a young man,	119
CHAPTER XVII.—Visit to the Hook—Visit in Anthony-street—Card-playing—An infidel—School opened at the Dispensary—Testimony of Mahala Lake—Story of a merchant—Sabbath-school removed—Talk to a young man—Visit to Princeton—Journey to Philadelphia—Magdalen So-	

ciety—Conversation on infidelity—Leaves Philadelphia— Conversation in the stage—Goes to New-York—Five Points—A man in soft raiment—Visit to Penitentiary—To Tammany Hall,	Page 131
CHAPTER XVIII.—Visit to the Five Points—A young girl— Visit at the Alms House—School at the Penitentiary— Case of two females—His own division—French Revolution— Story of a young man—Weekly report to the Executive Committee—Female Penitentiary—Ancient poets— Visit to the Asylum—Description of vile houses—Meet- ing of the Board of the Benevolent Society—Vile houses in and about the Five Points—Number of vile men and women,	143
CHAPTER XIX.—Weariness—Walk in Broadway—Interview with two girls—Advice and kindness—Persuaded them to go home—The next day called on them and learned their situation—Visit to the Asylum—Trouble among them amicably settled—Meeting in the Penitentiary— Visit at Anthony and Chatham-streets—Meeting at the Five Points—Reflections—Farther visits—Visit to twelve wards in the Alms House,	155
CHAPTER XX.—Visit to Bellevue—Affecting incident—Testi- mony of A. P.—Penitentiary accommodations—Story of a young girl.—The aged mother—Description of houses of ill-fame—City thieves—Remarks,	163
CHAPTER XXI.—Story of a merchant—Dress of christian fe- males—License—Discouragements—Testimony of a phy- sician—Marriage—Magdalen Facts—State of suspense— Meeting of ministers—Discouragements—Manner of be- ing found in a garret—Removal from the place,	177
CHAPTER XXII.—Letter—Cholera—Devising ways to bring his cause before the public—Lectures—Discouragements— Efforts made—Wm. Goodell's appeal—Supplies sent in,	194
CHAPTER XXIII.—Commences his journey—Benevolent Society —Encouragements and difficulties—Moral Reform meet- ing—Malice and threats—All at stake—New troubles —Strange things—Nameless facts—Sickness of Mrs. M'Dowall—Luxury and style,	204
CHAPTER XXIV.—Grand Jury—Moral Reform—General Ref- uge on the banks of the Hudson—Stranger's home—New- York election—New-York Observer—Obscene prints,	213
CHAPTER XXV.—Third Presbytery—Kindness—Mobs—Letter to Oneida Institute—Leaves the house in Mott-street— Address to the ladies of Moral Reform Society,	227
CHAPTER XXVI.—Visit to New-Haven and Litchfield—His for- tune—Amalgamation and purity—Sail up the Hudson— Obscene pictures—Journal in Troy,	249

	Page
CHAPTER XXVII.—Address to the ladies of the Troy Female Moral Reform Society—Visit to Connecticut for the Seventh Commandment Society—Scene at a tavern,	266
CHAPTER XXVIII.—New-Milford—Journal at Connecticut—Return to New-York—Journey to the West—Journal while on the Canal—Rochester—Doings there,	280
CHAPTER XXIX.—Journal continued while onward to the West—Return to New-York—Preparing his Defence—Brought before the Presbytery,	295
CHAPTER XXX.—The result and appeal,	306
CHAPTER XXXI.—Difficulty of obtaining a copy of the doings of Presbytery—Sympathies of friends—Meeting, and result of Synod,	338
CHAPTER XXXII.—Labors and writings—Sickness and death—Testimony of Dr. Brown—His character,	348
APPENDIX,	
Letter from Rev. Theodore Wright,	390
Letter from J—— W——,	395
Letter from C——,	400
Sketches of Rev. John R. M'Dowall, by Wm. G. Oodell,	410

## PREFACE.

A celebrated Universalist clergyman was once asked how he could embrace such a dangerous doctrine? His answer was, "I am no more a Universalist than all the world; every body's *friends* go to heaven: if so, all mankind must be saved."

How many biographies have been written which do not savor strongly of this principle? It is well if even the criminal who is executed for piracy upon the high seas, does not leave behind some kind-hearted philanthropist, who, in telling his wondrous story, makes him not only the noble hero, but the *good christian pirate*.

Then, to be an acquaintance, a friend of M'Dowall, and his impartial biographer, requires, if not the inspiration of a St. Luke, at least an eye single to the glory of God. To delineate the most prominent features in his character, *some* of his persecutions must be told: this must rebuke his persecutors; and to be just without acrimony, merciful without partiality, and show the world M'Dowall himself, "who is sufficient for these things?" To say M'Dowall was a good man, in the common acceptation of the word, is not enough; to say he was an infallible man, would not be right; but to say he was the man above all others, who suffered daily martyrdom to elevate the standard of moral purity to its present height, is saying what truth and justice require should be said.

There have been difficulties in compiling this work which seldom occur in any other. The reader must be conscious that the name of M'Dowall has long been odious to the ears of modern refinement, and to such deserves no better eulogy than a misguided philanthropist, who,

"Meteor like, flew loveless through the sky,"

making his way to pre-eminence only by the novelty of his route.

Another class gravely tell you that they believe he was an intriguing, dishonest man, goaded on by the love of money and fame; but being defeated in both, poured a tirade of abuse upon his more discerning antagonists, and then broke the hearts of weak-minded men and silly women by a pitiful whining of persecution, wholly unparalleled in modern times. This latter class say, give us the man—his apostolic zeal—his persecutions and martyrdom, sparing neither root nor branch. Now it must be evident that these antipodes see through different glasses, and if the vision of one be clear, the other must be jaundiced; and who can compile a work to suit the optics of both?

Another formidable difficulty has been, to make the best

selection from such a mass of papers promiscuously thrown together, as were his, the last four years of his life. His regular journal, till then, was kept with accuracy, and shows he was not deficient in system; but when his "fiery trials" commenced, he wrote as he could in the hurry of the moment; and though he was careful to preserve every item, yet many of these items were in detached parts, incoherently written, and the dates quite imperfect. Should the reader find errors in dates, let this be the apology.

As to the facts themselves, they have been gathered from his own private writings, from his printed Journal, from the testimony of Mrs. M'Dowall, and many from personal acquaintance of the compiler with M'Dowall himself.

This volume contains but a preface to his writings and labors. The beginning of his christian career may have something of the sameness of others in like circumstances; but when he entered fully into the field, you see *M'Dowall himself*, till lost in the ocean of eternity.

Should the eye of any young disciple light on these pages, whose enthusiastic heart is panting to put on the armour M'Dowall has put off, he will do well to remember there are lions in the way,—he will do well to ask, if single-handed and alone, without "purse or scrip," he dare meet the formidable foes that lurk in every path. Let him then sit down first and count the cost, lest he begin to build and be not able to finish.

Let the doting mother, as she reads these pages, while her laughing ones are sporting about her in all the innocence of uncontaminated purity, bless God that M'Dowall lived, and while he lived placed way-marks at every dangerous step, that she may guard and guide them till, wisely trained in the way they should go, and when older, they will never depart from it.

Let the self-secure, when she boasts of her own conscious strength, look among the spoils of her lost sex, and there she may find many a tarnished gem, who once, like her, asked no M'Dowall to warn against the syren song of flattery, or the unseen whirlpool where many an innocent victim has been swallowed and lost for ever.

It is not, it *cannot* be supposed that the expectations of all will be realized who read these pages. To some the picture will be too vividly, to others too faintly drawn. To all the compiler would say, the object of the writer was not solely to "get up a book" that should please, but, if possible, to do good to such as are seeking for truth, and know how to appreciate it when obtained.

That such may be blessed and profited, is the sincere wish of

THE COMPILER.

New-York, January 5th, 1833.

# MEMOIR.

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## CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE OF REV. J. R. M'DOWALL, BY HIS FATHER.

The following is furnished by the venerable father of the deceased, who has been a minister of the Gospel, in Canada, for about forty years.

JOHN R. M'DOWALL was born in Fredericksburgh, county of Lenox, Midland District, Upper Canada, the 20th of September, 1801. He came into the world a child of sorrow. His deep moaning during the first twenty-four hours of his life was considered an indication of his speedy dissolution ;\* but He who destined him to the great work of promoting moral purity, raised him up from his low state, and favored him, with the exception of occasional attacks of severe headache, with good health. His mind was lively and often deeply impressed with the awful realities of eternity. The worship of God was with him a delightful employment. I will state one example of this. He went of his own accord in the month of April, 1816, then in the 15th year of his age, with his father and a gentleman, a near neighbor, six miles on foot to meeting. When he

\* This might seem too trivial to notice, as it is what often occurs with children, but it made such an impression on the minds of all who saw him at that time, that it has often been mentioned before and since his peculiar sufferings in the last years of his life.

returned home, the road being bad, he was much fatigued and pale. His mother inquired what ailed him; he replied that his thigh was sore by means of leaping over a small stream of water or going over a fence; "but father preached such a good sermon to-day, that I am well paid for my trouble."

That pain was just above his right knee, ulcerated, affected the thigh-bone, of which a considerable part exfoliated, brought him near the grave, and greatly impaired his physical powers during his life. This affliction, through the sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit, brought him to deeper consideration and nearness to God. In his distress he covenanted with God, that if he spared his life he would live more devoted to his service. Soon after his recovery he commenced his academical studies, and afterwards spent about a year and a half with an uncle, by his mother's side, at York, (now Toronto,) in the study of law. Thence he wrote his father he was not volatile, but he could not conscientiously pursue the profession of law, and that he had consecrated himself to God wholly, and could not perform his vow, unless he brought his whole powers to bear on the enlargement of Christ's kingdom. He was asked in reply if he did not think, from the prospects before him, that he might exert such influence on others as to induce them to do as much or more, to forward the prosperity of the Redeemer's kingdom, than he could by his own personal ministry. He answered that he had not covenanted to serve God by proxy, but to serve him in his own person.

After he had quit his studies and returned home, a gentleman bred to the law, and holding different offices under government, asked him if he did not think he had done wrong in giving up his intention to study law, as few young men in the Province had such favorable opportunities of rising to eminence as he had. He answered him by presenting him a book, and saying,

"Mr. Thompson, here was my choice when I left York." and showed him a hymn something like the following lines :

"Ye glittering toys of earth, adieu !

"A nobler choice be mine ;

"A real prize attracts my view,

"A treasure all divine."

Conversing with his mother one day after his return from York, respecting the worldly prospects that were before him, he raised his hands and said,

"Mother, when I got on board the vessel to leave York, I looked back, and then I left the world."

During his stay at home he manifested great anxiety about the rising generation : travelled both alone and in company with me to organize Sabbath schools in different places, and exerted himself to imbue the young mind in his own neighborhood with a deep sense of the Gospel of peace and the awful realities of eternity.

The general apathy to religion in the neighborhood, and the coldness and conformity to the world in the few professors of religion, awakened his sympathies for them. He used his influence to persuade them to build a house for the worship of God. He also spent some time in making collections for that purpose.

After his departure for College all prospect of building a house died away, till after the lapse of ten or twelve years, when the prospect was revived by a few who made no pretensions to holy living ; and the work was completed.

After the commencement of his labors in New-York, he wrote me that his funds were exhausted by laboring to check the source of the most complicated degradation and misery, and was not sustained by the christian public, and wished my advice whether he ought to persevere in his exertions, or give up his endeavors as hopeless. This was a difficult question for me to decide at such a distance ; I

could therefore only say, that if he were not sustained he must abandon his field of labor; but if God had raised him up as an instrument to promote such a reformation as he wished, he would provide for him.

As all who live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution, I do not wonder that my son died a martyr. For though I never wrote a word on moral reform for any paper, I have on account of it suffered great persecution by nominal professors, who have gone from house to house to stir up hatred, strife, and opposition against me; and these persecutors were encouraged and aided by a professed minister of the Prince of Peace. What will not professors and ministers do, who are seeking popularity, and are unwilling to be reclaimed from their evil ways!!

As Jesus Christ, by dying, destroyed him who had the power of death, and as Samson destroyed more Philistines in his death than he slew during his whole life, even so God, who overrules all things for the good of those that love him, and are the "called according to his purpose," may have determined the martyrdom of my dear son, whose exit out of this world was gloriously triumphant, to have a powerful influence to forward the great work on which his heart was set.

Indeed, it was long ago thought that the blood of martyrs was the seed of the church.

ROBERT M'DOWALL.

## CHAPTER II.

## YOUTHFUL DIARY.

Miscellaneous reflections—Petitions—Reminiscences—Sickness—Conversion—trials—Dedication to the ministry—Incipient labors—Sabbath-schools—Alternate depression and comfort—Revival of religion—Self-renunciation—Dedication to Martyrdom.

HAMILTON, Aug. 14, 1821.

*Sabbath morning, 1821.*—How delightful to rise in the morning and take the refreshing air, the gift of heaven; and how much so to the christian, who is once more permitted by his heavenly Creator to raise devout adorations from his bended knee, and to visit the temple of Jehovah, and offer up his "sacrifice of a broken heart," which, to the Almighty, if truly and unfeignedly performed, is more acceptable than the "fat of rams, or the blood of bullocks." Lord, may I keep this day holy to thee, by walking in the path which is so clearly marked out in the Gospel! May I not follow after sin, or be led away by my fellow-students, and may I strive to avoid their levity. May I now read a chapter in the New Testament and bow the knee before thy footstool, and render praise to thee for not making my bed my grave; to pray for distant friends and the prosperity of the church, and thy missionary servants. *Bri-  
dle my tongue.*

*15th. 10 o'clock, evening.*—Lord, how grateful ought I to be, for mercies received through the day, from so beneficent a Being as thou art! Thy very name ought to strike me with reverential awe, and make my heart glow with the warmest gratitude. And now, merciful Father, may I, after reading a portion of thy word, and committing myself to thy charge during the night, lie down in peace beneath the shadow of thy wings!

*September 8, 1821.*—When I think that twenty years of

my life have been spent in sinful employments, I am ready to cry out, "How astonishing is the goodness of Jehovah in sparing me, a wretch as I am!" Since thou hast spared me so long, endure with me unto the end. Abraham, the father of the faithful, said, "Let not my Lord be angry, and I will speak but this once." O preserve thy holy religion among us—bless our missionary societies—bless all in authority over us; may they rule with the rod of righteousness! Bring in the gentiles in the fullness of time.

*Sabbath morning.*—How thankful, O God, should a sinful mortal be, for seeing the light of another Sabbath! May I go to thy sanctuary this day, and spend the Sabbath as becomes a true follower of Jesus! And wilt thou convict idle and profane persons who wander and stroll through the streets, profaning thy holy day not only by their own neglect, but by drawing the attention of others, and enticing youth to follow their diabolical practices? There is another evil we pray thee to check, viz. that of Sabbath parties. Keep me from these ungodly practices!

*December, 1821.* My spirits are languid, and I feel a general coolness towards things of a divine nature. It causes me often to think of the Laodicean church, and take the application to myself of the curse denounced against her; "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot," &c. O may I buy gold of thee, that hast been tried in the fire, and "white raiment, that I may be clothed!"

FREDERICKSBURGH, Midland District.

*Jan. 1, 1822.*—This day, one year ago, I was pursuing a path which a proud heart did dictate. Forensic diction, crafty pleas, dubious issues, demurrers, with a catalogue of pleadings, conveyances, &c. too numerous to be recorded on this small sheet. This wrapt me up in the things of this world, and the prince of the air bade me be still. So did I slumber on, till God in his infinite wisdom brought me near to the

gates of death. Then did I plainly see that the God of heaven was not to be trifled with. I sought for the light of his life-giving countenance, and nightly did I cry unto my God. In the shades of the darkest night did I rise up and water my couch with my tears. Despair at last laid hold on me, and solitude became my friend. My private walks and lonely bed-chamber heard my complaints. Fast did my spirits flag and body decay, and death stared me in the face, melancholy, pensive guest, bound my feeble frame, and caused it to decay.

All cheerful company was carefully avoided, and innocent amusements denied. Perpetual gloom hung on my countenance, the fairest prospects vanished, dismal appearances did every thing assume, and those which should have given delight, afforded nothing but disgust. Such an unhappy creature, that life itself became a burden, and hurried on by Despair, its consequent attendant, Satan would have caused me to lay violent hands on myself had not my Redeemer showed his face.

But still I was greatly distressed both in body and mind. There were vestiges of the dismal disease yet lurking in my system; to surmount which I sought the company of those who, by their declarations, knew and felt the powerful influences of the Holy Spirit, as well as those who proved it by their walk. Circumstances allowed me not to stay long in their company; but by persevering in this course, taking frequent exercise, on horseback and foot, through the most pleasant parts of the adjacent country, my health was slowly recovering, when it again pleased my heavenly Father to give me one more trial.

Long before this time the symptoms of a slow and lingering consumption appeared; but now it renewed its attack with redoubled vigor, and being accompanied by a slight touch of the pleurisy, my strength rapidly decayed—my hopes of life vanished. But, O blessed be my Redeemer! the hope of life beyond the grave was enkindled in

my bosom ; an ardent flame, a lively faith, and fervent hope buoyed me up under this affliction. It was sanctified to my good, and now do I rejoice in the fruits thereof. But in a few days it pleased my Redeemer to stay his heavy hand, and restore me to my usual health. Then this passage proved a balm to my wounded soul. " And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these that are arrayed in white robes ? and whence came they ? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said unto me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple : and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more ; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters : and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

O thou Almighty and eternal first principle, thou divine Architect, who sittest in light and glory inaccessible—and thou our King, Priest, and everlasting Redeemer, who didst assume our nature, in whom dwelleth love everlasting and ineffable, and thou divine Spirit, enable me to live unto Christ, to die unto sin, to conform my conversation as becometh the Gospel ; in nothing to be terrified by the adversaries of religion, that I may overcome, and be made a pillar in the temple of my God. That I may be confessed by Christ, before God and his angels—so that, O Lord, I, by thy power, may be kept in all holiness, nothing doubting of thy love !

About this time God remarkably answered my fervent prayers. My father gave his consent, and Mr. Washburn, to whom I had been articled, as a student at Law, nearly two years before that time, though to his own detriment, accelerated my departure, that I might devote the

remainder of my days to the glory of my beneficent Creator.

And now do I find myself again seated in my father's family, after having tried the paths that lead to worldly fame and greatness, enjoying the smiles of my reconciled God.

The constraining grace of Christ has brought me low, and abased me in the dust. Grant, O Lord, that I may have no more high and lofty views of myself, but that I may see myself poor and needy, naked, wretched, and blind, *out* of the unsearchable riches of Christ.

And now, though I am not in so good health as formerly, yet I rejoice that I am this side of the grave and a burning hell. I have vowed to give away my life to my God, and if it should please him, to dedicate myself to the ministry.

For this purpose I relinquish the Law. My time at present is chiefly spent in the organization of Sabbath schools, and in soliciting subscriptions for the erection of a meeting-house in this place. Occasionally I review my classical studies; but as a sedentary life does not at present agree with my health, therefore little time is spent in this way. How long shall it be, O Lord, before I shall enter publicly into thy business? O hasten the day and crown my efforts with success; that I may at the last and decisive hour come forth, bearing the sheaves of my toil, having sown in tears the good seed of thy kingdom. But in submission I would say, Thy will be done, O Lord.

*Jan. 7th.*—I am much depressed this morning, both in body and spirits. The symptoms of the old complaint in my leg again appear. My Lord only knows whether it shall carry me hence. All must die. It is appointed once for man to die, and happy is he who is called faithful and chosen. This is a state of probation, and happy is he who confesses Christ in this vale of tears. For the *Son* will confess him before God and his angels. But inbred sin, thou monster! deceitful hast thou been, and long led my soul a *willing captive*. O thou, my Redeemer, unless thy blood be applied there can be no remission!

*8th. Wednesday evening.*—Was honored by hearing a discourse from that much respected and beloved child of God, the Rev. Thaddeus Osgood. Enjoyed sweet communion with my God, and was greatly cheered by the accounts which he gave of many Sabbath schools. Sweetly did things of an eternal nature drop from his lips. The holy flame seemed to be enkindled in his breast, and duty to his divine Master impressed upon his heart. O his godly advice, his heavenly instruction! Let it deeply fix upon our souls, and bring forth fruits meet for repentance! Sweet advice did he give to the scholars of the Sabbath school. May it be as seed sown in good soil!

*10th. Friday evening.*—My dear father preached, "Set thy house in order," &c. I trust it was a profitable season to my soul. The great truths of eternity were deeply impressed upon all. Pride, vanity, lasciviousness, self-righteousness, and all vain amusements were rebuked. O let us go to Christ, cast ourselves upon him unreservedly, that his blood may be applied to our souls.

*Feb. 20th.*—No prospect of my departure to College. Lord, how long shall it be before I shall publicly enter upon thy business? Or wilt thou never honor me, so vile a creature, with thy holy office? But may I say, "Thy will be done."

Twenty-one years of my life have passed away, and are now buried in oblivion!

The seminaries of learning in these parts are to educate those who profess Presbyterian principles. I languish for want of due employment, but O support me under tribulation and affliction with this one trial also!

*March 7th.*—I have just returned from a circuit of one hundred and forty miles, having accompanied my father on his mission through that route. By the assistance of my father I established, or rather organized, two Sabbath schools. There is a prospect that four more will soon be established. O Lord, be pleased to prosper those already

planted ! O carry on thy work in this our country, till all shall be brought to a sense of duty !

A revival of religion has commenced in the adjoining district ; eighty have joined the Methodists and five the Baptists. O how long shall thy hand be concealed in this place ! Arise, O Lord ! plead thy own cause, that infidelity may hide her head for shame !

19th.—Melancholy, pensive soul am I. O could I but fly on the pinions of a dove, I would soar to a land far distant, a land where thou, Jesus, art unknown, and there would I declare thy praise ! Dreadful sinner that I am ! O horrid, abominable, indwelling sin ! O Lord Jesus. pardon my sins and wash me in thy blood !

23d. *Sabbath day*.—Attended the school, made a few observations on the Lord's prayer. Much more seriousness observed in the scholars than is usual. May some fruit to the honor and glory of God result ! My health is not so good as it was yesterday, yet I believe it my duty to attend church, though it be not of my denomination. And O that God would own and bless the effort to establish worship in that place. But I fear that prejudices are so strongly riveted they cannot easily be subdued. Lord, cause thy pure and undefiled religion to surmount infidel principles and atheistical and deistical blasphemies.

June 25th.—Returned from Bath. Party spirit rages high, it being the time of their electing a member to Parliament. There were to be seen men reeling to and fro with drunkenness, whose heads were blossomed for the grave. O the profanity, the ungodly walk of men ! Hasten the day, O Lord, when I shall leave this place and go far hence to the Gentiles !

This day I received a letter from my dear friend, Dr. Armstrong. I had written him to know the names of the officers of Dartmouth, Yale, Union, and Andover seminaries. At this time I feel much distressed ; my father's extensive circuit demands all his time, and I am neglected.

O Lord, save my soul, and bear me up under all these trying circumstances ! O Lord, if it is thy will that one so vile and base in the sight of his Creator should go forth the herald of divine grace to fallen man, make me sensible of my wretched condition and dependence upon thee !

During the month of February I visited some friends in a most destitute part of the country. How seldom do they find the healing balm presented to their view—the atonement and complete redemption of fallen man through the blood of the dear Redeemer ! The lamp is almost extinguished, but, O Lord, may it continue to burn till many a darkened heart shall be brought to a knowledge of the Lord, as it is in Christ the Redeemer. Two precious Sabbaths rolled over my head and I did not hear a Gospel sermon !

29th. Attended the funeral of a child seven years of age, who led an uncommonly exemplary life. How satisfactory is it to trace all the conduct of such a child ! and could we look up to God for direction, as a child looks to a parent for instruction, what might we not expect.

This day, O Lord, I formally offer up myself to thee. O Christ, enable me to keep this resolution, and never let me lose sight of the noble calling of a minister.

Prepare me for thy service, and make me instrumental of much good in thy cause. Let me remember that former vows have been formally made with respect to the most solemn dedication to the ministry. Lord, whilst that wavering and inconstant spirit doth continue, may I not be led astray by any false or erroneous doctrine, but be kept steadfast in the word of God.

*Sabbath evening.*—This evening I visited the sick. O may I profit thereby ! Could I be, like the publican, truly sensible of my condition, then could I have hope in God my Savior. Lord perfect thy work in me ! Let me not go down to the grave a poor forlorn creature, without grace or hope.

*June 20th.*—Could I but survey or behold the pollution of myself, it would be more than I could endure. Truly I am corrupted from the “crown of the head to the sole of the foot.” O that I could loathe myself for Jesus’ sake, and become humble before him, in dust and ashes. Presuming youth that I am, to defy the majesty of heaven to enter into combat with a worm of the dust, by so many rebellions against him. O Jesus, subdue my obdurate heart, melt it down in love to thee. Suffer me not to be an outcast from thy presence. Notwithstanding my repeated insults to thy majesty, thou hast still borne with me to this day. Do, O Lord, bear with me, for I am but flesh and blood, and they never can inherit thy kingdom.

*June 29th.* How very trying it is to break off from one course and pursue another; for the young man who has arrived at the age of twenty-one, to abandon a profession which bids fair to give him a decent and comfortable livelihood, and pursue that which only offers trouble, toil, and pain, and one that is subject to every kind of reproach by the avowed enemies of the cross, is a subject which almost rends the heart of him who is doomed to the sad and almost heart-rending trial.

Youthful genius seeks a sphere in which it may move with pomp and acquire fame. But when these hopes are blasted, then the victim is almost driven to desperation. But blessed be the King, the Lord of heaven and earth, that it is in him I put my trust—that it is the cause of the dear Redeemer in which I am to be engaged. And O may the Lord give me strength to bear up under affliction. O may I be sound in the faith; and if it be requisite to promote the glorious cause, may my body be given up, like to that of Christ, a willing sacrifice, even a sacrifice upon the accursed tree, *the tree of infamy and disgrace*. O that I may be counted worthy to suffer for the glorious cause! O that this frail reptile worm, only a speck on the face of creation, could have so glorious an end: for the martyrs

and saints shall shine in the kingdom of heaven, as so many suns and stars. O could I but arrive to the station of a door-keeper in the house of God, what a *great*—what a *noble*—what an *exalted creature* should I be.\*

*June 30th.*—It is very trying for me to abandon this profession, (the study of the law,) but we know He that feedeth the young ravens when they cry, can also feed me. May I be wholly resigned unto the Lord, and may the God of Jacob be pleased to acknowledge me as one of his children. Teach me, O God, to be resigned, and not distrustful of thy word! Lord, many obligations are incumbent on me, and how few do I faithfully discharge! How can I atone for all this? Alas! by the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified.

Should it please the Lord to cast me into his vineyard, then he will open the door where I must enter. My trust is in him, and I know that in his appointed time I shall be received; if not a laborer here in his church, I shall enter into his church triumphant. A religious friend spent an evening with me, and could I enjoy, during life, what I felt during his conversation, it would satisfy me more than all the wealth of the world.

\* It seems impossible to pass over this strange request of a youth of twenty-one, and not admire the spirit that dictated it, and the literal fulfillment of this almost prophetic petition.

## CHAPTER III.

Relinquishment of worldly prospects—Plans of study—Hungerings and thirstings after righteousness—Solemn covenant engagements and vows.

*Copy of a letter without date.*

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—Yours of the third inst. is now before me. Its contents I highly esteem. How is it that He who ordains all things, has appointed a sphere in which each human being must move? And happy are they who are called to labor in his vineyard, if they discharge their duty with care and fidelity. So likewise all men are not qualified to fill the same office, and for that reason do I think it is my duty to abandon the pursuit which has so long been the object of my care. But though I consider that this profession would never be congenial to my feelings, yet I will not say that of divinity would be; but by prayer and a hope for immortal blessings, with a desire to promote the glorious cause, I *will* trust in him who is perfectly able to make it so. Never, my dear friend, since that day in which my name was recorded on the books of the Law Society of Upper Canada as a student at Law, did I enjoy tranquillity. To think I should be instrumental in increasing the mass of human misery which daily surrounds us, together with the recollection of promises made on the bed of sickness, with innumerable other things, it destroyed my peace and sometimes left me almost a victim of despair. But now I can say, in verity I hope, that the Lord hath wrought a great work for my soul. The prison doors are open, and no longer am I a willing captive of the great enemy of mankind. Every bright and brilliant prospect of making a comfortable and easy livelihood have I sacrificed. And O may the all-wise Being give so unworthy a creature an abode in that house which

hath many mansions, mansions in which perpetual happiness and immortal bliss are found. A length of time will be necessary to acquire that knowledge of Latin I had when I entered into the Law; my prospects, too, are far from being so favorable as I could wish; but by assiduity are the greatest obstacles surmounted.

If I had some person who could daily direct my studies and attend on me at regular periods, then should I not only re-acquire, but lay up a great store of useful knowledge, and that in the course of a short time. When at home my father will do this; but a very great inconvenience will be found in studying there, arising from his being so much absent. Many weeks I have known him to be absent for three or four days during each, and seldom is there a week but he is away one or two. This causes irregularity; and where this is the case, a person cannot expect to proceed with so much satisfaction as though it were otherwise.

I am happy to hear of your success. I hope you may be useful, not only as a pastor of Christ's small flock, but as a public teacher of the arts and sciences—persons of his description are so much needed in Canada. I am,

Rev. Sir, yours truly,

J. R. M'DOWALL.

*Rev. Mr. Green, Niagara.*

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FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM HIS DIARY.

17th.—O that I might be circumspect in all things, and not even give the enemy an opportunity to lay hold of my failings! Many rush forward in those pursuits which are injurious to themselves as well as to many others. Notwithstanding my profession and almost daily desires to

live a more devoted life than I have done, yet there appears to be nothing of which I am more destitute; even in the very midst of devotion, tempting thoughts enter my mind and dissipate every godly idea. Here, then, appears the beauty of Jesus saying, "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." Our depravity is such, that we are totally unable to serve God without a renewal of heart.

In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust, and though the day should be retarded in which I am to enter thy vineyard, yet I know that thou hast not rejected me, but that one day I shall be an acknowledged workman in thy service.

Disappointment renders a man unfit for business. This I know, from a sad trial—an experimental acquaintance beyond the power of deception.

*A Diary kept for my own private instruction.*

Here should my light shine forth, but too much darkness pervades my mind. To be illuminated by the Comforter is my great desire at present. A vain levity marks my actions. O that I could divest myself thereof by the help of Jesus. With great circumspection should I walk, that the world, seeing my good works, might glorify my Father which is in heaven.

*July 23d, 1823.*—A vow of the utmost chastity, to extend even to the very thoughts, should constantly bind me. Such an one, O Lord, enable me faithfully to observe until August 23d, and from thence to the end of my life, and to thee shall all the praise be rendered.\*

JOHN R. M'DOWALL.

A breach of the above would justly doom to everlasting

\* He made this vow "before God and angels," and affixed a seal, but the sheet which contained it has been mislaid. It was written a short time after this.

misery. Therefore enable me to do—to observe this, and all thy other laws, that I, by patience and well-doing, may finally be brought into thy heavenly kingdom.

*July 25th.*—I fear the above is worded in a manner that corresponds not with the Gospel; for it would justify me by the law. I desire not to trust to being saved thereby, but through the merits of Jesus Christ.

That I may the better remember vows which were made in youth and riper years, I here record them which come to my remembrance, praying the Lord will be pleased to enable me to perform them.

1816.—*During an illness.*

If it will please the Lord to raise me from this bed of sickness, the remainder of my days shall be devoted to his service in the ministerial office.

JOHN R. M'DOWALL.

1822.—*While a student at law, in York, Upper Canada.*

In reflecting on my past life, I find conscience bears me witness, that unless I perform the vow of 1816, and do, as soon as circumstances permit, relinquish the thoughts of ever becoming a barrister and counsellor at law, I never can have peace with my God.

I am sensible that my abilities are but slender; however, God can be to me as he was to Moses, and do even much more; in consequence of which I will devote the remainder of my life to his honor and glory; and may the Lord enable me to keep this vow.

[L. S.] Signed, sealed, and executed with faith in Jesus Christ, my Lord and only Savior.

JOHN R. M'DOWALL.

*York, Upper Canada.*

GOD IS TRUE.

## CHAPTER IV.

Precautions against error—Against impetuosity and indiscretion—  
 Chastisements—Disappointments—resignation—Claims of the hea-  
 then—Response to the call—Departure from his father's house—  
 Commencement of his studies at Amherst—Resolutions and  
 prayers.

## FROM HIS DIARY.

July 26.—I find that I am subject to a bias from three sources: *Times*, "*Persons, and Opinions.*" In times, in judging of ages past and gone by the present; from "*persons*," in submissively following their creed without due examination, they thereby acquiring an imperceptible authority over my sentiments, even so much so as to seduce me to adopt their errors; and from "*opinions*," in endeavoring to pervert or modify facts, in favor of those who have embraced them, or to the disadvantage of those who have opposed them;—from this, Lord, deliver me.

27.—The impetuous fire of youth often drives us on, and without carefully tempering it with moderation, it may plunge us into a labyrinth of inextricable difficulties.

Then zeal, *tempered by discretion*, is a treasure which can never be too highly valued; nor can zeal without knowledge be too highly condemned and guarded against. So then, to be a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of God, giving to each his portion in due season, without *fear* or *partiality*, is truly much to be desired.

I am again troubled with a pain in my thigh, and am obliged to use crutches to go from one room to another.

August 18.—Since the 15th of July it has pleased the Lord to chastise me in two ways; the one with sickness, the other with disappointment.

As to the first—On or about the 15th of July, having attended to the Sabbath school as superintendent, I was seized with a violent pain in the thigh, and soon became so affected that I was obliged to apply to a surgeon. At this moment it is not entirely free from the infection.

As to the second disappointment, my life being devoted to the Lord, I am anxious of entering the ministry. For this purpose I relinquished the Law; and in six months was to have been in a seminary of learning, in order to prepare myself for that important office. But twelve months have elapsed, and there are no more appearances of my departure than when I returned to my father's house. This is the disappointment. This has caused me to repine, and not be so humble as I should have been. O that I might be resigned in adversity, and thankful in prosperity. O that I might never murmur at the dispensations of Providence, but always kiss the rod that inflicts the wound.

JOHN R. M'DOWALL.

19th. My mind is much agitated at this moment. It arises from a call for a young man to go to the heathen as a missionary. O my God, I am thine; dispose of me as thou shalt think best.

The past night was one of the most trying I have ever had, at least lately. The conflict was great. Whether I should accept the call, and go as a missionary to the heathen, is a question quite undecided in my mind. The many obstacles which missionaries have to encounter from the prince of the power of the air, is enough to discourage a youth of more fortitude than myself.

But it is not in an arm of flesh I must trust. The Lord is a rock of refuge; yea, he is a tower of strong defence. Canada, my native land, knows but little of that which maketh for her everlasting peace. True it is that she hath some who preach the glad tidings of great salvation with fervency; but they are few. Satan's empire is very strong

in her. Many have a zeal to subdue his power and plant the Savior's standard on the ruins of his kingdom; but I fear their zeal is not according to knowledge.

So then, there is a wide field open for usefulness here. But here the great question ariseth—Shall this need of faithful laborers preclude us from sending the Gospel to those who have never heard of a Savior? And who shall bear the commission?

Now the first part of this question the Messiah has decided: "Go ye, therefore, and teach *all nations*; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you—and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." This is peremptory. Let mortals obey. As to the second—Who shall bear this commission? God hath stirred up the hearts of his people to send the Gospel, and they now call on them who love the Savior, to come and be prepared to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ.

I find that my talents might be employed in my native land, and perhaps with success. But I have also observed that the heathen are perishing for lack of vision; and who knows but my talents, though small, might be of much use in building up the cause of God among the gentiles? Christ's command is binding. Go. Now, does the debility of my body prevent me from going, or am I not a chosen vessel to bear his name among the gentiles; or have I a call to some other place? These are questions of so much importance that I dare not hastily decide. O Lord, enable me to sit down and first count up the cost. Direct me according to thy will, then shall I please thee in all things. I have given myself in covenant to thee, therefore am I at thy disposal. Make me useful whether thou sendest me to the heathen or to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. I am weak, but with the weak things of the world thou canst confound the mighty.

20th. Yesterday I parted with a young friend who was very dear to me. He is to enter Union College. I ex-

pected to have entered with him, but circumstances forbid. On this account our parting was more tender. If I accept of the missionary call, it is not likely I shall see him again in time.

The call for a young man to go as a missionary to the heathen not giving any particulars, and no society having been formed, I send a copy of the following letter for further information.

\* \* \* \* \*

FREDERICKSBURGH, U. Canada, August, 1822.

SIR,—I feel a little hesitancy in addressing you on the present occasion. This arises not from a distrust in the efficacy of those means which my Lord may please to use for the propagation of his kingdom, but from the anonymous manner in which you call upon the public for a young man to go to the heathen as a missionary. Had your name appeared on behalf of yourself or a society, I could then have spoken with more freedom. But since this is not the case, and as one who has thoughts of offering himself as a *candidate*, I beg to know *how far* you intend to assist, and *where* the youth, who shall be approved, can apply for such instruction as may be necessary to qualify him to preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ.

I shall say but little of myself; it would be vanity. My father is a minister of the Gospel, and perhaps known to yourself. I was lately a student at law; but, for reasons contained in the enclosed certificate, I relinquished the pursuit, and am now desirous of entering as a laborer into the Lord's vineyard. My education is superficial, and I am one of those who consider it necessary to be not only well qualified by human, but also by Divine teaching, in order to declare the whole counsel of God to fallen man.

On a subject of so *much importance* I cannot think of finally deciding without more extensive information.

Long have I desired to know the desolations that have been made in the holy city, and preach deliverance to the captive Israelites. Should I ever be employed as a missionary, Palestine seems to be the place in which I should delight to labor. I merely mention this, as the idea has been long fondly cherished.

Be so kind as to return the certificate in your answer.

Yours in the best of causes,

JOHN R. M'DOWALL.

P. S.—Perhaps you may like to know my confession of faith. It is that of the church of Scotland, or the Dutch church. My age 22 years. Any observation you please to make, will be thankfully received, J. M'D.

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21.—In poor health. The Lord truly makes my “wickedness correct me, and my backslidings reprove me;” for I have been as ungovernable as the mountain ass, seeking my own pleasure, despising the admonitions of the Most High God, and running whithersoever I would.

*Monday, August 25, 1823.*—This day my friend Wm. M'Pherson leaves Canada for the college.

26.—Much disturbed in mind. O God, hide not from me the light of thy life-giving countenance, as I have hidden myself from thee. O may I abound more in prayer, for my heart is dreary.

*September 18.*—Whether I shall ever go as a missionary or not to the heathen, is undecided in my mind, and I do not expect to come to a determination until I have finished my studies—of an end of which there is no prospect at present.

I have a mind that is very much agitated. O what must not my punishment be, unless the Lord melt this rebellious heart in love to him. Worm that I am, to struggle against my Maker God! “Who shall deliver me from the

body of this death!" O Savior, come "leaping" over the mountains of my sins, and skipping over the hills of my provocation.

In this trying hour hide not from me the light of thy countenance, O most gracious Father, but deliver me from blood-guiltiness. "Keep me, O Lord, as the apple of thine eye," and suffer not Satan to drive me into despair.

When to my study I take myself, that cloud which has darkened the prospects of my receiving a liberal education, from infancy, seems to gather blackness and expell all the hopes which I once so fondly entertained. . It is trying—it is heart-rending—to let go the idea; but henceforth enable me, O most gracious God, by thy grace, to be resigned, and not murmur. O keep thine everlasting arms round about me, lest I fall into the pit of everlasting destruction.

*Disappointment is as poison to my constitution.* O God, I have sinned—sinned willfully. "The soul that sinneth thus, it shall die," says the law. O Lord, bring me to repentance, and create a new heart within me.

The next notice he has made in his Journal, is dated Sackett's Harbor, on his way to Amherst Institution. How the obstructions were removed, which had so long kept him in painful suspense, he has not told us.

*October 22.—Sackett's Harbor, half past three.* I left Canada, (Kingston.) Oct. 27, Albany, went to the north Dutch church; heard Mr. Ludlow, from Hebrews, 11. Derived great consolation from the discourse, and received new desires, and more fervent zeal to prosecute my undertakings. As Moses left his dignities, and counted it greater riches to follow the Lord; so may I, O thou God of Jacob, take up my cross and follow thee, as well through evil as good report. Be with me during the remaining part of this day: keep me from sinning against thee.

AMHERST, Massachusetts.

*November 4, 1823.*—It is a fortnight to day since I left my Father's house. Lord, this is the first pledge, or most solemn act, by which I have testified my resignation to thy will. O make me more so. Grant me thy Spirit, and enable me to undergo the fatigue of a regular course of education. In thee, O Lord, I trust. May I never be confounded.

*5th.* Entered the Academy this day, and commenced the Greek Grammar.

## CHAPTER V.

## EXERCISES OF HIS MIND AT AMHERST.

Joy in God—Temptations—Coldness—Slow progress—Self-abasement—Sanctuary and social privileges.—The heathen—The Jews—Longing desires for their Conversion—Anxiety to visit Jerusalem, and labor in Palestine.—He unites with the church in Amherst—Pecuniary destitution—Spiritual distresses—Instruction of Children.

*9th. Sabbath evening.*—Magnify the Lord, O my soul, and all the powers within. O how beautiful are the feet of those who bring the sound of salvation. Here thy church shines in glorious robes. Here glory is given to thee, in the highest. Rise, my soul, on the pinions of a dove, and come away to Jesus. O slumber not.

*November 27th.*—Great temptations assail me; the deceitfulness of the heart, the "lust of the eye," and unholy desires, continually add to the black and already overgrown catalogue of my sins and blasphemies. The Lord is good; his mercy has been more conspicuous than his justice towards me.

*Sabbath, 30th.*—Heard Professor Otis in the morning,

“In your patience possess ye your souls.” Mr. Clark in the afternoon, “They will reverence my son.” I am cold; the Lord has taken away his Spirit. I do not delight in his worship as I have formerly. What have I done, O my God, to offend thee so much? O pity me, for I am but a sinner and a man. O Jesus, feed me with spiritual bread, and give me the water of life to drink.

It has pleased the Lord to bear with me in a gentle manner during my illness, which continued about three weeks. O thank the Lord, my soul, for all his goodness, and forget not his loving-kindness.

*Sabbath morning, Dec. 27th.*—Keep me from sinning against thee this day. Forbid that I should yield my members instruments of unrighteousness, because I have a hope of having passed from death unto life. But may I “press forward towards the mark of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.” I pray thou wilt grant me health, and strength, and a retentive memory, with all wisdom that may be necessary to facilitate my studies, so that at last I may become a shining light in thy church.

*January, 1824.*—More than twenty-two years have passed by since I have had a being; but O how little progress have I made in the christian life. The probability is I shall not see as many more. O that I were wise—that I would but put on the whole armor of salvation.

*Sabbath morning, 1824.*—When I consider myself an accountable being and free moral agent, and contrast the requisitions of God with my character, I find that to me there is nothing but condemnation. Out of my heart proceed thoughts blasphemous in their nature, desires unlawful in their tendency: a heart black as night, corrupt, deformed, and hateful, as a cage of unclean birds. I will come to my God and my Savior, and at the foot of his cross look for mercy.

*February 29th, 1824.*—Fast-day for colleges and academies. Met in the church—many very interesting remarks

made. It was a day in which my soul was apparently caught up from earth a while to converse with its God.

O what self-abasing views I had of the evil of my heart. No good thing can proceed from thence till Jesus wash it in his blood.

*Sabbath evening, 28th.*—This night I was, by the rules of the United Brethren, called to take the lead in the services. Feeling that I had not walked according to the requisitions of the Gospel, I could not say to my brother, "Let me pull out the mote from your eye."

The close of last term—subject of meditation. Many who then met with us are not with us now. Some we hope were sons and daughters of the Highest. There are some now in our number of a similar character. The eyes of the impenitent are upon us—the eyes of the brethren—of angels—of seraphims—yea, of God himself, are upon us. We are closely hedged up on every side.

One dear brother observed, he did not know he was so cool till he visited a society near his father's, where was a revival of religion. We had better say but little of self: it is hazardous to speak of our elated feelings, because in a short time we may become like "fine gold, *dim*."

It will give the adversary an opportunity to injure the divine cause.

We complain at the close of every term of coldness. Do we *feel* what we say? Is there not a profession of words while the heart does not assent? Do we gain any thing by living a life of such stupidity? Is it beneficial to our studies? Does coldness promote happiness? Will it not rather plant thorns in our pillow, and darken our prospects for eternity?

*Sabbath, 29th.*—During the past week thousands of prayers have been offered up for us. The contrite and meek, the humble and lowly, wrestled no doubt for us. Let us come humbly and faithfully, trusting in God's sa-

cred promises, lest we grieve the holy Spirit, and he take no delight in us.

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*Sabbath evening conference.*—"Dear friends, your appearance here this evening binds you to do all you can for the promotion of the cause of your divine Master. In order to enjoy the blessing, we must repent, and feel compunction for our sins. There is nothing in our way but our wills. Is Christ in the way? He died to redeem us. Is God in our way? He conceived the plan of our redemption, and gave his own Son to die. Is the Holy Ghost in our way? He strives with us. The Spirit says, Come. We are acting in a presumptuous manner, in refusing to comply. For one pennyworth of gold we sell the rubies, pearls, and diadems of heaven!"

*Saturday evening.*—I do think it is my duty to comply (at least at present) with the customs of New-England, in relation to the evening that ought to be solemnized to the Lord. O God, thou seest me; thou knowest that I have a vile heart, and unless thou dost bring deliverance I must perish. To-morrow is the day in which the dying love of Jesus is to be commemorated. I was proposed to the minister some time since for admission as a member, and by him proposed to the church committee. But I have not gone forward as yet. Conviction tells me, that if I have an interest in Christ I ought to manifest it before the world. But the late trouble in the parish with the pastor was one reason why I delayed.

*Sabbath morning.*—In the midst of my most solemn devotions evil thoughts enter my mind. O seat of corruption! When shall I be made free in the worship of God; or shall I be only "a hewer of wood and a drawer of water," without being permitted to inhabit the holy mansion in the skies?

Have just attended the sanctuary, where the Lord's supper was administered. Although I am no member,

yet I cannot let go my hope in Christ. If my hope be false, O God destroy it, and give me an evangelical one, and place my feet on the Rock of Ages. O was I an alien in the house of God this day? To be numbered with the unbelievers I was unwilling, and to intrude upon the sacred ordinances of Christ's dying love, by eating the bread and drinking the wine, I dare not. So I numbered myself with neither class, and brought myself into the state where Christ says none can come. Dreadful dilemma!

*10th.*—Have had a strong desire to behold the day in which I shall preach Christ among the Gentiles. My heart was warmed by a history of Jerusalem by Mr. King. O Lord, hasten thou the day, and permit an unworthy worm of the dust to have some humble place in thy vineyard.

*14th, Sabbath.*—How inestimable are all thy blessings, O my God! Zion's King is delighted to spread his glory and his name through a ruined world. Here daily do I enjoy the company of his dear ones. The light of heaven is bursting on my mind, whilst darkness struggles hard to maintain its primeval hold. But let me lay hold on Jesus, and let him be to my soul the "Chiefest among ten thousand." This day has the dear Mr. Clark contended earnestly for the "faith once delivered to the saints," from these words: "What is truth?" O God, do manifest thy love to me, and remove all doubts from my mind.

O Jerusalem! In thee is my soul bound up. When shall barbarous infidels cease to pollute thy holy, thrice holy portals? How long art thou doomed to be a dormitory of vice? How long shall popish superstition bind thy sacred mounts, Mahomedan delusion defile thy holy gates, or pagan superstition abound within thy circuit? O come quickly, great God, and suffer not thy holy city to be trodden under foot by the Gentiles.

*Monday morning, 4 o'clock.*—Dear Jesus, I have slept and awaked under thy care. My soul rejoices in all thou

art doing for me. I commend my dear parents, brothers and sister, into thy hand: and O that they might live before thee! Grant me health and strength this day to pursue my studies.

Our beloved preceptor takes much pains to direct us in our spiritual concerns. Surely it ought to be our first aim to secure the salvation of our souls before we meddle with polemic disputes. Jesus commands us to repent, and shall we be so foolish as to contend about doctrines when we neglect to obey this imperative injunction?

*March 21st.*—When I returned from York (Upper Canada,) to my father's I was the principal person by whom the Sabbath school was got up and supported. When I was about to leave them, I solicited the attention of one young man to that object, but his affections were alienated. Many fears distressed my mind, and since I arrived in this place I learned that they were not founded in fancy, for the school is no more. As this school, situated in my father's neighborhood, was the pattern of six or seven other schools, I fear they will also suffer a like fate.

My soul has been elevated by some late tidings from Jerusalem. The Jews are near my heart, but Jesus is nearer! I weep for Israel; I mourn for the house of Jacob. Lord, bring deliverance to Judah, and let there be a great gathering of the people to Immanuel. Has the Lord a work for me to do in Jerusalem? Has he an embassy for me in that now benighted land? O *Jerusalem, Jerusalem*, shall I ever behold thee? O city of the great King, shall I ever worship the Lord of glory within thy precincts, and declare the Gospel to lost sinners?

Attended the house of worship this day; coldly I went, indifferently I heard, and heedlessly I returned. Surely the Lord must be angry with me. O that he would look on me as he did on Peter; it would cause my heart to bleed and my eyes to burst forth in a flood of tears. O Lord God, thou art able to subdue my heart and lead me

after thee. Must I die? Must I live for ever after death? Must I be happy or miserable, and that through a space of time to which there is no end? Ah, yes—yes, yes—it is so. O that the Holy Spirit would open my eyes, unstop my ears, and renew my heart! It is vanity in me to ever think of meeting my God in peace, so long as I continue to feed my fancy with vain and worldly objects. The *heart* is required; not a small portion of the affections, but *every* affection. If, then, I have one thought that does not quadrate with God, I am a sinner; but instead of one, ten thousand, I might add, stain my garments. Now, as I know these things, the question arises, am I willing to break off my sins and turn unto God? Promises are easily made, but the observance is difficult. I am bound by former vows. These were not made by me before the world in the church of Christ, but before God and angels, and in my chamber. Some of these have been recorded by my own hand; and, have I not reason to suppose, recorded by the angels in light, and will be treasured up by God unto the great day in which I shall be judged. Here am I; eternity before me; Christ no longer my *Prophet*, my *Priest* and my *King*, but my *Judge*!!!

*April 1st.*—It gives me many, yes, very many pleasing thoughts to contemplate on the ministry. To think of visiting the tomb where Jesus lay, to preach the glad tidings of great salvation to the *Jews* at Jerusalem, fills me with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

O Wolf, thou modern Paul! were I but thy fellow-laborer! But O I dread the thought of dying without doing any good for Jerusalem. O Jesus! may I do much good on earth before I am called home. Suffer me to trace the footsteps of Parsons, and adorn the profession of a christian by all the zeal of Paul, love of John, and meekness of Moses.

*Even.*—This was the day appointed by government for a fast. The dear Mr. Clark unfolded to our view the abo-

minations of the earth. O may the Lord long sustain him to work faithfully in his vineyard !

*April 4th.*—This is an interesting season of my life. As yet I have not made a profession of religion. If I am a disciple of Christ I should come out from the crowd who are carelessly treading the courts of God. This subject occupies my thoughts much, and O that it occupied them more. I fully believe it is my duty to join the church.

*Sabbath morning.*—It is dangerous to approach the Lord with indifference. We may learn from Nadab and Abihu. God requires the chief place in my affections, and will not suffer a rival. It is just in God to do this. He has made us, and has a right to our services.

*Evening.*—The motives by which we are influenced to act, determines the intrinsic merit of the act.

Benevolence embraces not only the duty we owe to God and our neighbor, but also to ourselves. If I clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and relieve the distressed, the act is called benevolent. In the general acceptance of the term it may be true, but in the general acceptance it is founded in error. *Self* must have no consideration in these acts. I may do many acts which the world calls virtuous, which in the sight of God may be abominable. If I give to get a name, it cannot be called benevolence. Some are induced to make a profession of religion to gain some temporal good. But God will find them out. O how dreadful to fall into the hands of the living God !

*7th, Saturday evening.*—Attended the Society of United Brethren, in the academy. The 2d chapter of Revelation was read, and it suited our case, and ought to have caused us to return to God. The Scriptures require perfect obedience: yet I believe it is impossible to arrive at it fully in the flesh. The Bible tells us to be holy, as God is holy: and it is a duty to be so. It requires the utmost chastity—chastity that will extend to the very thoughts. It requires purity of life, simplicity of manners, and gentleness of dis-

position. Now, there is not a man on the globe but breaks these commands. Now, these commands being broken, subject us to the penalty of the law, which is death. O blessed be the name of Jesus, who has already paid the debt, and all that he requires is that we should believe.

*10th, Sabbath evening.*—This has been the most important day of my whole life, because of the offer I have made of myself to God. I called on the pastor and church committee, and being examined and admitted by them, was propounded for admission. And if I am yet a stranger to the covenant of grace, may I not be permitted to enter the portal, and commit so abominable a deed.

*May 2, 1824.*—This day I drew near, even before the altar of God, and took the covenant vows upon myself. Ministers, the church, the world witnessed. Christ and God heard the solemn vows of me, a poor worm of the dust. Four dear sisters in Christ bowed with me, and joined the church of the living God. I cannot keep this covenant of myself. O may God strengthen me. Lord, I cast myself on thee.

*18th.*—My situation in every respect is desperate. I have but eleven dollars in my purse, and am between three and four hundred miles from home and friends. As to spiritual affairs, I am in a more desperate condition. I am led away by temptation. Let me view my condition in whatever light I will, nothing but impenetrable clouds hang over my mind.\*

\* In reading the private journals of our most eminent christians, we generally find much of this same dismal strain of religious depression, which is by many made a virtue, and construed as a test of a close walk with God and deep searchings of heart. But were the true causes ascertained, a greater part might be traced to physical depression; to the quantity and quality of yesterday's dinner, to the relaxation of the system for want of suitable exercise, the closing of pores by the neglect of friction and cold water, &c. Hence we see, when the subject sets himself upon a day of fasting, he finds himself probably in twenty-four hours upon the wings of the wind. What is the

O that I could cast myself unreservedly on God! But I fear I have grieved away his Holy Spirit, and there is nothing but a fearful looking for of divine judgment.

The life of man is short, and therefore should be filled up with usefulness. Influenced by this consideration, I prevailed upon a number of little boys and girls who were wasting their time in the street opposite my window, to commit portions of sacred Scripture to memory, and recite them to me. One little girl came twice to my room, and recited both times. At night I gave them tickets, which seemed to elate them much. They all promised to attend in the morning. O that God would sanctify the instruction to their salvation!

19th.—Went to help my fellow-students plant a missionary field. Was obliged to retire, being completely overcome by fatigue. Fear that we cannot have the blessing of the Lord upon it, as we did not first publicly ask God's blessing upon our intended labor, which I proposed; and secondly, because levity was a general trait of our conduct whilst there.

*Evening.*—My class has increased to ten or twelve. I hope some good may be done in the name of Jesus. I feel much interested for one little boy; while I was talking he burst into tears and could hardly be pacified. After I dismissed the class I detained him and said,

"If you love Jesus he will save you. Jesus loves little boys."

He left me, wiping tears from his eyes and fetching now and then a heavy sob. O that it might be a savor of life unto his soul. Jesus, he is in thy hand; O save his soul and make him a polished stone in thy spiritual building!

cause? It is not infidelity to answer, a *spiritual* and a *natural* one. A *spiritual* one, because God blesses the means of cleansing the body that the spirit may have free course; and a *natural* one, because the body is cleansed, and the spirit can run and be glorified.

22d.—I have much reason to doubt my conversion to God. I bring forth bad fruits; must I not then conclude the tree is bad? I have made a profession of religion. Before I performed that solemn transaction I was occasionally tempted; but now my temptations are much greater than they were before. I have yielded to temptations, and my heart is now hard. I need much to reclaim me. O how shall I be fitted to enter his courts to-morrow? How can I praise him? will it not be mockery? I dare not pray. I must tell my case to some of the brethren and ask their prayers. God will hear them.

*Evening.*—Am quite indisposed. I have brought it upon myself by my evil walk. Yet my heart is still hard, and bows not before the King of saints. Righteous and just would God be to send my body to the grave and my soul to hell.

*July. Sabbath.*—I have just returned from communion. How I long for the salvation of God! How glorious are the realities of the upper world! There angels tune their harps in sacred melody; seraphs worship before the throne, bearing censers in their hands. Here we see through a glass darkly. There other scenes shall be developed. The misery of the abode of darkness will burst upon our vision, and we shall roll beneath devouring billows, clanking our heavy chains: or from Pisgah's top we shall scale the world of bliss; and, in sweet union with our Lord, enjoy him for ever.

\* \* \* \* \*

He expresses in this part of his journal much attachment to his room-mate, Mr. Barnes, and writes,

“With this gentleman I spent one quarter, as a room-mate, whilst at the Academy in Amherst. I trust our hearts are united by a strong tie, yea, stronger than death. O that I may often remember the days we have spent together!”

## CHAPTER VI.

Entrance at College—New dangers and new resolutions—Prayers for his father—for his mother—for his sister and brothers—for the church—Sore temptations—solicitude to understand the Bible—Conscientiousness—New-Year's meditations—Excessive study—Excursion—Revivals—Sickness—Recovery—Destitution—Relief—A precious season—Thoughts of home and kindred—Close of the term—Self-examination—Commencement—Prayer for a revival in College—Labors in South Hadley, Granby, and Southampton—Exhortations to professors—Preparations to enter another institution.

*Amherst College.*—A new era opens upon me. I have passed through the primary school and Academy, but not in regular succession, without considerable time elapsing between my studies. Here I must commence a higher course—mingle with more refined scholars, more zealous christians, than have ever before fallen to my lot; and, as a matter of course, new temptations will arise and hurry me into sin, unless I live near to the living God. It now shall be my resolution to enter on a system more rigid, and abide more closely to it, than I have heretofore done.

*Sept. 1824. Sabbath.*—When I have done my duty in any respect, I feel myself to be amply remunerated. Jesus says, a servant is not worthy of better treatment than his master; and asking if a servant does his duty, whether he is worthy of thanks, concludes by saying, "I trow not." But I do feel as though I did receive the approbation of my Father in heaven, when I make the statutes of God the man of my counsel and the guide of my youth. O happy soul, whose anchor is cast in heaven! Faith is thy cable; hope is thy ship; charity is thy companion; Jesus is thy Friend, thy Prophet, thy Priest, and thy God.

## PRAYERS

*For my father in the morning, mother at noon, brothers and sister at night ; together with the church.*

O Lord, shine upon my father, and let him see thy glory. Be with him this holy day. Let thy Holy Spirit guide him in all his duties. May he rise this morning in thy fear. May he teach his children and his household that the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom. Enable him to set a godly example before them. Bless him in his charge as a watchman. Make him faithful; endue him with wisdom; anoint him with the oil of gladness, that he may worship before thee in spirit and in truth. Make him a blessing to his people. Let thy work be revived in his congregation. Edify thy people under his preaching, and cause that sinners may be pricked in their hearts. Bless him in his house. May he see his partner in life become a polished stone in thy spiritual building. May he see his children accepted of God, and walking in the ways of holiness. Let him be at peace with all men. May his days be many, and filled up with duty. May his death be tranquil, and that Gospel which he preaches to others be a savor of life to his own soul. Gather him to thy church triumphant after death, and crown him with souls he has been instrumental in saving. Amen, Amen.

*Noon.*—O Lord God, enable me to come into thy holy Majesty's presence with faith and humility that I may plead with thee for my mother. Lord, thou knowest that she is not united with thy people, and therefore must be considered as against thee. Thou knowest whether she is yet in the bonds of iniquity or not. Her conduct, her secret affections, and her heart are known unto thee. Grant, O most merciful Father, that thine Holy Spirit may rest upon her. Renew her heart, and form Christ within her,

the hope of glory. Seal her for thine own, that thine honor may be exalted in her salvation. Thou hast given her one of thy ambassadors for a consort, and blessed their union with a large family of children. Now, O most merciful Father, would it not strengthen his hands and cheer his heart to see that God had blessed and sanctified his partner, and would he not be enabled to serve thee in his day and generation in a more acceptable manner? Then would she be a friend to him when he is walking through the darkness and shadow of affliction; then would she train up her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; then would the Lord's name be exalted, and the angels rejoice because of the repentance of one sinner. *Amen.*

*Night.*—In thy holy presence, Father of light and truth, would I now appear in behalf of my sister and brothers. They are descended from the same parents, and bound to the same judgment. Thou hast, as I hope, enabled me to trust in thy mercy, and, Lord, wilt thou not have compassion on them also? They are not such old and hardened sinners as I am. Their days are few. Health blooms in their features, and wisdom is discovered in their speech; and shall not this wisdom and youth be spent in thy service? O Lord, let not thy servant, their father, go down to the grave without seeing them walking with Jesus in the regeneration. Wilt thou be pleased to pour out thy Spirit upon them. Forgive their sins, sanctify their hearts, renew their spirits. Make them a praise in the earth, and polished stones in thy building.

*The Church.*—Lord, shine upon thy church. Awaken her energies, arouse her sleeping faculties. Mercifully behold this part of thy sleeping vineyard. Build thou the walls of Jerusalem and repair her breaches. Make all thy watchmen faithful. Put a song of redeeming grace into the mouths of thy children, and bring them home with everlasting joy upon their heads. Lord, behold a sinful

world. Let thy light shine upon it, and thy honor be made a praise in the whole earth. Comfort the afflicted mourners! Supply the wants of the destitute. Be the widow's husband, the father of the fatherless, the stay of the aged, and guide of the youth. Hear, for the Redeemer's sake. Amen.\*

*Wednesday, College vacation, 1824.*—As I was reflecting this morning on my past life, the scene which I once beheld of a man who had put an end to his life, fixed so deep an impression on my mind as to cause pain and horror. Satan embraced the favorable moment, and I was most cruelly tempted to follow his example. Conscience was soon alive to a sense of duty. I cast myself at a Savior's feet, and found relief. O wretched man that I am! How polluted in all my affections!!! Lord, wash me as thou didst Peter. Save me in temptation, and hold me in readiness for death. Never leave me, for I cannot go alone. Like an infant, I need the leading-strings of love.

*Sabbath evening.*—Oppressed by solicitude, I flew to a commentary for a solution of difficult passages; but only finding doubt there, recourse is had to a friend; but still doubt, cruel and overwhelming, resumes her wonted rigor, and I am left in confusion. From this may I learn to consult my Bible, and see what kind of a disposition Jesus had, and then apply the investigation to my own case and see whether I possess the same spirit; for he who has not the spirit of Christ, is none of his.

*Sabbath, October 28th, 1824.*—This morning a young man called on me for liberty to hone the razor of his friend on my strap. Consistent with my profession, such an act

\* These prayers are not recorded as any thing original in thought or phraseology, but as specimens of the ardent breathings of his soul, not only for his kindred according to the flesh, but for the whole world; and should the eyes of his aged parents meet these memoirs, they may read, with weeping satisfaction, the longings of his soul for their future well-being, when in his secret chamber he penned these pious petitions.

could by no means be permitted. The young gentleman was informed that no objections could exist on another day to his honing the razor twice, but that he had unhappily chosen an improper time to call for such a favor.

How strange that man should be so forgetful of his character, duty, and obligation to God, as to make the Sabbath a day for the accomplishment of such purposes. Lord, deliver me from sin and regenerate my soul.

*Evening.*—O for a closer walk with God. Attended an evening meeting. Solemnity prevailed. I could not resist speaking a few words to my dying fellow-mortals. My style and my manner may offend a critic's ear, but if it is acceptable to my heavenly Father, why should I regard the sneer of those whose affections are unholy, and whom a polished harangue delights more than a spiritual address ?

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One of our fellow-students is deprived of his reason, and confined to the room. His life is apparently drawing to a close. It is a solemn lesson to us. We were very cold, and spiritually dead before.

*December 20th, 1824.*—The term has drawn to a close. In health we commenced our studies, but ere thirteen short weeks were gone by, one of our fellow-students of the union class is no more. Poor Haslet (for that was his name) had been indisposed for several days. He quit study, and left college, in hopes of returning with invigorated health. The day that preceded the evening on which his spirit fled, he observed to the president, his hope of soon recommencing the studies of his class was brightening. On the same evening he observed to one of the family that he thought he should pass a comfortable night. O how little did poor Haslet think that was to be his last night ! Ere the darkness of that night had passed away, the realities of eternity opened on his view.

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*January, 1825.*—The commencement of a new year is calculated to awaken every dormant feeling. The moral influence which we have exerted on the church and the community leaves a bitter portion, and we must drink it, though the heart calls for mirth and sportiveness. Ingratitude takes a prominent stand in the catalogue of our crimes. Ambition and worldly-mindedness, those heretical doctrines which have so long infected the church, also appear in dread array. O how little sensible have we been of the intrinsic worth of time! Time, like the swift ship, passes away, or flies like an eagle fixed on its prey. Soon shall we look through the veil which now obscures the invisible world, where stability is stamped on every object. Read part of the life of the Rev. Mr. Parsons, the Palestine missionary. What a devoted student and christian! O that I could step in his track so far as he did in that of his Master.

*January 17th, 1825.*—Being poorly fitted for college when I entered, it therefore became me to study with more diligence and closer application than my feeble frame could bear, that I might overcome the defect and acquire all the knowledge possible. To do this I not only studied the appointed hours, but often until two in the morning. The tutor called me into his room and reasoned against it, observing that I should displease the faculty and ruin my health; but my insatiable thirst for knowledge barred all conviction of its truth. I continued the same practice during the first part of the vacation, and studied with closer application than before. Experience soon taught me that the tutor's remarks were perfectly correct. My health failed, and the sight of a classical book had no more charms. Thus necessity obliged me to take a short excursion to recruit my decayed health. I visited a number of the towns adjacent to this. In some I learned that our God was doing mighty things for Zion. O how glorious is the march of truth and grace! Zion shall prosper, and the

Lord be glorified in the salvation of many souls, as well as in the display of his justice in the eternal condemnation of many. This little relaxation has been as a balm to my soul. I feel refreshed in spirit. My hope is brighter, my joys greater, and my confidence in Christ strengthened.

*Amherst College, January 31st, 1825.*—The students are returning. Some are rejoicing in hope, while others appear gay and thoughtless; another class still more useless to society, are those who squander time, pollute the morals, destroy peace, and prepare for an eternal weight of misery.

*February 20th, 1824.*—I have much cause for gratitude and humiliation. While pursuing my studies with success and delight, the Lord laid his hand upon me, and brought me near to the gates of death. On Friday I attempted recitation, as usual, until eleven P. M. At half past one I was taken ill, and confined to bed. The doctor called and gave medicine. Am now almost restored to health. Hope to be able to attend to study the following week. In my illness found kind friends. Fear that I shall not be sufficiently grateful.

*February 27th.*—I feel destitute of gold and silver; of them I have none that I can call my own at this moment. But I find some friends who pity my case, and are not slow to relieve my wants. Among these Professor Fisk stands pre-eminent. He took me by the hand when others stood at a distance, and said, "I will see that you want for nothing." While feeble in body and depressed in spirits, and fearing the worst, it gave an impetus to my hope to which I had long been a stranger.

Thus does the Lord raise up friends, at an unexpected hour, to supply the necessities of the indigent.

To feel due gratitude, cherish benevolence, and cultivate humility, should be my greatest desire.

*Sabbath morning.*—Serenely the sun rose, and spread a charm over the landscape. It was enchanting, and filled

my soul with ecstasy and delight : the hills exhibiting an amphitheatre, clothed in the white robes of winter ; the valleys, bursting from the icy fetters of winter, present the prospect of life struggling for existence ; the rivulets, murmuring and groaning under the spongy ice for freedom, indicated a new resurrection of nature. While ruminating on this pleasant prospect, the tolling bell summoned the worshippers of God to the table of the eucharist.

The mediation of Christ, the exaltation of the church at his right hand, the justice and mercy of God, were subjects to which our attention was called. How pleasant the sight when hundreds acknowledge their sins, and gather around the table of their ascended Savior to express penitence, confidence, and hope. Then the veil of oblivion draws her shroud over the foibles, prejudices, and passions of our nature. The soul, elevating its desires, holds sweet converse with the happy spirits of departed ages, and feels the renewed energies of the Holy Spirit.

In the evening visited the Southern Church in Amherst. It was a profitable evening.

It is a long time since I heard from Canada. O how are my dear relations ? Have they forgotten that I am their kinsman ? I long to see my dear parents. O how I long to see thee, my dear mother ; and thou, my father. O my sister Sarah, could I but see thee my heart would be satisfied. O my brothers Ebenezer, James, Daniel, and Robert, I yearn upon your remembrance. My dear relations and friends, whom I have just recapitulated, at your remembrance the happy days that are passed rush into my mind : the association of kind expressions which were so bountifully bestowed on me, and the time, manner, and circumstances attending them, add an intensity to the desire. Farewell recollections, sweet to the soul. Farewell, for I cannot see them. Ontario rolls its noisy waves, and loud and piercing winds whistle between us.

*Sabbath morning.*—The bell is tolling ; how pleasantly

do its repeating sounds fall upon the ear! The children of the bride-chamber meet around the altar of their ascended Lord. The thoughtless multitude meet with them. Soon the service will be ended, and each retire from the house of God; the one edified by the sermon—encouraged by its exhortations to persevere in a life of holiness; the other hardened by the truths they heard.

*Evening.*—The sacrament was administered to-day. The college students in good standing in other churches celebrated the day with the church. Happy souls, who know by sweet experience what it is to be members of Christ's mystical body.

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The college term is closed. It is the second of my first year. With force may the question come home to me, of, What have I done to promote my Savior's cause?

To this with propriety may be added, have I made any advancement in the christian life?

Absorbed in classical researches, and perplexed with mathematical demonstrations or algebraic solutions, the dove-like spirit of the dear Emanuel is only cherished when nature is invigorated by balmy sleep.

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*June 5th, 1825.*—The college term commenced last Wednesday. Many of the students spent their time in revivals. An unusual degree of devotion now appears, but this ardor will decline unless we live very near to God. I think I shall spend a portion of each day in prayer for a revival in college.

I *do* feel as if I could plead the promises of Christ. One Sabbath I spent in South Hadley, five in Granby, and nine in South Hampton. I visited about seventy professors, pressing on them the necessity of prayer and uniformity of character. I conversed with a few impenitent sinners, but professors were my object.

How important that I should watch over my own heart

and conduct, lest, by an unguarded word, feeling, or action, I should inflict a deeper wound on the cause I have been striving to promote, than all the good I can ever do.

*July, Sabbath evening.*—Arose this morning quite indisposed; regretted the imperious necessity of absenting myself from the morning service. 'The fatigue of intense study rests upon me with an overpowering force, realizing the truth of "much study being a weariness to the flesh."

My connections with this college are now almost at an end. One year I have spent in a very agreeable manner here, but I now shall enter another institution, and I fear quite the reverse of this in respect to the moral character of the students. I hope I may be enabled to set a godly example before them, and lead many to take knowledge of me that I have been with Jesus. I need to follow such a course very much; it would help to lay a powerful restraint on my passions, open to my view the future character which I shall need to sustain, and subject to my more close examination the passions that rule the heart.

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## CHAPTER VII.

Funeral—Conversation with a colored man—Thoughts on prayer—Colleges—Sunday school—poor health—depravity of man—visits among the unconverted—opposition—objections refuted—determination to go forward.

*January, 1826.*—A New-Year's day. I attended the Sabbath school in the Dutch church. In the afternoon a poor African invited me to call at the house of her friend and make a prayer. Her friend was dead. In compliance I

called at the hour. About fifty colored people had assembled. We sung and prayed. Deep interest appeared to be taken in the meeting. I had lately established a prayer-meeting among them, and delivered several lectures. This occasion afforded an opportunity of administering advice. It was joyfully embraced. The poor blacks hung on my lips for the falling words. Tears flowed. In the street, a few hours after, I saw a black man. He had been present. He stopped and spake to me.

"Well," said he, "you lectured very plain. We all understood you. I feel to go to Jesus."

With this poor black I had conversed in college. He is a college servant. One day he called at my room.

"Take a seat," said I.

He took it and began to talk of college concerns. I directed his attention to Jesus.

"Are you prepared to die?"

"No," he replied, with an openness of heart that would have graced an Englishman.

To the next inquiry, "Are you easy, then?" he observed,

"I sometimes think of death and I am afraid."

"Are you contented to remain so?"

"I don't know that I am."

"You are sitting on a chair; if it had a glass bottom, and spikes under that glass, the bottom would break if it were no thicker than a pane of glass, and you would fall upon the spikes."

"Yes," said the black man.

"More brittle than glass is your life; under you, more terrible than sharpened spikes, lies a burning hell. O will you go to the Savior? He, and he alone, can save you from such a burning hell. Pray to God to have mercy on you. Repent of sin and believe on Jesus, and he will save you. Did you ever pray?"

"Yes, I pray every day!"

"Think one moment; if a man should enter your house

and call you a thief and liar, and then should beat you, would you not beat him, and turn him out of the house?"

"Yes."

"Then you would punish him!"

"Yes."

"You pray God to forgive your sins, as you forgive that man. You punish the man for abusing you, therefore you pray God to punish you!"

"Yes, it is so," frankly replied the man; "I never thought of it before."

UNION COLLEGE, NEW-YORK.

*Sabbath morning, January 15th, 1826.*—Prayer is pleasant because it is a communion of spirits. The great Spirit breathes upon the soul of man. Man's soul being thus warmed and filled with holy affections, is influenced to acts of devotion. It is profitable. On those who call upon God, the choicest blessings descend. In the smiles of his countenance they share largely. Both pleasant and profitable have I found prayer. In hours of darkness, it has, like faith, been a channel of conveyance to my spirit—a conveyance of light. In hours of trouble, it has restored serenity of mind.

But my prayers have been answered, not only for myself, but, having plead for particular relations, those relations reaped the rich blessing, too, in the order that I observed at the throne of grace on their behalf. These relations were a tender mother, an affectionate and only sister, with a brother arrived to years of manhood.

*Sabbath evening.*—I have a fine class of boys in the Dutch church. O that the Spirit of God would breathe upon them. Holy Father, take these tender plants, water them with the dew of Hermon. Let no "wild boar of the wood devour them." Hereafter let them become lights in the church. It is about four months since I arrived at Schenectady, and took my stand as sophomore at Union

College. My freshman year was spent at Amherst College. Reluctantly I left that college. Its character is highly respectable for an institution of so late an origin. Its course of studies is equal to Yale, but there is a deficiency in some of the philosophical apparatus. It is a charitable institution. To the education of indigent and pious young men it is devoted. This class have as yet composed the major part of its pupils. In some respects the institution is swayed by the force of moral principle, and indeed in no public scientific school does principle exert a more salutary influence. Its situation, though inconvenient in some respects, is on the whole good. Built on an elevated ground, it is healthy and commands an extensive prospect.

My removal to this college has been for my good. It appeared otherwise at first, but the ways of God are not our ways. Behind the curtain of his providence events the most contrary to our expectation are generally concealed. In the case of my removal it was *peculiarly* so. Besides an extensive field being opened before me to lecture every week in different places, the Sunday school in the Dutch church was in a very low state. To raise its reputation, I have exerted myself. Complete success has attended my exertions. The school has more than doubled in scholars. Party vice I discarded. Wherefore I became an advocate for all the Sunday schools in the city. And this evening, as I sit by my stove, musing and writing, I feel an exquisite delight, when I reflect that many a boy is now reaping the advantages of divine instruction, who, three months ago, was strolling the streets and profaning the Lord's day. A new field opens to me. To God I would feel grateful. It is his doings.

*Sabbath, January, 1826.*—I have been unwell; my health has been feeble since the evening I met with the Sabbath school teachers. I would express my gratitude for the abatement of the influenza. Prudence forbids an attendance on divine worship. This is a denial. In God's

holy word, however, I find great delight. But O my class! it will be taught by a young man who is not pious. He possesses much activity, and if his affections were renewed by the Holy Spirit, he would become a bright ornament to our holy religion.

*Sabbath evening.*—Although I could not meet my Savior in his earthly courts, I was cheered by some comforting passages of Scripture. But the depravity of man, as illustrated by the sacred penman, in cases of both private and public individuals, has stamped on moral character a stain of the most deadly nature. No sooner had Israel passed through the Red Sea, or forded Jordan, and taken possession of Canaan, than the voice of murmuring in the former instance is heard, and the act of rebellion in the latter is committed. David too, that man of God's own heart, in an unguarded hour was beguiled to the commission of a foul deed. And in the case of Saul, advanced to the kingly office, envy paved the way for necromancy to exert a powerful influence over his imagination. Such, alas! is sinful man.

*Saturday, February.*—I visited twenty-nine families. The interest of the soul was the subject. One poor sinner shed tears. In the eyes of another stood the big drop, as I opened to him the Scriptures. Three are serious, and one is living in self-righteousness.

*Saturday.*—Visited twenty-nine families, and distributed Tracts among them. Made provision for a distribution of Tracts in the country. These Tracts are well received, and give an access to the feelings of many. One of these poor inquirers has a comfortable hope. She is one of those I mentioned on Saturday last.

*Saturday evening.*—I went to Albany, and returned this day. Called on a christian brother; our souls were warmed by the Spirit; had two prayers, and parted. I find two objections are urged against my exertions in this city to promote my Master's cause—*First*, my *poverty*, and *second*,

its involving an *impropriety*. But as to *poverty*, the objection is untenable. Jesus had not where to lay his head. Is it strange, then, that his followers should not be clothed in royal apparel? I grant the truth of the assertion, but deny its applicability. True, I am the son of a laborious missionary, who lives upon the avails of manual exertion, having consequently but little to devote, after the maintenance of his family, to his absent son. But blessed be thy name, O Jesus, that the advancement of thy kingdom does not wholly depend upon the labors of the rich.

As to the *impropriety*, divines have approved of my conduct, and said further, it was a duty incumbent on me. Another objection is, the exposing myself to remarks of a taunting nature from my fellow-students. As to the remarks, though unpleasant, yet no further attention is to be devoted to them, than to improve, by their malignity, in the culture of more ardent and devotional feelings. If Jesus, the great example, should be called a glutton and a wine-bibber, how much more may not polluted man expect to be called a fanatic, with other opprobrious names, in the humble discharge of his duty. Consistency of life, as a pre-requisite, we are all bound to exhibit. The consistency of a christian's life will necessarily extort animadversions, not only from the profane, but from many of the professed followers of Jesus. By the mass of professors, censure is imposed on the man who visits the cottage, and enters the house of dissipation, and converses with the poor in the streets. But the cause of these censures originates in the unsanctified affections which lurk in the professor's heart. Though he may have been slain by the law, and renewed by the transforming efficacy of the Holy Spirit, yet there are seasons when he may be left to the more immediate directions of his natural feelings. This may be their state when such observations fall from their lips. Their pride is humbled, their minds are rendered uneasy, and conscience accuses of neglect on their part. To soothe

the attendant feeling, the guilt or folly of others is made a sufficient argument. Why should it be so? Why should the members of one body rise up to oppose each other?

The unregenerate accuse the devoted followers of Christ. They would at this day, not only accuse but crucify him, were he to descend on earth and be clothed with flesh. They never could endure the plainness and energy with which he would read their hearts, and tell to their face, before an assembly, the secret springs of all their affected goodness. And is a servant worthy of better treatment than his kind Master? Lo! taunting observations are only leveled at me; and for these petty reproaches shall I fold my hands, bury my talent, and say that I will do no more? Ah, the prize for the race is only to him that runneth; the victory is to him that continueth in well-doing. But again, the objection does not assert that I have committed an error, but simply states the impropriety of my exposing myself to such remarks. My observations, in many cases, to impenitent sinners, have been most pointed, but always uttered with tender concern for their eternal welfare. My exertions in the city, too, have fallen under the observation of many of them. Hence their attention, as a matter of course, was directed to me; and if at any time they were cut to the heart, a retort would naturally follow. To avoid these retorts, shall I at this period withdraw, and by a subsequent course of inactivity give the lie to my declarations?

But will a withdrawing shield me from observations? Would it not rather increase their malignity? If, then, I have no other than a purely selfish motive, I must continue. It is too late to withdraw. Besides, it would be an abjuration of allegiance to my Savior. The rejection of him would be complete, for I should then declare expressly that my reputation was of more consequence and far more precious than the Savior.

They who live godly in this present world shall suffer

persecution. The necessity originates in the moral state of the heart.

Thanks be to God, who has made me willing to suffer. Christ and his glory, I think, are my motives. Lord, thou knowest whether I speak the truth!

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## CHAPTER VIII.

Trouble—Thoughts of home—Death of Mr. Fisk—Calumny—  
Reflections—Vacation passed in Kinderhook.

UNION COLLEGE, March 20th, 1826.

My mind is troubled—the conduct of —— is wholly unexpected; creates unpleasant emotions in my bosom. Besides, sin has fixed its fatal hold so fast on my soul, that the ebullitions of an evil heart often lead me astray. O for a closer walk with God!

22d.—Fear I have made little or no attainments in the divine life this day. My example and conversation have not been of that holy character which God approves.

March 23d.—A fortnight from this day the students will be permitted to visit their homes. O delightful thought! A thousand pleasant associations fill the mind at the recollection of the beloved spot in which we were born and bred. The pastures covered with bleating flocks and lowing herds, the fields covered with yellow harvest, and the presses bursting with new wine; the brook that murmurs by our door loses not its charm; but the fire-side, graced with kind parents, brothers and sisters, crowns the picture.

And shall these thoughts continue to be visionary? O yes, yes, they will be visionary till the Commencement.

Too long! Hasten thy flight, O time! What, impatient of delay! yes; I long to grasp the hands of those through whom I received my life. But O let me not murmur, since I have a Parent of parents.

*Thursday, 24th.*—Mr. Fisk, the Jewish missionary, is no more. He has gone, and his labors of love have followed him. "And I heard a voice saying, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, and their works do follow them." Palestine is deprived of a faithful man of God. Good out of this very removal of our brother from the land of Gethsemane shall ultimately result. "All things shall work together for good to them that love God."

Israel shall return, and God shall yet delight in Judah. We have the testimony of him that cannot lie. Light shall spring up out of darkness. Are not the hearts of all men in the hands of God, and will he not inspire some youthful bosom with the love and zeal of a Paul for Israel?

*Saturday, 26th.*—O for a shelter from calumny. The bosom-friend betrays at an unexpected hour the man he should clasp to his heart. Cruel world! How long shall I feel thy keenest rage! Jesus, preserve me from retaliating on those who let loose the worst passions of the heart.

*Lord's day, 27th, 1826.*—Covenant obligations rest upon me to serve the Lord in soul and body. The most solemn oaths I have taken—taken before sinners, the visible church, and angels elect, while Jesus witnessed the solemn performance. Oh, the solemnity, the perpetuity, the awful consequences of violating this oath.

My constitution is naturally feeble. The prevailing cold, called the influenza, which, combining with previous diseases in the system, has carried off so many citizens, has made a desperate inroad upon my health. My lungs are sensibly affected. My spirits are frequently languid at such times. I am quite childish in many things. Frequently I desire to quit study and visit my friends. I do

not know that I ever was so unstable in the prosecution of science, when pecuniary circumstances did not press upon me. Lately I have concluded that but a few months more of life were in store for me. It is an act of goodness in our heavenly Father in concealing the hour of human dissolution.

I may soon feel the icy hand of death upon my body, and feeling among the chords of my heart for the soul. Yes, the winding-sheet may be in my chest, the hearse may soon move under the burden of my clay, at the solemn going of the death-bell. An empty chamber, shrouded by the black drapery of death, will remain for a few days, to tell that poor John once lived. The clod of the valley will press upon my bosom, the winds will blow fearlessly over my grave, and while the moon is shining softly on the little fresh knoll, the grave-robber may enter the field sacred to the dead, and bear away my frame in its white wrapper to the anatomist's shop.

The moon casts a look into the grave, but sees no tenant there ! It is gone ! As the earth is shoveled to its place, angels and my departed spirit may hear it rattle a second time upon the black chest. A tender sister may shed the tear of affection over my lonely grave. The stranger may be pointed to the head of my tomb by the cypress under whose shade the beloved parents of my ashes may utter many a moan.

*April 1st. Lord's day.*—It was a late hour before I retired last evening. My health is better than it was last week. On Thursday we shall be released from college a few weeks. Many a brother will go to another and a more holy school than this—the school of the prophets; and many a student to an unholy school—the school of Mammon.

*Vacation. Third Term. Sophomore.*—I visited Albany. During a residence of ten days I had the pleasure of visiting the Sabbath-school monthly concert. It was a pre-

cious meeting. The feeling excited on the occasion proved its value. On the whole, I was revived, and felt as though I could bless God for the privilege of bearing testimony to my interest in Sabbath schools.

*Vacation passed in Kinderhook.*—In this place I continued nearly three weeks. Dr. Van Dyck and his brother Lawrence Van Dyck were hospitable to me. I hope that unworthiness of their many kind attentions may never be found in me. In imperfect health I was delighted a few days with the spade turning over the light earth, to enjoy the healthful steam issuing thence; but the shortness of life, with all its uncertainty, and the awfully important circumstances connected with death, combinedly induced me to devote my time to the promotion of my Master's cause, rather than thus to spend precious time.

The congregation in this place is large. Being a country situation, the people are scattered over a large extent of territory. Poverty and its attendant obscurity characterizes many. Hence ground is open for missionary labor. A few young ladies had occasionally occupied the ground. Here I commenced my labors. A lady furnished me with a few Tracts.

The first day L. V. D. accompanied me. We visited five families, and left Tracts with most of them. My reception good. The third family we visited were Africans. The man was lame—his trade fiddling—his destiny hell. The woman deluding herself with this idea.—

“My master gave me no learning. I am ignorant.”

Alas, I fear there is too much reason for this complaint of the master's neglect. And here I would observe, that many of the blacks make the same reply to me while pressing home the truths of God upon their consciences. The case of one black family was interesting. After many feeling remarks, the female closed by observing,

“We are now old. It is too late for us to learn. We had to purchase our freedom. Our master was cruel. He

made us work very hard all the week. On Sunday we made brooms, and baskets, and some other things, which we sold. We laid up the money. Thus we bought ourselves free."

Now, deeply interesting as the case may be, no excuse of this kind will justify the sinner. The fourth family were Africans. The woman was poor. She had many small children. Sabbath school teachers frequently visit her. The fifth family were blacks. The woman a professor. Joy lighted on her countenance at the intelligence of our mission and labor.

*Second day.*—I visited a few families; nothing particularly interesting. One case I will notice. An old man, supported by the town, said he was ready to die when his Maker should call for him, because God had a right to take him.

Strong delusion! Fatal error! Willingness to meet God without an interest in Jesus, and yet hope for pardon through Christ, whose salvation he had rejected!

*Third day.*—Visited some black families. Called upon an aged woman. She had no hope. She thanked me heartily for my visit. The grave will soon be her bed. Saw a universalist; pointed him to the judgment as a closing scene.

*Fourth day.*—Visited and distributed Tracts. Was kindly received. Some feeling exhibited.

*Fifth day.*—Visited a few families and spent the day with the Rev. Mr. S.

*Sixth, seventh, and eighth days.*—Visited a few families, distributed a few Tracts; called on one family; conversed with the mistress and a little daughter; the elder daughter made her exit. I called a day or two after, but had no sooner entered but she left her wheel and passed out at the same door at which I had entered. Thus sinners choose the way that leads to hell, and are offended at a friendly warning to shun the yawning pit.

*Tuesday, ninth day*.—Was the most interesting. I visited about thirty persons, and conversed with them about the all-important subject of death. A solemn occurrence had taken place on the preceding Saturday evening in the vicinity. A young man in the pride of life, in company with a few of his wicked companions, went to a grocery, or rather drunkard's office, where they spent the Lord's day, carousing and gambling till a late hour at night. They separated—a lasting separation to one poor sinner. This young man intimated to a young lady as he left the house, that she would never see him again. He had a bridge to cross, and previous to his arrival he expressed a desire to go into the stream. This was opposed; he then pretended he had lost a glove and must go back and find it. His companion returned for his glove, and in his absence the young man was missing. He was not found till Sabbath, when he was hooked up out of the river.

This was a solemn dispensation. A fact so recent, so awful in its consequences, and so distressing to his relations, afforded a good introductory to the theme of religion. I cheerfully improved it.

Noon was now advancing; I entered a poor man's house he was eating a bowl of bread and milk. After presenting him with a Tract, we had some profitable conversation. A grocer came in, whose anger was immediately stirred. He reviled other young men who had taken a similar course, and threatened me with being put out of his house if I should attempt to enter with a Tract.

"I will not enter your house," said I; "but will you take a Tract now?"

He refused. The Spirit of God had often operated powerfully upon this man, but he had refused; and the last state of that man is worse than the first.

## CHAPTER IX.

Returned to College—Prayer-meetings—Conversion of a young man  
—Slander—Officers in College.

*Tenth, eleventh, and twelfth days.*—Visited a few families, and distributed some Tracts.

*Thirteenth day.*—Dr. Van Dyck took his carriage, and we spent the forenoon in visiting the people and conversing with them on a preparation for death. We had one or two pleasant scenes. Returned to Albany in the steamboat. The fields began to assume a beautiful green color. Here and there a field presented the desolations of frost, but these fields were like the shades in a picture, throwing the contrasted colors into a brighter and more lovely view. The poplars, too, seemed to vie in the presentation of beauty. I said to a young lady admiring the landscape and the beauty of the verdure and trees,

“And we, too, shall be soon stripped of our beauty and verdure.”

She seemed for a moment to feel, and then turned away.

Returned to college after a short stop in Albany. My feelings are more warm than usual. Visited some of my christian friends in the city. One pious woman, at whose house I have held many a prayer-meeting, is gone to her long home. She is now, I trust, walking in white with the ransomed of the Lord.

*Wednesday.*—Prayer-meeting at my room this evening. More brethren than usual present.

*Second Wednesday.*—More brethren present than at any former period. An account of revivals in different places was given. That work of God in Williams' College seemed to produce, by its narration, greater feeling in *my* bosom than any other.

*Third Wednesday.*—A very full meeting. A young

man from Pittsfield, Mass. in my class, is now rejoicing in hope. A recital of his case, from the first word I dropped to him on the subject of religion till his conversion, may be interesting to me in times of darkness and trial.

Returning from church one Sabbath, I was trying to introduce the subject of religion, by leading him from one subject to another. As I played in distance, trying to arrive at his heart by a circuitous route, he took the alarm, and artfully increased the distance and lengthened the route. Thus baffled, I learned the folly of some good-meaning men's advice:

"Never introduce religious subjects as topics of conversation, so as to surprise men."

So, leaving this advice as impolitic, I abruptly introduced the subject of religion, and the youth cast this passage into my teeth.

"Let him that is without sin cast the first stone."

On the following Saturday I spoke with him, but he disregarded my advice; said he was going to bathe. I informed him that his brother and others were praying for the salvation of his soul. He appeared troubled at the relation of this fact. The day was cloudy. As he was going to the water, a peal of thunder terrified him so that he resolved not to bathe, but went into the city and played whist with a young lady till his fears wore away.

I saw him the next Sabbath, but he refused to speak much with me, adding, "I think I have shut myself up in hell." He tried to get the Bible, as he said, but the devil hindered him. He came to my room on Wednesday, walked the floor, and said,

"M'Dowall, I have had no peace since you spoke to me on the Sabbath"—then added, "M'Dowall, you will send me to hell."

Once he locked his door against me; fear, he said, laid hold of his mind when he thought of seeing me.

"Have you banished the Savior," said I?

"I *have banished him*," he answered.

"Then I must leave you."

I passed away. Returning soon, he said,

"Come up to your room." "O," continued he, in the bitterness of his soul, "I have had no peace since you first spoke to me."

In deep distress, he leaned back upon his chair, and from the pit of sin called upon God for mercy. If ever I heard the penitential prayer and confession for sin, I think I heard it from him. As he closed in agony of soul, I kneeled by his side, and looked away to Jesus for a blessing on my class-mate. As I arose, he looked me in the face, and said,

"How do those feel who have obtained a hope?"

On being told that a calm followed the agitation of the waters, he said,

"While you were at prayer my distress was removed. I have been told of the rapture at the new birth. I do not feel it, and fear to hope." The young man, however, has a hope which is like an anchor to his soul.

Four of my class-mates have lately obtained hopes, and one in the freshmen class. Five sinners have been plucked from everlasting burnings. Prejudices of old standing have been softened, and good feeling restored between brethren.

God has used me as an unworthy instrument in the promotion of the eternal good of some poor souls in college. My labors were not, however, passed over in silence. Detraction pointed her darts at my reputation, slandered my character, and narrowed the sphere of my usefulness. Erroneous proceedings or measures I may have adopted; willingly do I acknowledge a headlong zeal, as *some* call it; but never can I acknowledge it to be wholly destitute of the dictates of wisdom. Envy arrayed her dread phalanx next after detraction. Its blighting effects I sorely felt. The devil then mustered *pity* to take a giant stand in a let-

ter sent me to damp my zeal. However, four or five souls stood by me through the whole course. To them I could look in most cases for encouragement.

One week the excitement was so powerful in college that sinners were astonished; but the enmity of the heart, not being slain by the cross of Christ, acquired strength by being smothered. This was soon exhibited in oaths and horrid imprecations against the Eternal. As sheep without a shepherd were we left, though not less than five ministers of the Gospel, with the President at their head, lodged within the college walls.

As the work proceeded, tutor P—— came often; tutor Y—— occasionally came into our meetings. The President attended one of our prayer-meetings, and this was about all the encouragement we received. The president delivered a few lectures in the chapel at the close of the term; yet little can be offered in his favor for his neglect of the work of grace; but God forbid that I should condemn him; perhaps he acted a wise and prudent part. But tutor P—— will long be remembered for his attentions.

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## CHAPTER X.

### VISITS AMONG SINNERS.

Success—Opposition—Cruelty to animals—Opposition—Doubts—Kindness of parents—Despondency—Visit to Ballston, and to his parents.

*July 26th.*—I feel as though my labor was not entirely in vain this day. In the morning saw three under conviction. I am almost exhausted by incessant labor and conversation with sinners.

Talked with twenty to-day; seven under conviction; the rest are not. A professed Christian said to-day, in presence of a company of ungodly sinners, "M'Dowall is too strict;" and endeavored to bring me into disrepute.

I pray that her Master may pardon her; she has received the symbols of his broken body and shed blood. O Savior, how art thou wounded in the house of thy friends! *O resent it not*—they are weak.

Saw a company of ladies at a tea-party. Before they parted I was told the young ladies could find nothing to do. After a few remarks I proposed they should go to Jesus. The party closed by a proposition to have a prayer-meeting at that place a week from that evening. Professors begin to awake and tremble.

11th.—My health is nearly destroyed. I must not give such reins to my feelings, and make so great exertions among those who are wholly indifferent with regard to their salvation, as the number of anxious is increasing. These require my attention. O God! humble me before thee. Let me be willing to be used as an instrument in the promotion of the good of poor souls. But ever keep me from assuming any thing to myself. God works by whom he pleases; and if he sees fit to work by me, let me remember I am but a tool.

In poor health; attended the Sabbath school; made some arrangements, but found it necessary to retire and take sleep. In the evening I was revived, and attended two meetings. *One* was very solemn.

*Monday.*—In poor health. Two young ladies sent for me. They are anxious. They were at the tea-party before mentioned, and have resolved to attend to religion as their first duty. Applied the truth to the conscience of another young lady. If God be pleased to seal instruction, she shall shine in his kingdom for ever.

*Tuesday.*—Rode into the country; conversed with sinners. My health is a little better. My state of feeling is

so intense, that it is with great difficulty I can repose at night. At three this morning I arose, after tossing for some time in my bed, and walked about the city. In ten places I discovered lights. Sick persons in those houses. Were they prepared to die? How many ungodly sinners reside under these roofs! Should this city be destroyed in ten minutes, how many would dwell with devils! Thoughts like these occupied my heart last night while I paced the streets of Schenectady.

Being relieved by Mr. Crane at the anxious meeting, I had some rest from labor, consequently my rest was good last night. I feel better to-day. I visit about twenty sinners daily. Hereafter I shall not notice the number.

Spoke to several persons to make religion their first business. Truly I am a most unworthy person. Unworthy, that God should use me to promote his cause in any degree. Some persons say that I am a most holy young man; but O could they see my heart! could they see the odious thoughts that often enter there! Other persons in the malignity of their hearts give me a just character—a character far from being so holy as some suppose I possess.

*Friday.*—Saw some poor distressed sinners to-day, and prayed with them. Things appear encouraging. I rode into the country to-day, and in the afternoon recommenced my missionary labors, and hope that these labors will be blessed. I find that sinners think their own promises are more binding than the commands of God; for if you press the sinner to promise to attend to religion as his first business, he will say that he is afraid he shall break his promise. Hence sinners esteem their own engagements more binding than the duty which God enjoins upon them.

*Monday.*—Rode again into the country; called at a house and asked for a drink. I fell into conversation with the woman about religion, and after she understood I was a member of the Dutch church, her objections were lessen-

ed. How fearful sinners are to converse with those who do not belong to the denomination to which they themselves adhere!

After dinner I walked on the tow-path, and conversed with a boatman on the subject of religion. He offered me three cents as a reward; which I refused; but as he did it to ridicule me, I was sorry I did not accept it, for that would have been taking him in his own trap.

One woman to-day could not attend to religion on account of her husband.

One man forbid me his house, another desired me to leave. I did, and staid at the door, and talked to him. He told me to go about my business. I told him my business was to persuade him not to destroy his own soul, and I am trying to perform it; will you hear me? He threatened me. I told him I should do nothing but pray for him. Yesterday he trembled in view of the judgment.

There is a strong propensity in sinners to evade close reasoning about their soul's salvation. When they cannot divert the subject, they will complain of the improper conduct of christians.

*Friday.*—Prepared articles to send to my parents; rode into the country and fell into conversation with a traveler. He was a licentious man, if I might judge from his conversation. Visited ten sinners in the afternoon. The young people's meeting this evening was unusually interesting.

*Saturday.*—I have to regret one act this morning. I walked into the rear of the college ground, and seeing a few little fishes at play in a shallow pool, I thoughtlessly let some stones fall from an eminence upon another stone in the water, under which some fishes took shelter. In the result I saw one fish, whose body was mashed in two parts, another whose head and back were mashed, and a third and fourth perish; another diving and lashing the wa-

ter, until I had barbarity enough to execute the little creature. No sooner had I done this, than compunction seized me. With mourning I left the spot. How cruel the act to destroy life to gratify a curious or perverted passion ! What a sad mark of total depravity ! It led me to reflect on President Edwards' resolution relative to brutes, and I felt determined to make a similar one relative to little fishes hereafter, and to destroy no more, but let them sport in the pools to glorify the God I so often offend.

Went through the old tier of buildings ; did not see the man who told me yesterday he would baptize me with a pail of water if I did not get out of his way. Two or three days before, he ordered me out of his house. Indeed I am called, by some, every thing but an honest man.

*Tuesday, 28th.*—This was a very interesting day to me. I saw many sinners. Saw some ladies I had not seen before ; they felt uneasy at the close application of the truth.

*Thursday, 30th.*—At the request of Mr. Crane, by his clerk, I took up my lodgings at his house yesterday, and shall probably remain till he returns from New-England. At night I awoke and lay musing on my bed. As my thoughts were turned on the scenes of the preceding day, I began, as at former times, to study the dispositions of those with whom I had conversed. But the evil, base sediments of sin, began to foment in my heart. It was then I wondered God should condescend to use so vile, so worthless, so depraved, yea, so defiled an instrument as I am, to promote his glory. Surely it can only be that his may be all the glory.

Visited some sinners. Found one old deluded one. Had a hope, but could give no reason. Poor soul ! There are thousands in the world like him. My strength is nearly exhausted ; could see but few sinners to-day.

*Friday, 15th.*—Conversed with a deist. He asked if Christ was not illicitly begotten ? I asked if God could not

raise up children of the stones before him. He waved the question, and then denied the Scriptures. I denied his assertions, and treated him as an open enemy to the truth. Called to see a young lady to-day, but was treated by some of the family rather disgracefully. Having been sent for, I could not but think the treatment most unmerited and disgraceful.

Neglecting to use the Scriptures, to meditate, to fast, and to pray, have a very pernicious influence on piety. This is verified in my own case. So soon as I slackened the rigor of my religious discipline, I began to lose a relish for religious duties. Here is laid the incipient step of declension. O my God, thou God of all grace, lift up my feet from the pit and establish my goings. Refine my affections by the power of the Holy Spirit, and create within me a new heart.

26th.—For some time past I have been led seriously to think of my situation. Considering how prone I am to stray away from God by yielding to irregular desires, frequently am I induced to believe that as yet I am but a polished hypocrite. During the revival in college and in the city I did commit known sin. I felt deeply wounded at being reproached for sin by a young man from Canada; but these feelings soon wore away. Perhaps I have committed so many sins that God will leave me joined to my lusts. I know my duty. I do it not. I do commit sin. I fear I am deceived. Vile wretch! O vile wretch that I am! Polluted heart! wilt thou yet draw me along to hell? Thou, O God, would be just to send me there for ever!

Saw a good looking, active man to-day under arrest for stealing. Poor creature! how he felt, trying to exculpate himself. Stolen waters, though sweet at first, are bitter after drinking.

O how good God is to me! He has given me affectionate parents. They manifest that affection to me in dif-

ferent ways; not by word only, but by direct acts. Actions are sure marks of feeling, and hence they love me.

*October 16th, Sabbath eve.*—O I have had great searchings of heart since sunset. I feel that if God should send me to hell I could not complain. My sins have been set in order before me. I do feel myself to be a wretched creature. Am I to die? When? to-night? Perhaps before to-morrow's sun may go down I may be in hell. Yes, I may. O Jesus, canst thou save me, a poor sinner? I have sinned against light. Is there nothing for me but a fearful looking for of indignation that shall devour the adversaries? If it be so, it is altogether just and right. O thou Spirit, I have so often offended and insulted thee that thou dost vindicate thy law in punishing sin, even in John M'Dowall, the unholy, vile, the polluted sinner.

A little before the term closed, being in feeble health, I visited Ballston. The waters I thought conducive to my health. On my journey I passed the place where my father was born—where *his* parents died—where his parents sleep. Solemn thoughts occupied my mind. It was Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath; a peculiar sanctity seemed to be attached to the place and time. On the Sabbath I returned to the very spot owned by my ancestors, and lectured in the forenoon to a small assembly, in the place of a Baptist elder, and in the after part of the day to a very crowded house. Considerable attention and feeling. At the close of the day I returned to the Lake, but was disappointed in getting up a meeting for prayer.

*Jan. 10th, 1827.*—About three weeks previous to the close of the last term I left college to visit my parents. I had been absent about three years and one month from the home of my childhood. Joyous was the meeting under the roof of the old home. Tears witnessed the flow of a mother's affection; the trembling voice of an aged father bade me welcome, as his withering hand embraced mine. I need not speak of brothers very particularly. The

youngest I had seen but seldom, acted as if his heart was identified with his brother's. My oldest brother had obtained a hope several months before. My only sister was at the house of her lately deceased grandfather. Anxiety to see me before his death often evinced itself by his frequently mentioning my name. In hopes of seeing him before he was cut down, I left college early last term, and while pressing onward to the place, the sad news of his death reached me.

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## CHAPTER XI.

Thoughts on the revivals—Trials concerning leaving the Dutch Church—Deep sense of sin—Letters—Ministerial qualifications.

*January 14th.*—The revival in the city has assumed an interesting aspect. Many have lately obtained hopes. There are a few under conviction. A dear brother has been requested to stay from the city meetings, because he occupies too much time in exhortation. I was requested to attend their meetings, but do not think it my duty. Professors are beginning to indulge in a censorious spirit. They object to any one's speaking over five minutes, and consider it improper for any one to meditate upon the subject they speak of. They wish a man to tell nothing more than the impressions he may have received in the room.

No minister, in a revival, can act without assistants. To secure this, care should be taken that the feelings of believers be not wounded, nor their affections alienated by any rashness of the clergyman. He must communicate his designs, and show and explain his views and plans to influential individuals. He must ask their advice, consult

their feelings, and so shape his proceedings, that in those things that are lawful he may become all things to all men. Besides, he must have a good education, and a good heart, and a profound knowledge of human nature.

*29th.*—A fast this day was observed by a part of the students; the other part attended to their usual duties. Indeed, the faculty take little or no pains to promote godliness. Though by other colleges the day was observed, yet by Union college it could be passed over. The faculty of this college will not even liberate the students from the regular collegiate duties. The college is dismissed on celebrated public days.

I have received my college bill and account of my standing as a scholar. It is the third, and only the third just bill I have had since in college. This bill is about midway place in my class. Sickness is the cause.

*April 26th.*—My heart is desperately wicked; I am often led astray. My employment is but little. I take some delight in looking over my diary.

Attended a college prayer-meeting. At the close of the meeting I felt ashamed to lift up my head; could I have secretly absconded, joyous would it have been to me. My feelings are inexpressible. Shall I leave the Dutch Church? O God! to thee for direction I look.

*May 14th.*—Conversed with a dear brother, and observed to him, I felt as if my coffin was near. He thought so too, and advised me to leave college immediately.

Jesus appeared uncommonly near to me this afternoon about the setting of the sun.

*20th.*—Health is better. Went to Ballston Springs yesterday; had a dreadful exhibition of the wickedness of my heart. O the restraining grace of God! I look upon the adulterer, the murderer, with pity and disgust; but were it not for the restraining grace of God, what would I not become? God of grace keep my feet in an even place.

*May 30th.*—One of my classmates called at my room to

talk about the salvation of his soul, as he has frequently done of late. He appears to be deeply impressed with the state of his soul. I proposed to pray with him, but he waived it. A few days, probably, will determine his state.

*June 24th.*—I have, for many months, been led far from God. Mr. Mason's sermon to-day, upon the difference between conversion by sympathy, and the Holy Ghost, melted my heart a little. I would fain hope that God will yet save me. O what a vile sinner I am! My flesh is sinful; my heart is full of sin; my senses are inlets of sin; one mass of sin I am. How vile, how loathsome! O that Jesus would show unto me his exceeding love! I have often written down my feelings; but till now, I believe, I have been more influenced by knowledge, in those drafts, than by a deep view of my real character. It does in truth appear to me that I am not only the vilest wretch in the sight of God in college, but that there can be but few equals in sin—secret sins.

Here ends his private journal at Schenectady. His father states, that in the year 1827 his mind was much exercised respecting the church he should ultimately unite himself with as a laborer, whether with the Dutch Reformed or the Presbyterian. On the 7th of June his father writes, I received a letter from him at Union College. It expresses the language of one who was drinking deep at the fountain-head of mercy. In it he expresses great joy in having heard that God had in some places blessed my labors to the conversion of sinners. 2d. The cheering of his heart by means of the information he had received respecting the hopeful success of the Gospel among the the Indians in Canada. 3d. An animated account of the outpouring of the Spirit of God on the churches in New-England; but especially some very interesting particulars respecting the effusion of the Spirit of grace in the colleges. 4th. Mentions two sermons he had sent me; both by re-

vival ministers who pursued different courses, and both in some measure blessed in their labors, and wished my opinion of them; but I never received them. 5th. His correspondence with certain members of the Dutch Reformed Church in Albany, and with certain members of the Presbyterian Church in New-York, respecting his entering on the study of theology in connection with them, and urgently solicited my advice respecting my decision; and concludes by asking, "What shall I do? I anxiously await your opinion; I know not what to do; I look for a speedy answer, as considerable depends upon it."

"He seemed to weigh the bearings and dependencies of one action and determination on another, before he acted or determined on any thing important, and a disposition to such counsel in different cases from such as he thought qualified to give it."

The following letters show the anxious and unsettled state of his mind on this question, and the candor he manifested in wishing to decide judiciously.

UNION COLLEGE, January 11th, 1827.

REV. SIR,—That regard for my welfare which you, though a stranger, have manifested towards me, calls forth the warmest expression of my thanks.

I have indeed long cherished a peculiar regard for the Presbyterian Church. Though born in Canada, Scotch blood flows in my veins, and to this I may probably attribute that predilection. With what church I shall, however, finally connect myself, will probably not be determined previous to a more thorough acquaintance with theology.

Wishing you much success in that high office, to which I hope God has called you,

I remain your brother in Christ,

JOHN M'DOWALL.

*Rev. Cyrus Mason, Beekman-st. New-York.*

UNION COLLEGE, January 15th, 1827.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—That pressing invitation which you gave me to write to you, encourages me to ask this question: Will the classis of Albany license me to exhort sinners to repentance and saints to holiness, if, upon examination, they should be convinced of my qualifications to that task?

Mr. Van Vechten, my pastor and valuable friend, is absent. I often feel the want of his counsel. But from Mr. Ludlow's kind attention to my present and future welfare, I indulge the hope of a reparation of that loss in him. Influenced by this hope, I make the present inquiry.

To exhort sinners to repentance and saints to holiness, I consider my bounden duty. Besides, several clergymen, of different denominations, have advised me to exhort. Among these is my FATHER. But I find a strong prejudice existing in the minds of a few professors against a student's or any other person's exhorting without being licensed by some body of clergymen. It is my desire to obviate that prejudice which might be excited against me for exhorting without license.

I am, at the same time, desirous of crushing the very supposition that I aspire to a present equality with those who are called to administer the holy ordinances, or that I wish to be free from their fatherly care, counsels and directions, or that I wish to pass over the study of theology.

I am, Rev. Sir, with due respect,

Yours in the best of bonds,

JOHN M'DOWALL.

*Rev. John Ludlow.*

January 20th, 1827.

"I would observe that I do not ask for license to expound Scripture."

[An extract.]

*To the Reverend the Classis of Albany.*

REV. SIRS,—By the advice of a clergyman I was persuaded to lay a simple statement of my circumstances before your body.

I am the son of a clergyman, who was ordained to the Gospel ministry, about thirty years ago, by the classis of Albany, and sent into Canada as a missionary, where he still resides. Though his history is here uncalled for, yet permit me to say that he can almost wholly adopt the language of one of the pillars of our holy religion: "What is my reward then? verily, that when I preach the Gospel I may make the Gospel of Christ without charge."

So soon as a young man whose mind is not tutored by an early education, is convinced of the force of early contracted habits upon his riper years, and that "knowledge is power," his mind cannot but be often filled with retrospective regret. This I have often felt since the time in which I indulged a trembling hope of reconciliation to God, through the blood of Christ; for I was born in a land where the light of science has not dawned with that brightness which she sheds upon these States, and the natural mind being more prone to evil than to good, I early contracted inattentive injurious habits, although the watchful eye of a kind father was ever awake to my best interests.

In infancy and youth I acquired but little knowledge; and although the cause of this ignorance may be attributed to contracted habits of indolence and inattention, yet where were my distinguished opportunities for cultivating science? The common schools were poor; my father was poor; and absent from his family, sometimes for one, and more frequently for two months at a time. Two hundred and forty miles bounded the circuit of his labors. In different places, collecting the followers of the Lamb together, he organized churches, and afterwards occasionally fed them with the bread of life. But, his wants increasing

with the increase of his family, necessity was laid upon him to labor in a more contracted field. Hence, the circuit through which he now travels to preach is equal to about eighty-five miles. This circuit contains another of about forty-five miles. Once in about three months he passes through the former, and spends the residue of his time in the latter. Thus it will be easily perceived that he is still absent from his family a great portion of his time, and could, consequently, pay but little *personal* attention to the educating of his children.

In addition to the miserable advantages of common schools, I was supported at the grammar-school for eight months, but not in succession. The intervals were so great that much of that knowledge which was acquired during the last term, was forgotten before I commenced the next. During these intervals of study I devoted my time and attention to the farm. Husbandry, though agreeable, required more muscular force than I possessed. Hence the necessity of following a liberal profession. Accordingly, at the age of twenty, I entered one of the most extensive and popular law offices in Upper Canada, and, after sustaining a slight examination, was admitted by the Benchers of the Law Society to the privileges of a student at law. The term of study comprised five years. Of these, scarcely one and a half had flown away before I began to discover the leprosy of a sin-sick soul. The arrows of the Lord were sharp in my heart. Like the wounded roe I sought rest, but found it only in the convulsive agonies of death,—the death of that inward man of sin whose dominion swayed every affection of my heart.

The pathway to the rewards and to the honors of my country was still open, but my desires for their attainment had withered. My desires were now turned towards the Gospel ministry. To this the pathway was obstructed. I was supported by the uncle to whom I was articulated as a student. From those mutual stipulations he was unwilling

to give me a release. He recounted the toils and the labors of the ministry, its uncertain emoluments, and the state of my health, as dissuasive *motives*. But when he saw that his arguments were ineffectual, and that my heart was so wedded to the desire of becoming a minister, that a further pursuit of the science of law would be detrimental to me, he consented, and I relinquished the pursuit and went to Amherst in Massachusetts, where I reviewed some studies, and commenced others, a knowledge of which was necessary to enable me to enter that collegiate institution. I entered the freshman class. At the commencement of my sophomore year I left that college and came to this.

The sum of money which I have annually expended in the prosecution of my studies, has considerably exceeded that which was supposed to be necessary by the college statistic account. To this expense my father's remittances were not equal. To supply the deficiency, a society, at the interposition of President Humphreys, presented to me two dividends in common with other young men. Friends have occasionally made me a donation, and I have labored with my own hands for hire; but creditors are at this moment waiting upon me. If, then, my father's remittances have not been adequate to my expenses, how shall they now be adequate to them, when a second son is drawing upon his "mere trifle of a salary?"

More than three years ago a clergyman of this classis informed my father that the Reformed Dutch Church would aid his son. He wrote to the ministry, but received no reply. About sixteen months since my circumstances were so embarrassing that I was obliged to make known my wants to certain clergymen of your reverend body, and to ask for help.

The Presbyterian church was acquainted with my peculiar situation from the commencement of my studies. They had aided me when I sought it not from them. I could now receive money from societies under the control of

Presbyterians, but hesitate to do so on the ground of propriety. That church has hundreds of young men, her own sons, sucking at her breast, whilst I am a member of another church not burdened by so many sons, and yet abounding in gold and in silver, and in want of no good thing. I came to the conclusion that it was a duty to suffer rather than to do it. And I have suffered. I have consequently needed both the comforts and the conveniences of life. And I have, too, preserved my connection with my church.

An extract from a letter of my father's may not be injudiciously inserted here: "I think proper to advise you to acquaint Mr. ——— of your situation, and that you have a pious and zealous brother who also wishes to enter upon the work of the Gospel ministry, and also to continue his relation to the Reformed Dutch Church; but as your father receives but a mere trifle of a salary from his congregations, he has therefore to labor on his farm, both for the maintenance of his own family and for your support, and consequently cannot pay the expense of both his sons at college; and, although you had encouragement of some assistance from the Dutch Church, and did apply for it, and have received none; yet Divine Providence appears to open a door for you elsewhere. The Presbyterian church has already offered you assistance, on condition you attach yourself to their body. This offer you have hitherto refused, as you did not wish to change your relation from the church to which you already belonged, to go to another. But you did not know, from what you had related, but God, in his providence, pointed out that change of relation to be the path of duty in which you ought to walk. I think it would be best to take no hasty step."

With respect to my brother, I would observe that the Congregational church of New-England have made, without my father's solicitation, an offer to educate him, if he will put himself under their guardianship. He is now at

Hadley, in Massachusetts, and will probably receive some aid.

I have now, Rev. Sirs, at the advice of a friend, a benefactor, a member of your reverend body, laid a statement of my circumstances before you. It necessarily embraces a short history of the state of my father's affairs. The delicacy of feeling which is excited in the bosom by unfolding our wants to the view and inspection of others, I should in the present instance have felt an objection insupportable, but for the anticipation of its calling the attention of the church to her poor, obscure sons.

I remain, with due respect,

JOHN M'DOWALL, (Junior class.)

*Union College, Feb. 16, 1827.*

ALBANY, Feb. 28, 1827.

DEAR SIR,—The Albany classis held their meeting last week. I laid before them your communication, and all seemed to feel deeply interested in your welfare.

At a previous meeting of classis, a committee was appointed to prepare a plan of a classical education society. Such a plan was presented and adopted. An executive committee was appointed to receive and consider applications. This committee will be convened in a few days, and I have it in my power to say that you have the prospect of assistance from this quarter, and need look no further—Provided, however, you are willing to assent to the terms presented in said plan, of which I think there can be no doubt.

I will send you a copy as soon as the constitution is published. I wish you in the meantime to draw up a statement of your annual expenses, and state your immediate wants. If I could have this at the meeting of the committee it would be best.

With regard to the privilege of exhorting, which you wished from classis, I did not present it formally. They

could not, by the rule of the church, do any thing in relation to it. On this subject you had best submit to the direction of the committee, if you place yourself under their care.

Yours affectionately,

JOHN LUDLOW.

*Mr. J. M'Dowall.*

### *Ministerial Qualifications.*

The spirit of inspiration by Paul to Timothy, furnishes us with the following indispensable outline of a christian minister's character.

"A Bishop must be blameless, the husband of one wife, vigilant, sober, of good behavior, given to hospitality, apt to teach, not given to wine, no striker, not greedy of filthy lucre, but patient, not a brawler, not covetous, one that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection; not a novice, lest being lifted up of pride, he fall into the condemnation of the devil.

Moreover, he must have a good report of them that are without, lest he fall into reproach and the snare of the devil."

These several qualifications have been classed under knowledge, prudence, and piety.

Deeply impressed with a sense of the importance of improving in knowledge, prudence, and piety, in my preparation for the Gospel ministry, I solemnly promise, in a reliance on divine grace, that I will faithfully and diligently attend on all the instructions of this seminary, and that I will conscientiously and vigilantly observe all the rules and regulations specified in the plan for its government, and readily yield to all the wholesome admonitions of the professors and directors, while I continue a member of it.

It is necessary that the minister of the New Testament

should sustain an unimpeachable character. Add to this, those attainments the Gospel requires in wisdom, prudence and piety, and when we take into serious consideration the difficulties and obstacles to the faithful exercise of ministerial duties, and the impartial account that must be rendered at the last day, who can help exclaiming, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

But, blessed be God, we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the glory may be of God.

Holiness in our case is an indispensable requisite—it is the *sine qua non* of a christian. Destitute of this, we appear without the wedding garment, unseemly intruders in the church of Christ. If our hearts never receive the oil of the Spirit, our lighted tapers, like the lightning's gleam on the black bosom of the earth's encircling clouds, will glitter for a moment and be extinguished, and leave us in darkness that may be felt,—*felt* by us, and *felt* by others. Nor is this desideratum the less important, because in our great cities there are at present many literary and scientific preachers entirely destitute of godliness. Their vain philosophy echoes in beauteous temples, and enchants the corrupt on each returning Sabbath. Is not a liberal theology the pride of their hearts? It is. They deny the Lord of glory—ridicule the doctrine of his propitiatory sacrifice—solemnly affirm there is no new principle of action imparted to man at regeneration—laugh at the idea of a change of heart, &c.—explain away all the sacred and saving doctrines of the cross—attempt to disrobe Jehovah Jesus of all his divine glories—disbelieve in the existence of the Holy Ghost as God. Spiritual oil never flowed into the fountains of their hearts; therefore their lighted lamps emit a gloomy gleam, the people are enveloped in gross darkness. Let us see to it, that our lamps are filled, trimmed, and burning.

The foregoing reflections end his own history of himself in Schenectady.

Other testimonials are given by his friends, which abundantly testify that he never was idle, and that his labors never passed unnoticed. We subjoin the following.

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## CHAPTER XII.

Letter from Mr. Crane—Labors in College—Persecutions—Prayer-meeting—fainting—kindness—Letter from G. C. Beaman, Ohio—Labors in the vicinity of College—Journey to Canada—faithfulness—piety.

*To the Reverend Joshua Leavitt.*

EAST GREENWICH, February 9, 1837.

There are some facts connected with the life of the Rev. J. R. M'Dowall, during his collegiate career, with which few, if any, are as well acquainted as myself. I have therefore concluded that it might subserve the cause of truth to make a rough sketch of such as are familiar to my mind, and leave it with you to make such use of them as you may think proper. I became acquainted with Mr. M'Dowall, shortly after he entered Union College, through Judge Bidwell, Upper Canada, who either was a member of his father's church, or lived near him, and was a particular friend of his father, and manifested a strong attachment to the son.

On my way from Utica to Schenectady Judge Bidwell frequently spoke of this young man as one of peculiar promise, and manifested a desire that I should become acquainted with him. Accordingly, when we arrived at the latter place, he sent for him, and questioned him concerning the state of religion in college, but more particularly with regard to his own personal piety; and gave

such counsel and advice, and in such a very feeling manner, as I have no doubt, under divine influence, was instrumental, in a great measure, of leading to the interesting facts which I shall hereafter relate. One thing in particular was urged with great earnestness, that unless he was careful to maintain a consistent life while in college, he would find it a drawback upon his usefulness in after life; and that if he lived as a christian ought during his collegiate course, however scoffers might now hold him up to ridicule, in the end such would be constrained to say, If there is a christian, *that man is one*. When we parted, the question was put directly to him, "Will you now promise, with the help of divine grace, that you will endeavor to serve God faithfully, whether others who profess religion do or not." To this he readily assented. Half an hour's conversation, in substance *like this*, evidently moved Mr. M'Dowall, and the effects soon made it manifest that he had renewed his covenant obligation, and had consecrated himself more unreservedly to the work of his Lord and Master. From this time his calls at my house were very frequent, and our acquaintance grew into something more than an ordinary friendship. Nearly twenty years' residence in the neighbourhood of Union College gave me an opportunity of more or less acquaintance with the religious young men of that institution, a large proportion of whom are now in the ministry; and of many it may truly be said their praise is in all the churches, and without detracting in the least from their worth in other respects, in *these two* particulars—disinterestedness and moral courage, I have not known M'Dowall's rival. He was not always discreet, but, as far as his indiscretions came under my observation, they could always be traced to a want of judgment peculiar to ardent young men of his years. So much was he disposed, from my first acquaintance with him, to lay himself out to do good to others, that some of his brethren entertained en-

tirely mistaken views of his character. From one he received an anonymous communication, which he read to me, charging him with being *overmuch righteous*, censuring in harsh terms his presumption in visiting the rooms of the *sceptical*, and conversing with them, which only excited contempt, and brought reproach upon religion and upon its professors; and further charging him with a departure from the *faith*. I shall not be likely ever to forget the emotions I experienced while witnessing the flow of tears and the expressions he made when he read to me the letter. He desired a friend to retire with him for prayer, when he poured out his soul to God in prayer, begging that he would show him what *he ought to do*, and appealing to the Searcher of hearts for his integrity. He went away at this time under the impression that many of his brethren in college were cool towards him, in consequence of what they thought presumption, by holding personal and pointed conversations with sceptical young men, who in consequence had been heard to *revile*, and had nicknamed him *Cloven foot*. They evidently felt that the reproaches of them that reproached him fell on them, for one of them called on me shortly after, and said, in substance, that some good might be done in college if Mr. M'Dowall was not so imprudent.

What is he doing? Why, he is setting *infidels barking like dogs*. He has no prudence—he goes to their rooms and holds religious conversations with them, which only irritates them. He named one young man in particular, who was one of the ringleaders of the sect, and who, in consequence, had been heard to express some ill will towards Mr. M'Dowall and other professors. This young man in a few days was hopefully brought to renounce his scepticism, and submit his all into the hands of his Savior, and joined himself to the brethren—became a man of prayer, and is now preaching the faith that he once endeavored to destroy. This and a few other conversions

in college about the same time among the most uncompromising young men, was a means of changing the views of some of his brethren ; and I have reason to believe that some of them learned a lesson on that occasion which will ever be useful, viz. that if the *bull bellows*, it may be because he is *held by the horns* ; and that if nothing is said or done to him that savors of the spirit of the world, which tends directly to relieve his conscience, we may be encouraged to hope for his repentance.

So changed were the views of the religious young men in college in regard to the character and worth of their brother M'Dowall, that the young man who had sent him the uncourteous letter before mentioned, confessed to M'Dowall that he wrote it, and humbly wished forgiveness ; and further said, that it had given him much trouble ever since it was written ; and further, that it was dictated more by a worldly spirit than from a real concern for the honor of religion. Only a few weeks elapsed before the young man before mentioned, who had said that some good might be done in college if brother M'Dowall was not so imprudent, told me he believed there might be an extensive work of grace in college if they had more M'Dowalls. He and others regretted exceedingly that any thing had been done to lessen his influence. (This is so meek a man, that although he is now in the ministry, I should have no fear of giving him offence by calling him by name, if it would subserve the cause of truth.) The peculiar sufferings of young M'Dowall for a few weeks (at least,) especially in his being in a great measure set at naught by his brothers, can be fully known only to him who hears the sighs of the mourner. He **was** wont to call on me and relate something of his trials, and not unfrequently with tears. He would say that he felt at times as though he should sink, but found relief only in prayer ; prayer, he said, would brace him up. That a young man at his time of life, and among strangers, single-

handed, and against the wishes of those he held most dear, should by such means lose, and, for aught he knew, for ever, the esteem of those whose friendship he highly valued, was to me a good evidence of disinterestedness, and of the value he set upon the honor that cometh from God only. I have often remarked before, what I now declare as my deliberate opinion, that, in point of moral courage and disinterestedness, John R. M'Dowall was unrivalled among all my acquaintances. The transaction before alluded to, I think, was in the early part of the summer of 1826; and as there had commenced among us in Schenectady an interesting work of grace, I asked and obtained Mr. M'Dowall's consent to spend the eight weeks' vacation in my family, and devote his time to visiting, &c. This was especially desirable, as our minister left us that summer, having accepted a call in New-York. The pastor of the Dutch church was on a tour in Europe for his health. Just before the term in college closed, he showed me a letter from his honored father, who advised him to come home and spend the vacation, which to him amounted to a command. But he said, if I would join him in a letter to his father, informing him of the state of things with us, he had no doubt he would consent to his remaining. I complied, and we soon had a letter from his father, stating that if his Master had need of him at Schenectady, he and his family were willing to forego the pleasure of a visit. During this vacation his labors were almost incessant. He usually started out after breakfast with a bundle of Tracts under his arm, and did not return till noon; and then frequently so exhausted that he found it necessary to throw himself on a bed.

After an hour or two's rest, he sallied forth again, and returned at evening. As many as four evenings in a week he attended little meetings for prayer and praise and pointed conversation. He used to say that his Tracts were very useful as a means of introducing religious conversa-

tion, and gave him ready access to the family on whom he called. His visits were generally among the poor, and there are numbers who now, and will doubtless continue to all eternity, to bless God for the visits and faithful exhortations of J. R. M'Dowall.

If any thing is to be known of the workman from his *works*, there are now living epistles which may be known and read of all men. When he returned to college at the commencement of the September term, I am sorry to say that he was so much worn down, that it was with difficulty he could pursue his studies. But it was gratifying to see the interest his brethren took in his welfare. One of them called on me and invited me to take a walk with him, and during our interview related a transaction which I well remember caused us both to weep freely. Said he, we had a prayer-meeting in college among the brethren last evening, and brother M'Dowall, while leading in prayer, suddenly fainted, and stopped speaking; and after a short pause they went to him and supposed at first he was *dead*, and they took his head from the chair and laid him prostrate on the floor, and he soon began to breathe, and revived again. When they took off his coat it was found that his under-clothes were ragged, and his shirt-collar partly torn off. His clothes were all nearly worn out, and more or less tattered. Suspicions were immediately excited that he might be in want of all things, and as soon as he was able to converse they began to interrogate him. He was at first reluctant to let them know his situation, but finally said that he had heired some property, which would have been sufficient to have paid his expenses through college, but which (if my memory serves) consisted in a mortgage, but that an older mortgage had swept the whole. That it had troubled him a while, but that he had got over it, and had determined to pursue his studies and trust Provi-

dence.\* His friends in college, he told me, were much affected when they learned his situation, especially when they reflected that he had "labored more abundantly than they all." His delicacy in not making known his situation will not be so surprising, because it is a well known characteristic of the Scotch to despise beggary.

I need hardly add that provision was immediately made for a suit of clothes; and I do not believe he suffered for any of the comforts of life thereafter while he remained in college. A number of little incidents, which go to make up the real worth of the man, I might mention, but which others, I have no doubt, have furnished.

I leave these reflections, to be used as may be for the best, with my earnest prayer that God may give all needed wisdom.

His anxiety respecting where to study theology was terminated by going to Princeton, in 1828, under the patronage of the Presbyterian Society.

In May, 1828, he went to Providence as an agent for the American Tract Society. The following letters and journal refer to his labors in that place.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

Letter from Mr. Richmond—Letter of Mr. Hallock—Doings of the Board at Providence—Mr. M'Dowall's labors—Extracts from his Journal—Testimonials of his friends—Labors in different parts—His health—Influence and energy of ladies—Letter to Mr. Hallock.

DEAR FRIEND,—I have learned with great satisfaction that you are about publishing a memoir of that devoted

\* Here is another specimen of his modesty. This destitution of clothes was the result of benevolence rather than poverty. Though his apology was true respecting the mortgage, yet his mother had been careful to supply him with all that necessary clothing of which

and self-denying friend of suffering humanity, and our dear christian brother, Rev. J. R. M'Dowall, who, though he be dead, yet liveth in the affections of multitudes, redeemed, disenthralled, and saved from lowest depths of degradation and misery, and in the hearts of others, who sympathized in his sufferings, tears, and labors, and have poured out their prayers with strong cries and tears that the God of purity would sustain and carry him on in his work. As some of the most interesting incidents in his history have occurred in this State, and are perhaps not generally known to the christian public, I have taken the liberty of mentioning some of these, which, if you deem proper for publication, and have not already obtained the facts, you may use as you think proper.

I have before me the records of the Providence Tract Society, which contain the first information respecting him in this State. He was sent here by the American Tract Society, as their agent, in May, 1828. He continued his labors until March, 1829. For an account of these labors, with their results, I refer you to the Fourth Annual Report of the Providence Tract Society. For the manner in which these duties were discharged, I refer you to a letter addressed to Wm. A. Hallock, Corresponding Secretary American Tract Society, March, 1829, by our board of managers, in which the most perfect satisfaction is expressed. I find also on the records of this Society, a vote of thanks to Mr. J. R. M'Dowall, for his faithful services in the Tract cause during the past year.

In the summer of 1829 the Rhode Island Sunday School Union, contemplating efforts for the establishment of Sunday Schools throughout the State, turned their attention to Mr. M'Dowall, and appointed a committee to secure his

he was then destitute, but his generosity had bestowed it where he found it was needed, and he was ever mindful of the injunction of the Savior: "He that hath two coats, impart to him that hath none."

services. He came here again in October, 1829. For the manner in which he operated in this cause, I refer you to the fifth and sixth report of the Rhode Island Sunday School Union.

G. RICHMOND.

In the spring of 1828 the Corresponding Secretary, Mr. Stephen J. Wardwell, wrote to New-York, to the Corresponding Secretary of the American Tract Society, to furnish them with an agent to form societies and distribute Tracts in the State of Rhode Island. In answer to this, Mr. Hallock wrote a letter, of which the following is an extract.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—The bearer, Mr. M'Dowall, has engaged in the service of the Society for six months. He is a graduate of the college at Schenectady. We have requested him to begin his efforts in Rhode Island, and in connection with your auxiliary. He is well recommended, and is unquestionably a truly devoted, pious young man, who, we hope, will do much good, especially in forming auxiliaries wherever they can be established throughout your State.

I hope your board or committee will give him the wisest direction for accomplishing the greatest amount of good. He has, I think, much of the true spirit of an apostle, and where he can do nothing else, I hope he will distribute Tracts gratuitously. Your board will understand that the American Society supports Mr. M'Dowall on this agency. We should be glad if he could visit every neighborhood in the State.

If you can, please find some christian place where Mr. M'Dowall can lodge while in Providence.

*May 27th, 1828.* A meeting of the Board was held at Providence, and Mr. J. R. M'Dowall, an agent of the American Tract Society, was present. They write, Mr. M'Dowall has come to this place to act as an agent, under

the direction and with the counsel and advice of the Board, to visit the different towns in this State, and endeavor to form Auxiliary Tract Societies therein.

*August 6th, 1828.*—A quarterly meeting of the Board was held, at which Mr. M'Dowall was present, and made some very interesting and encouraging statements of his operations in different places which he has visited since his residence in this State.

*In March, 1829,* Mr. M'Dowall presented the Fourth Annual Report, in which is contained many interesting facts relative to his labors, which testify that his untiring efforts had been signally blest. He visited the cottages of the poor, wherever he could find them, in the destitute parts of Rhode Island. Traveled much on foot, and his plain, unaffected appearance, both in manners and dress, made for him a welcome reception into families little accustomed to receive visits from the great and noble of this world. In a little notice which he made at that time, he says—"Sitting by the way-side upon a rock to gather fresh strength for my journey, leaning my head upon my staff, I thought on the way my Master had thus far led me, and the future prospects that awaited me. My feet were swollen and very sore, my knee was painful, and I felt that it was impossible to reach my place of destination. I had walked many miles that day, and was well nigh exhausted with fatigue and hunger."

A few days after this he went to an auction, and for a small sum purchased a horse very humble in appearance. With this he performed the remainder of his agency, and no one, however secluded, feared, when he approached, that a "*great or grand man*" was coming to mock at his poverty.

Well do the mothers and children remember M'Dowall, and with the deepest feeling do they relate his tender appeals to their children to love and obey their parents, and give their best days to the God who made them. It was

remarked of him when in Rhode Island, that he seldom, if ever, visited a family, but he left some impress of himself which could never be effaced, and which was worthy to be remembered. A few extracts from his journal while in Rhode Island, will give the reader a little specimen of his labors while there.

*May 26th, 1828, Monday.*—Took the steamboat for Providence. Defended the character of Dr. Beach against the aspersions of an Unitarian Episcopalian. Learned more of lotteries.

*Tuesday.*—Arrived at Providence. Called on the Secretary and the President of the Society. President called a meeting to attempt the formation of an Auxiliary Tract Society in each town in the State, and to invite the friends of religion to cordially co-operate with them in the effort to accomplish the object.

*Wednesday.*—Left my baggage at Mr. Wilcox's.\* Rode to Pawtucket. Kindly received by the Rev. Mr. Shurtleff, who gave me an account of the usefulness of a Tract in his congregation.

*Thursday.*—Donation to the Sunday school in Pawtucket. Gave Tracts to the ladies to promote the object of the Society. Returned to Providence. Went to Pawtuxet, Natuck, Coventry, Washington, Centreville, Greenville. Sunday, addressed the Sunday school scholars in Centreville.

Distributed Tracts. Monday, East-Greenwich; Tuesday, North Kingston; Wednesday, South Kingston; Visited Stonington Borough, Hopkington, distributed Tracts in the school-house; went to Pawcatuck bridge, lectured,

\* This family remember and speak of him in the most affectionate and christian manner. His early rising, his ceaseless energy in his work, his kind and faithful admonitions to the children, are kept in the liveliest remembrance. Mrs. W—— has kept a favorite hymn which Mr. McDowall often read when in the family, and penciled his name at the bottom as the language of his heart, and which seemed in a peculiar manner applicable to himself.

distributed Tracts; went from town to town, and in some towns from house to house, till every town in Rhode Island was visited. Returned to Providence; formed an auxiliary in Mr. Waterman's church—twenty-seven subscribers on the spot. It was an interesting season. More good feeling exhibited in this place than usual. Here I saw the tear glisten in the eye, lovely affection beam in many a face. O how joyous such a sight! how cheering, how bracing! I was encouraged to go on in this good work. Went to Borrilville; delivered a discourse at Chepacket. Distributed Tracts in each place—some disturbance. Dr. S—— retired from the meeting; soon returned; at the close said, he would read a discourse that would show the Tract business was all hypocrisy—a scheme to catch money. The letters of a few Free-will Baptists, who were known by persons present, of different ministers and gentlemen of different denominations, and of Mr. Shaw from Chepacket, confuted the doctor so completely that he became silent, and soon left the house.

The ladies take hold of this work with great efficiency. Many are deeply interested; things appear well. "You have, say many, done more than any agent that has preceded you."

13th.—Attended a meeting in the first Baptist vestry in Providence. Spoke on the Christian desire to do something for the production of gospel fruit. Slept but little, heard every bell from one to six; was quite unwell.

Went to Sterling, in Connecticut; staid with Elder B; walked to his residence from Chesunt-hill, in Killingly, Connecticut; road rough; feet blistered; to walk is quite impossible; know not how I shall get along. Elder Buringham carried me to the gate. Esquire Holden's son carried me to the offset, then rode to Providence upon a leathern trunk lashed behind upon a stage; was enveloped in a cloud of dust. Thus I rode into Providence.

17th.—Went to Scituate, Coventry; attended Elder Stone's bread-breaking.

Wednesday.—Lectured at the Hope Factory, a professor of religion told me he wished to search it to the bottom, and see if it were not a speculation. The Free-will Baptist Magazine was. How the devil does sometimes get the upper hand of God's people, and use them to build up his own kingdom.

One minister objected to life members and directors being made by donations; to the publishing of names and the sums given, because that would induce men to give from impure motives, also impenitent men would give.

And can you devise a better way? If we do not publish the opposer will say we pocket the money. Am I to ask a man whether he is a christian before I consent to receive his free will offerings? We should impress upon men the necessity of correct motives for action, and leave matters with them and their God.

28th, 29th.—Confined most of the time to my room.

30th.—Sailed to Warren, and walked thence to Bristol.

31st.—Delivered a lecture in the Catholic congregational church to a large audience, composed of Episcopalians, Baptists, Congregationalists, and Methodists.

Sept. 20th.—Attended general muster, and gave many Tracts. Returned to Providence; Deacon Stone gave me a passage with his son. Yesterday very tired and sick; had no dinner; walked much.

On the 11th.—Formed the Rhode Island State Anti-Swearing Society, and opened a subscription to print and distribute, in Rhode Island, 50,000 copies of the Swearer's Prayer.

Began on Saturday night to board with Mrs. Bolles.\*

\* This lady was called on, since Mr. M'Dowall's decease, to make inquiries of her acquaintance with him as a Christian while a member in her family. Her answer was, "I cannot speak much of Mr. M'Dowall, my feelings overpower me. His godly conversation,

*Monday, 16th.*—Went to Oneyville, to Warwick, Centreville, Washington, Jackson, and returned to Providence sick; arrived at half past 12 at night.

*October 28th.*—Went to Centreville for my chaise and horse; returned, detained by the Rhode Island Bible Society. Procured subscribers for the Rhode Island Union, for the promotion of the reverend use of the name of God. Procured subscribers for the Anti-swearing Society.

*November 4th.*—Began to act as the agent of the Rhode Island Bible Society.

*November 7th.*—Sailed with Capt. Cohoon to Block Island. He was kind and charged nothing.

Left Block Island in an open boat for London.

*19th.*—Came to Newport sick.

PROVIDENCE, March 17, 1829.

Rev. Wm. A. Hallock, Corresponding Secretary of the American Tract Society.

SIR,—Mr. J. R. M'Dowall, who has for some time been employed as agent for the American Tract Society within the state of Rhode Island, having relinquished the agency, is now about to return to New-York. The Board of Directors of the Providence Religious Tract Society feel it incumbent on them to express, through you, to your Board of Managers, their grateful sense of the kind regard which they have manifested towards the wants of this Society, and the many obligations we are under for the very efficient aid which we have received through the instrumentality of said agent, in establishing a permanent depository in this town, subject to our immediate direction and control; also to testify to the untiring zeal and inde-

his faithful labors—his early rising, and his interest for my children, are ever before me when his name is mentioned; and my children, though young when he was with us, remember him with the kindest affection.

fatigable labor of said agent, in endeavoring to excite a new interest in the cause of Tracts throughout the State.

At the time he commenced his labors among us our citizens generally had taken but little interest in the circulation of Tracts, save a few societies which were instituted with very limited means for the accommodation of christians, for particular religious bodies. The Tract subject had not, in its most interesting character, been presented to the public view; and indeed, in many of our country towns the inhabitants were principally ignorant of the nature and existence of such institutions, consequently the first proposition made to them, with a view to obtain their co-operation in this benevolent design, was regarded in numerous instances with jealousy. Many good people considered their utility somewhat doubtful, and fears were entertained lest they should have a tendency to promote sectarian views; and in the minds of others strong prejudices existed against all such institutions, as having for their origin ambitious or speculative motives.

Under these peculiar circumstances the exertions of your agent have been very perplexing, and without *divine* assistance the difficulties which he has had to encounter would seem to be almost insurmountable; but this aid has been afforded him, and these difficulties he has been able in a great measure to overcome.

You will perceive, by referring to the Report of this Society, embracing its operations for the past year, a copy of which will be transmitted to you by our secretary, the success which has attended his labors, particularly in the establishment of numerous auxiliary societies within our borders, many of which, though small at present, yet we trust will ere long become more flourishing and very efficient within their own particular districts.

Owing to a combination of circumstances, partly from facts enumerated above, partly from the heretofore unexplored state of our country towns in reference to matters

of this kind and an acquaintance with the habits and views of their inhabitants, the agent has been subjected to some pecuniary losses, which, we are fully sensible, for the credit of our State, ought to be remunerated.

But as this Society is yet in its infancy, and as our calls have been very frequent upon the liberality of our citizens for help to build up the Depository, and for the gratuitous distribution of Tracts, we are at present wholly unable to do for him what we are conscious ought to be done; yet we hope the peculiar circumstances of his case will be duly considered by your Board, trusting that by the blessing of *Divine Providence*, ere long the hearts of our wealthy citizens will be more generally inclined to wards us, and that, together with our own continued exertions in this benevolent object, our feeble efforts will meet with such success as shall enable us to obtain some surplus funds, which we can communicate to the aid of your Treasury, and thus assist in promoting the *grand design*, and discharge the obligations we are under to the Parent Institution for its repeated favors.

Done at a special meeting of the Board of Directors of the Providence Auxiliary Religious Tract Society, held at Providence, March 17th, 1829.

Signed by WILLIAM C. SNOW, *President*.

SAMUEL C. SNOW, *Secretary*.

The fifth Report of the Rhode Island Sunday School Union again mention the labors of Mr. M'Dowall in the fall of 1829. The Report says: "In view of the importance of the Sabbath School cause, and anxious to extend its advantages, your Board of Managers accepted, commissioned, and sustained the agency of Mr. J. R. M'Dowall, who visited this State at the request of the American Sunday School Union, as their Agent, charged to promote the interests of your Society." In his Report he says: "My labors commenced on the first day of October, and closed

on the 10th of November. In my various journeys I traveled about 200 miles in Rhode Island. The amount raised by subscription is \$280. I made it, both in private circles and public assemblies, a leading object to communicate intelligence to those to whom I supposed it would be useful. The effect can only be known by the future."

The Report further states, "There are about forty Sabbath-schools in Rhode Island, and about four hundred school districts."

Mr. M'Dowall has been engaged to superintend the agency the approaching season, and to associate with him a sufficient number of well qualified agents to assist in the work.

In accordance with this design, the sixth Annual Report states, Mr. J. R. M'Dowall was employed as general Agent of the American Sunday School Union, assisted by Messrs. Boggs, Armstrong, Andrews, Mines, and Alexander, from the Theological Seminary, Princeton, New-Jersey; and Messrs. Luther, Crawford, and Horace A. Wilson, of Brown University, whose united labors amounted to fifty-five weeks. In the month of May last, 1833, they commenced their labors, and during that and the succeeding month visited every part of the State. The zeal and devotedness in which they engaged in the work, and the ability with which they discharged the duties assigned them, is best learned from the results which have flowed from their undertaking. From the Report of Mr. M'Dowall, received at the close of his agency in July last, we learn that during the time in which they were employed 83 new schools were formed, auxiliary to the State Union, and 53 schools not auxiliary, making a total at the close of this agency of 164 schools, 106 of which were in connection with this Society, showing an increase in the short space of two months of 83 schools, 388 teachers, 3,462 scholars, and additional libraries containing upwards of 9000 volumes.

From this account, the good effects that have flowed from the employment of agents will at once be understood. The result of the experiment has more than realized the anticipations of the most sanguine, and every *friend* of the Institution must rejoice at such success.\*

Having terminated his labors in Providence as agent for the American Tract Society, he returned to Princeton, for the purpose of resuming his Theological studies. We here return to his journal.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

Return to Princeton—Reflections on various subjects—Reading Sermons—African school—Joined Princeton Presbytery—Appetite—Visits in African families—On inducing people to read the Bible through—Pleasant interview—Inquiries to know duty respecting future labors—Left Princeton for New-York—Visit to Five Points—Horrid scenes and depravity exposed—Appeal to ladies—An African's excuse not to attend meeting—Called to see a corpse—Preached Christ—John Stratford—Labors continued—Sailors—Lotteries.

PRINCETON, JULY, 1830.

Returned from New England on an agency for Rhode Island Sunday school. Was requested to accept the ap-

\* In no place do we find the labors of M'Dowall so highly appreciated, while he was living, as at Rhode Island. It may be said of him that his "praise is in all the churches," wherever he went. Though some derided, and some opposed, and many were astonished, and a few feared he had come to "turn the world upside down," and a remnant set themselves in battle array, yet their hostility was of short duration. This they have abundantly testified in the many kindnesses they have shown him during his protracted sufferings in New-York. Relief has often reached him from that source when greatly needed; and not long before his death he mentioned to a friend the great obligation he was under to that people for remembering him in his low estate, and added, "I have full proof I have friends in Rhode Island."

pointment of general agent for the state of Tennessee, to execute the resolution of the American Sunday School Union in that State, but declined.

*July 4th, Sabbath day.*—A hard heart; had hard feelings towards a Christian brother, and denied the truth of an assertion of his; had but little benefit from Dr. A.'s sermon, as a consequence. In the evening, at Mr. Baird's request, I gave a very brief statement of what was done in Rhode Island; felt dissatisfied with myself, pride wounded.

*Monday, July 5th.*—Began a little treatise for youth, on the evidences of the Christian religion. Monthly concert in the evening. Good news; the village splendidly illuminated. O how little given to Christ this evening, but much to the devil.

*Friday, July 9th.*—Slept late—lost Hebrew lesson. O shame on me for it! Of this I need repentance. Resolved to read the Bible through once a year. One more day is gone; there is in night a solemn silence, it reminds me of the stillness of the tomb. Great God, prepare me for that hour.

*Sabbath, July 11th.*—Slept late; why did I do it? Why did I not with the morning sun rise to see the new beauties of the waking earth, and glories of a risen Savior, even the Lord Jehovah Jesus? I heard a sermon from R. H. read. Christ says, "Go ye into the world and (not read but) *preach* my Gospel to every creature." The effect of this reading was, but few were benefited by his discourse. Two near me were reading novels, some were half asleep, others were gazing about with a vacant stare; while it was evident the majority scarcely knew there was a man before them declaring the everlasting Gospel. O had Paul been *there*—*there* preaching, would it have been a reading preaching? Would not the bursts of his eloquence have carried his audience away; at times making them tremble for fear, at others weeping for sorrow, and at others rejoicing with gladness?

It is no wonder so many take no delight in going to the house of God. Indeed, they can procure some person to read to them as good a sermon at home, and in a better style than that in which ministers read; for, generally speaking, they have a most unpleasant and drawling tone, impairing the richest productions of their midnight researches. O, this reading of sermons; how shameful! let me never be guilty of it while health and strength remain.

Went out to my African school, and found it in a fine situation. The house in which it is held is nicknamed the Black College. The character of this people before the school commenced was vicious, rioting, dancing, drinking, visiting; the house was a place of resort for people of color in the country. Before two months had expired, the practice of visiting and trifling away the Sabbath disappeared. The school is improving; yet holidays, O miserable holidays; days of dissipation, riot, and debauchery—they nearly extirpated it on Christmas and New Years.

In the Oratory we have had an interesting meeting. The subject was, How shall we spend this session the most profitably? By the selection of a few friends of congeniality of feeling and taste for intimates, to whom we can unbosom our cares and trials, and temptations and joys; the habit of social intercourse in pious company, where practical and experimental religion shall be the main subject of discourse; the cultivation of love to God and man; the exercise of the kindlier feelings of our nature; the noble elevation of moral feelings, which places man above the contemptible and sinful practice of wounding the feelings of those who differ from us in theological opinions.

*August 3d.*—This day joined Princeton Presbytery. Tears burst involuntarily and copiously from my eyes, on being examined on experimental religion.

*Aug. 7th.*—I am prone to sin. Appetite becomes a frequent occasion of sin. Having eaten until I am full, lust gets the control of me. Inbred corruption, O how strong! My example is not so holy as it should be. I fear I have done much evil to my brethren. Be not partakers of other men's sins, is a fearful saying, for surely the Lord imputes the sin of one man to another, in certain circumstances. Lord, lay no man's sins to my charge. Forgive me, justify me, by the imputed righteousness of thy Son, and sanctify me by the Holy Spirit.

*8th.*—This morning brother A. accompanied me on a visit to three African families. The subject of missions occupied our attention—foreign fields particularly. I told him I thought of the Jews, but had nearly relinquished it, on account of the present state of my system. The propriety of making an effort to induce every member of every family to read the Bible through once every year, I proposed to him—a plan which appeared feasible. We walked, we prayed, we talked, we returned, and retired to our closets. The importance of evangelic men in places of trust, such as professorships and presidencies, is of vast moment. They mould the youthful character. Such men should fill the seats of learning.

*18th.*—For some days past I have had some considerable consolation in religion. Life is on the wane. The question, what shall I do for God and my race, pressed hard on my mind. Sometimes I am almost resolved to devote my life to study—sometimes to active labor in foreign fields—sometimes to the diffusion of knowledge on particular subjects in theology—sometimes to the life of a pastor—sometimes to an Evangelist—but latterly to the importance of persuading men to read the Bible through once every year. This is resting with importance on my mind. The Bible is neglected.

I have just read the life of Luther. What a Gospel hero! A mind of the first order graced his earthly house.

What a pious, ardent student of the Bible! Zuinglius said he studied it more than any of his predecessors for a thousand years. Indeed, God honors those who honor his word.

*September 28th.*—Settled, and left Princeton, on foot, for New-York. Attended the first prayer-meeting of the city missions. A pleasant season.

*30th.*—Saw Mr. Arthur Tappan. He pays my board, also that of my brother.

*October 1st.*—Organized the Society for the moral and religious improvement of the Five Points.

*Oct. 5th.*—Visited about one hundred families. Saw one house of ill-fame, where the girls were beautiful and elegantly dressed. It is said the house in which they live, is, by will of the late occupant, left to this class of women.

It is painful to see, in the centre of New-York, the tender sex destitute of the semblance of modesty. To see young women, of wanton eyes, of impure speech, spreading their nets for the silly youth—the young man whose love of virtue, whose sense of character, whose regard for sisters, whose kindly feelings to his race, should inspire his soul with lofty sentiments of all that is lovely, and amiable, and of good report. Yes—for the young man whose heart should revolt at such scenes. Truly, Solomon has wisely and minutely drawn the character, progress, and end of these deluded souls. O to grace, how great a debtor am I! 'Tis *grace*—*grace* alone makes me to differ. To grace be all the glory.

*Oct. 6th.*—Visited fourteen families. It is a pleasant work to instruct the poor and ignorant. We are kindly received, often urgently invited to revisit them again. But O, the harlots! How numerous! Modesty and purity forbid a minute detail. A passing remark on some is ventured. I think I am safe in saying, some of these women have noble lineage. For strength of intellect, gene-

ral knowledge, and elegant taste, perhaps few ladies in the city can excel a few at the Five Points. Why are such women at this place? Is it improbable, these nobler ones, being unfortunate in love, upon their seducer's eloping, were disowned by brothers, despised by sisters, rejected by parents, and abandoned by their associates. In this dilemma; depressed, despised, and cast off; penniless, without shelter, and broken-hearted, denied a residence in the dwelling of parents and friends; the last, the fatal resort, is to the more respectable seats of ill-fame, where, after serving the unhallowed purposes of barbarous masters and mistresses, and men in elegant attire and in honorable stations, they are, when ruined, disgraced, and diseased, with merciless brutality driven from these seats of refined iniquity in high places, these mints of common night-walkers. Fallen from the bosom of parents, brothers and sisters, friends and paramours, one step more remains, it is the Five Points. Necessity now binds to the commission of crime. Cut off from all intercourse with the reputable and virtuous in society, their daily food, drink, and apparel is only attainable in the ways of vice. The choice is now reduced to immediate death by starvation, or remote dissolution by disease. The alternative is speedily chosen. A few days or weeks intervene, and worms riot on their bodies, and Satan on their souls. But where are their guilty murderers? The young seducer of unsuspecting, virgin modesty, stands at the head of the catalogue; next rank our men of fashion and professions; then the catalogue closes with a list of sailors and negroes. O! what a list of accessories to their ruin! And yet these murderers, with impunity and eclat, move in the circles of the young and the fashionable.

Can this be christianity? No. The religion of Jesus has no unhallowed connection with such crimes. Christianity will add to her benevolent institutions in New-York what she has been compelled to add in other lands—a

Magdalen Asylum. Ladies, ladies, your suffering sex demands this at your hands—the Savior demands it. Say not to them, “Be ye warmed, and be ye fed,” and be ye virtuous, while no bowels of mercy move relief. Of your sex, some are fallen. Raise them. Take from them the necessity the nature of the case imposes on them to be vicious, then give them the Gospel of peace.

*Sabbath.*—At half after 8, visited the Five Points. Opened the school. Ten teachers and forty scholars. Another should be opened without delay. More efficient measures needed. At one in the afternoon, about thirty scholars were present at the gate, eagerly waiting for the opening of the school. What a sight! The streets filled with Sabbath school scholars! God bless us, even our poor defective services, for Christ's sake.

An African would not come to our school, because he saw no christianity in America. He was born in Africa. Christians enslaved his people. He had seen no christians here. *Now* the christians, finding the blacks were becoming too numerous, wished to send them abroad. A black man could not get license to wheel a cart in New-York. The rulers of the nation are wicked men, and with such men he wished no intercourse. He would not come to the school or visit a religious meeting. This is the amount of his remarks.

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*Oct. 12th.*—A harlot came to tell me a corpse lay in the adjoining house, and wished me to see it; so we followed the miserable woman, who led us through a deep dark alley to a flight of steps which led us to an upper apartment in which the corpse was. Strange sights!—one stool, one tub, one little poor pallet, one table, one board, and one broom, I believe, composed all the household furniture. On that table lay the dead man. Here we took our stand, and preached Jesus Christ, and read to them the word of God. Some soon left us; others came

and went. My feelings were strange, indescribable. Any man hazards his good name being seen loitering in the vicinity of the Five Points, what then do I hazard having such a multitude of these creatures around me in this place? But my soul was in grief. I knew God, the righteous Judge, was omniscient and just, and whatever man might think of me would not influence the final Judge; so I stood firm in conscious innocence of evil purpose, and found strength in discharging my duty. While I read the sacred Scriptures they were attentive. A fine opportunity to impress on their minds the scenes of a future meeting. Death, and heaven, and remission of sin, were my great themes, blended with appeals to their consciousness of misery's being connected with vice. But in heaven there is pure pleasure. Then I spoke to them thus:—"Think of your course. In it there is no pleasure unmingled with pain. The more vicious you are, the more miserable you are. Think of your guilty revelry at midnight, those fierce and fiery forebodings of the just judgment of your Maker; of your parents, who loved you, educated and trained you to virtue, now broken-hearted, sorrowing, going down to the grave; of sisters afflicted—of brothers mortified—of relations grieved; of your bodies abused, your souls injured—of God offended—of heaven lost—of hell gained, whose agonies you now anticipate as the earnest of your inheritance.

Here lies a man; his body—his soul is in heaven or hell. Behold in him your future state; soon a winding-sheet for your body and flames for your souls—precious souls. Think on your future state; you cannot look death unafrighted in the face, you cannot sleep quietly. O the guilty conscience that interrupts your pleasure, falsely so called. *True, true*, one replied. Then why will you not seek peace in being purified by the blood of Jesus? Hear what is written, "And the Spirit and the Bride say, come."

"Wash you, make you clean, put away the evil of your doings, cease to do evil, learn to do well."

One man, the son of a minister in a neighboring city, asked why we had come to torment him before the time? He said the following passage in Genesis had lately come to his mind, and troubled him much: "And now, if you will deal kindly and truly with my master, tell me, that I may turn to the right hand or to the left."

*October 14th.*—Being out inviting persons to attend the Thursday evening meetings, my brother told a young man from the country he was grieved to see him in such a place. He was asked, what his mother would think of it. Our venerable old protector Mr. C. advised him to leave the place immediately. He was then told such houses were the toll-gates of hell. He was advised to read the book of Proverbs, the following extract in particular. "My son, keep my words," and the chapter through.

This young man was an infidel. The influence of infidelity is exhibited in the following quotation from the London Tract Magazine:

John Stratford, who was executed at Norwich, in August last, for murder, confessed his guilt, and with tears exclaimed, "I attribute my downfall *primarily* to reading Paine's Age of Reason, Carlisle's recent works; and the *secondary* cause, to an unlawful connection with an abandoned woman.

A minister who visited him in prison says:

"I inquired of him what had been the general course of his life previous to this last awful act?"

He replied, "he had maintained a tolerably good character for honesty and fair dealing; that he was formerly in the habit of going to church and to different dissenting places of worship."

"I asked him if he had not, in any different period of his life, embraced infidel sentiments?" I shall never forget

his reply, his look, and his manner. The question seemed to rouse him from his torpor.

He exclaimed, "I did, sir, to my disgrace, to my ruin, and perhaps to my eternal destruction."

He said he had not denied the existence of a God, but he had speculated, and denied the existence of a devil. He had read Paine's *Age of Reason*, which had been his ruin.

I inquired to what conduct these infidel principles led? He replied,

"Of course to Sabbath breaking, the entire neglect of public worship, and to bad company. Then I became connected with gamblers. Thus my heart was so hardened that I was prepared for the most guilty conduct."

Any gentleman may satisfy himself that this is truth, by visiting the Five Points regularly but for one week, and pushing his inquiries to the extreme.

A record of the scenes which will pass before his eyes, and the confessions of the guilty, abandoned men and women, voluntarily made, will force unbelief in the above stated connection between vice and crime forever to retire from his heart. I have seen the downward course; I daily hear it described by the vicious; and often, too, in language the most affecting. I have seen those who in infancy were taught to fear God, obey his commandments, and reverence the house of the Lord, lying in filth at the corners of the streets, and in cellars. I have heard them bewail in tears their folly, and trace their first departure from virtue to the perfidity and seduction of those who moved in the first circles, and would fain be called gentlemen.

At the meeting, six unfortunate females attended. One was the daughter of a lawyer; one had but just made her appearance at this place of death—she is a broken-hearted female. For six years a young man in the city paid his addresses to her; the time of their marriage was fixed; he is in a few days to be married to another.

"O!" said this disconsolate woman, "I loved him as my life; he deceived me; he is to be married to another. When I think of my state, I am in trouble; I wish to die, but when I think of it, I am afraid; I wish I was as good as my parents."

This is her simple story. As she told it tears stole down her cheeks. O! what guilt young men in this city incur, and in every other city. God is a righteous Judge, he will not pass them by unpunished. No man who values his good name should speak to a person who betrays or seduces a female. No man should admit to the society of his sisters or his daughters the man who loses his character. The odium of a virtuous society should be rolled upon his head. I hold such a man to be an unworthy and highly dangerous member of society.

I spake to these women in an affectionate manner; yet at times, perhaps, with too much severity and animadversion.

"Will you throw yourselves away? Will you ruin your souls for ever? Will you bring to the grave parents, and sisters, and brothers, in sorrow? If you are desirous of leaving this place, a refuge is provided for you. Some have gone before you, and now give good evidence of being born of the Spirit of God. The prodigal son returned to the bosom of his father; the prodigal daughter may return. Contrast your situation with what it was a short time since; then you sat by the fire-side of your parents, and enjoyed their smiles; sisters virtuous, and brothers proud of your chastity and love, were the happy companions of your better days, which days you may again enjoy, so far as it is possible. In the Refuge you will find friends who will take you by the hand and point you to the Savior of Mary Magdalen. In the end of women about you, read your own end, if you stay here any longer.

Flee, flee from this place, and never be seen here again!

At this place we see sailors and seamen from every part of the globe. Here their consciences are seared, their understandings darkened. We labor for the salvation of their souls.

What an evil influence goes out on the world from this great city !

The Five Points degrade the sailors : our sailors degrade the heathen. Witness the miseries of our Missionaries, imposed by our seamen in foreign ports. Again, the theatres, these chapels of the devil ; more converts to sin and Satan are made here than at the Five Points.

Here maidens lose that delicacy of feeling, that retiring modesty, that inward value of purity in conduct which robes females in habiliments of terror to false-hearted men, whose "words are smoother than oil,"—and throws around the domestic fireside a rampart for the defence of virtue, impervious to the deliberate assassin of character.

The Lotteries ! these strew flowers in the pathway to perdition, alluring the simple and swindling all who patronize them. Deception and falsehood are deeply interwoven in this whole system. Many a laborious man, whose little family relies on his daily earnings for food, shelter, and protection, and virtuous training, is sadly deceived ; for the father, having bought a ticket and drawn a blank, mortified by the loss, in hopes of retrieving his first fatal step, takes one more in obedience to his hopes, fostered by the fact, one prize of \$1000 had been sold at the office, and strengthened by the seller's opinion that success may attend his next effort. Another ticket is taken. A small prize is drawn. The discount is made, and a loss again is the result upon striking the balance between the prize and the price of the ticket.

A faint hope now inflames the mind of a more successful attempt ; and as the lottery ticket vender is accommodating, and willing to discount his prize, and sell him a quarter or complete set of numbers, the simple man counts

the sellers of lottery tickets his friends, and buys more largely. In this way he proceeds, and, whether successful or not, ruin is soon superinduced; and the Five Points' riots inform the Alderman these men are waiting the administration of justice.

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## CHAPTER XV.

\* Groceries—Gambling—Reflections on lust—On the wages of sin—Cruelty of the keepers of houses of infamy—Manner of leading females to the Five Points—Progress of the school—Difficulties in the way of females who wish to leave the abodes of sin—Indifference in the city to the cause of reform—Faithfulness in preaching—Females taken to the refuge—Character of the seducer.

*The groceries*—dram-shops. Their influence is obvious. It is acknowledged—it is *seen*—it is *felt*. Every house of ill fame I have seen is an house of this character.

The females drink to intoxication. Strong drink kindles the passions of their visitors. Theft is the usual result. Many cases could be cited of recent occurrence. I have seen those who have been robbed, turned from the house by its keeper, and abused in the streets by the vilest of men.

*Groceries are the outworks of the Five Points.*

Gambling is known to be common in these places. It appears that I am quite safe in inferring, from an extensive acquaintance of facts; that in the degree to which a man proceeds in gambling, cards, dice, horse-races, infidelity, irreligious reading, sabbath-breaking, swearing, neglect of public worship, scepticism, to that same degree there is the strongest presumptive evidence that man is guilty of impurities not fit to be named.

The question is often asked,

“Why are so few men joined in holy life to the Lord Jesus, openly confessing him before men?”

One answers: “Because men have too much good sense to be imposed on by priestcraft; they are superior to vague fears and superstitious misgivings,” &c.

But I unhesitatingly say, in the fear of my final Judge, “I am persuaded there is no one vice so ruinous, or any thing which has a name, that operates so powerfully against the salvation of man as lust. Combine all the engines of vice, and in the lusts of the flesh you have one single giant that is sovereign of them all.”

Where he *rules*, the Gospel of Jesus Christ is powerless, except in being a savor of death unto death.

What multitudes from this city are his subjects; multitudes of lawyers, physicians, merchants, accountants’ clerks, private gentlemen, daily laborers, servants, nominal christians, and ungodly ministers, is known only to him who seeth in secret all the deeds of darkness.

What St. Paul said of the heathen in the year he wrote to the Romans, I will say of thousands in this city. Read the first chapter of Romans.

Nor from this dark picture will I diminish ought, save the changing of the glory of God into creeping things and four-footed beasts, and unless I am laboring under an almost incurable error, there are those here who do even *that*.

Now, the great focus of all this vice is enclosed by Broadway, Bowery, Chatham, and Walker-streets. The Five Points and vicinity is the place where all these rays concentrate and glow. But it would be well for America if this boundary enclosed all. Iniquity is enthroned in high places. The splendid carriage bears in its roll many a female of distinction for family and for wealth, abandoned to refined vice. She has her admirers—they are few, but wealthy. Their wealth is her wealth. She is mis-

tress, they are the slaves. They give their wealth unto her, and their "years unto the cruel."

At the Five Points we see the effects of gambling and its accompaniments, of lotteries, circuses, theatres, &c. &c. concentrating their influence in a whirlpool, from which few that enter escape.

*Saturday evening, October 16th.*—Wearied, I sat down to review some of the occurrences of the day. Where to begin is matter of doubt in my mind.

The Bible tells us, "the wages of sin is death." Who can doubt it? The infidel—the atheist cannot, and he who believes in a Divine Revelation will not. The sceptic is a fool, and believes most of the things he denies. Among the rest, he believes that sin is the cause of death. He cannot disbelieve it. He sees it. Nor are his visual organs deranged.

Then, if sin is the cause of death, let it be shown on any correct principle, that sin does not produce the death of infants. It is a law of nature, that like begets like. It holds in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Revelation teaches the same doctrine, deducible from the most obvious principles of natural religion. "Adam begat a son in his own likeness." Nor has it pleased the Most High to alter that constitution of things. If devils had had conferred on them the high honor of multiplying their species, every common-sense man would unhesitatingly admit, it would be unnatural for them to beget an offspring unlike themselves. Indeed, the man who denies the doctrine of the Bible on this point, is, on the same principle, bound to deny the Providence of God.

Men laugh at what they are unable to disprove.

I have selected death as the subject on which to speak, because it is the most dreaded of all human miseries.

Some deaths are awful. Such is the death of impurity. God has fenced virtue by scorpions. Their sting embitters

the death of the licentious. Gall and wormwood mingle in their cup of misery.

The mercies of the wicked are cruel.

So long as a master or mistress can make money by keeping these women, food and raiment are provided for them ; but a system of cruelty is practiced in all these cases which would make the ears of an Algerine to tingle. Despotism in its most cruel form, or the atrocities of the bloody inquisition, can scarcely surpass or equal the atrocity, the brutality of the depraved keepers of these houses. Soldiers are tied to the post and whipped for crime, but they are whipped according to the pre-enacted laws of war, which allow them the benefits of a regular trial.

These women are whipped, but not for crime—whipped because they are unwilling to submit to so many unfeeling monsters ; or for expressing a desire to leave the place. Indeed, force and cruelty are the law of the day in these houses. Nor does this complete the tale of woe. When disease comes on, they are turned into the streets to die, heedless of their entreaties and cries.

Two such I found to-day. One has been an offcast for several weeks. She lives without a friend, in a room negroes use for debauchery. What deeds of depravity !

When the influences of the Spirit are withdrawn, men will stop but little short of demon conduct. And yet the consummate wickedness of these men and women, who decoy unsuspecting females into their base service, is frequently shrouded under a sanctimonious regard for purity, morality, and religion. The deception of the evil one is in their hearts, and the poison of asps is under their tongues.

Daily experience teaches me that all who visit harlots' houses are deceivers, hypocrites, and cruel men. I exclude sailors. Sailors are too honest, in most cases, to deny their crimes.

Many of these women have come to me and desired to be relieved.

"O!" said one, "you come to do us good—other men come to abuse us."

One came to me and asked if I had the "*Value of the Soul*." She took a Tract. Saw Alderman Strong. He kindly sent some little refreshments to two abandoned, diseased women, helpless and dying.

The unfortunate women decoy their friends to the place by alluring promises and representations, without informing them of the character of the place. This done, strong beer and other kinds of drink are given to them. While this operates, their ruin is achieved. Disgrace and fear prevent their retreat.

Some—many *select* this place; and thus commence their disgrace and guilt. Others, indeed most of them, have been seduced and abandoned by young men, or abused and deserted by their unfeeling husbands—others are allured by the desire of fine clothing—others by the hopes of wealth, luxury, and ease.

*Sabbath, Oct. 17th.*—The exclusive thought now occupying my mind, is similar to the good man's when moved by the Holy Ghost: Surely there is no fear of God before their eyes. At the close of our meeting, two young men in gay attire, "void of understanding," drew near. They ascended the steps in front of the house where we stood. One called out—

"Eliza—Eliza; I am your friend, Eliza—I have staid here before."

"There are no girls here," was the answer from a female within.

The windows were closed, and the young simpletons retired disappointed, uttering words purity condemns.

The fear of God would have prevented the appearance of these simple youths at this place. It is by such a course the kindlier feelings of the heart are obliterated. A veneration for strict truth and justice is destroyed. A fixed expectation of future rewards and punishments is weak-

ened—a sense of accountability effaced—and a reverence for God and his word comes to be considered as a superstitious weakness. And yet, what pusillanimity marks these men! They steal off in secrecy, in the “dark and black night,” aided by corrupt and wicked accomplices engaged to conceal what they know. The agency of these accessaries is executed by abandoned measures. At each successive step their agency becomes more necessary, and their society more familiar. These vile measures and vile men are soon his only measures and his only companions. His mind is rapidly corrupted.—*See Dr. Dwight's Sermon.*

At the school about seventy scholars in the morning, and more than one hundred in the afternoon. Many sailors, some Spaniards, many grown Africans, have made great improvement. The school was very orderly. Five ladies visited and collected scholars; much interest manifested in the place.

The people do not know what this vigorous movement means. They are wondering, talking, and afraid. The intermission was devoted to prayer and conversation with poor sinners.

In the evening about forty boys and youths assembled. But O what a scene! We soon closed. Tumult and noise were the design of these miserably wicked children. Sullen, dark, and malicious feelings manifested themselves in some children.

Many had not taken breakfast at twelve o'clock, because the nights here are devoted to dissipation, vice, and riot. Many are asleep until near ten o'clock in the morning. Much effort requisite to break up their disorderly conduct.

Many say, law and force alone can restrain these people; but I have no hopes of seeing virtue, order, and decorum created by mere human laws. Human laws executed may do much good in this place. But before people can govern themselves, and possess and cherish correct

principles, a change of heart is necessary. Men must feel bound to reverence God and obey his precepts. Pure religion, and a governing sense of accountability to the great Lawgiver of the human race, who sits upon the circle of the heavens, must be possessed before this people will be elevated to character.

Returning from school, while distributing Tracts to some sailors, a constable came and said—

“I have no doubt your motive is good, but your little books, however good, are useless here. O! these people are beyond God.”

“That is *your* saying. The power of God is infinite. Even harlots here are trembling in view of a future retribution. Some have disappeared—some have gone to the refuge, and give decided evidence of piety.”

There is a great change at the Five Points. I am convinced these seats of iniquity can be broken up by the efforts of the pious. Let the Bible be read to all, and prayer and conversation close the interview. Let these visits be frequent. Let them be conducted in christian meekness and love. Pious females should engage in it. Not less than three or four should go in company; six would be better. Let one gentleman go with them. O! what good might be done in this way!

One active young lady, a teacher in our Sunday school, enters alone the most degraded of these abodes. The inmates are afraid of her. She brings the miserable of her sex to the place where they learn sacred things. Great good is done.

Went to the Five Points and found one of these poor women who are on the town. She had promised to leave the place, but, by the persuasion of her associates, continued there still. We sent her away in a hack to the Magdalen Refuge. Others promised to go, but their keepers and companions ridiculing them and us, and saying many hard things, they are detained.

From the story of the poor woman sent away to day, it appeared many of these wicked females wished to follow her; but by artifice, cunning, ridicule, promises, and threatenings, they are prevented. One promised to leave the place. Little dependence can be placed on their promises; for if one sinner destroys much good, what will a multitude do? While we talk to harlots they tremble. In the silence of night, unless overpowered by strong drink, conscience resumes her wonted task and goads them.

To dissipate care and anxiety—to silence conscience and exclude reflection on the guilt of their conduct, and the contrast of their present and former state, society is sought by day in the street, by night at their doors, or at the corners of the streets, or at the theatres. The books they read—the conversation they have—the plans they form—the thoughts they cherish—the society they keep—and the ends and means of their governors and governesses, tend conjointly to corrupt them more and more.

Under these influences what can be expected? The feeble resolution of a moment is chased like chaff before such a force of inward corruption and the external influence of others. Is it strange they should not leave the place? Indeed, so soon as a female is willing to go she should be sent away.

Why so little interest in this city to relieve these miserable beings, and purify the community? Can it be the people of God will remain any longer inactive? Let them imitate their blessed Lord, and publicans and harlots will from this place enter the kingdom of heaven. Some are now on the way: others have gone. More shall go, for the Lord will bless the effort.

*October.*—Went to the Tract House; returned to Five Points, and found my brother and Mr. Cunningham, who had collected seven harlots in an upper room. The most of them had previously promised to leave, but now were decided. Six of these were carried away to the Refuge in

a hack. Before leaving, we preached Jesus Christ as the only Savior of sinners. While we were at prayer, one afflicted one prayed in bitterness of spirit. At the close she preached a sermon to the others, that for point and power would grace a doctor's desk. They felt its point and power. The woman who remained tried to prevent her, but in vain. One said she would not go. This was the occasion of the address.

"You know, if you stay here, your soul will go to hell. Why will you not go and repent of your sins, that your soul may be saved? I thank God for sending christians to this place to lead me back again to the right way. If you stay here, you know you must continue in sin or starve. You will soon be glad to go when unable to help yourself. You had better go and serve the Lord, for he is merciful, and will forgive you. You have served the devil long enough. Why will you not go?" She prayed and wept bitterly.

The thought of leaving one in that dreadful place gave her pain, and she plead with them earnestly. "You know we are degraded, despised, and hated here. *You know it, you feel it.* Do reform. O let us save our poor souls. Come, go with us." "I am a widow; I have children to support, what shall I do with them? I cannot go. I must go to my friends in the country."

The coach being ready, fear and shame operated powerfully on their minds. What a sight! Six Five Point females crossing Orange, and entering a hack in Cross-street. As they went, a farewell was occasionally given to an old associate in sin.

As we passed, the coachman said, the same hack last winter carried a company of — to the same house from which these were taken, for which they agreed to give him ten dollars. Five were paid. The poor man waited nearly all the night in vain.

We arrived at the refuge. R—— was the first they saw.

“Well, R ——, here are your old friends. They have followed you; they come to be virtuous.”

The keeper, Miss ——, now appeared.

“Here, madam, are more prodigals; they are returning; receive them kindly.

By this time a third female appeared, surrounded by her unfortunate sex. She was silent. Tears rolled down her cheeks. She was once what those who surrounded her had lately been. But grace had changed her state. She is a woman of superior mind.

In the afternoon we visited the Five Points; made several calls. Having given two females “Jane Thring,” they came to the side-walk and stood before me. They were addressed,

“Young women, you are in the road to hell. Why will you ruin so many young men? When disease comes upon you, you will be houseless, penniless, friendless, abused and insulted, degraded, and suffering. You may for weeks plead in vain for a shelter from the cold, for garments to cover and food to nourish you. You are destroying the souls of young men.”

“Young men have ruined us.”

There was too much truth in their retort, to be rebutted by a denial. It is true, more baseness marks the conduct of many a young man who is respected by society, than can be found in any woman at the Five Points. He is a seducer. He is a traitor after seduction. He boasts of the multitude of his trophies; prides himself among the impure and vile school of adulterers, among whom he has the unenviable rank of chief robber of domestic concord and purity.

What a disgusting object is he! Let his name rot. Let him be had in everlasting contempt.

“Young women, you are ruining your souls; yes—hear from the Bible,” taking it from my pocket.

But at this instant they danced away, as I repeated,

"Her steps take hold on hell."

Two young men, genteelly clad, were present.

"My young friends, I am a young man. Once I was in equal danger with yourselves of being led astray. Take this Tract on the seventh commandment and read it. It may be the means of saving your souls. This is the toll-gate of hell. I am sorry to see you in it."

What an array of young men might be mustered in this city, from those who are on the town, out of common brothels, and the more reputable houses of ill fame.

It is becoming difficult to procure admission to some of these houses, and an opportunity to converse with them.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

Papacy and Paganism—Search the Scriptures—Visit to the Refuge—Story of a poor girl—A word to parents—Evening at the Tract House—Leaving the school—A short summary of his doings—Conversation with a wicked woman—Close preaching—Visit with Mr. Wheelwright among the abandoned—Talk to a young man.

Papacy and Paganism are sisters. Paganism has the right of priority of birth. Papacy is the younger sister. She has all the insignia of her older sister. Indeed, she adopted them to disrobe the Gospel of some of its unattractive forms, and to take away its asperity to the carnal heart. This, the rites, ceremonies, feasts, festivals, and all the regalia of the Rotunda at Rome, that Pantheon abomination of abominations, that congregated mass of heathen idols, with their various modes of worship, became the hot-

bed of Romish abominations and impurities. Since the alliance of these two pretended religions approximate in nature nearly to an identity, we should readily infer a similarity of effect on the observance of these two systems. That inference is justified in the fact that both worship idols. Principles influence conduct. The same principles produce the same effects invariably. The effects of both are the same on moral conduct. Neither requires, and neither produces the peaceable fruits of righteousness.

It is useless to fill my note-book with facts which daily occur, to prove my assertions.

When professing christians have the written word of God, and substitute for it the doctrines and commandments of men, infidels and hypocrites will abound and wax worse and worse; scoffers will multiply and dogs grow insolent; and impurity fill our streets and enter our chambers.

In the main, men think they do not need the aid of the Holy Spirit to create a new heart in them, supposing that their hearts are already good, and that they have all the ability requisite to any moral changes. How needless to preach to men, and urge with vigor that they are able to create new hearts. It is but flattering the evil; and moreover, it is an unscriptural and false doctrine. The great difficulty, I daily find, is to persuade men of their impotence.

Lord, when shall the watchmen of Israel be holy and devout men? When shall the day come, when thy church shall be fed by shepherds that love the truth, as recorded in thy word? O hasten the day that shall shine on ministers whose hearts thou hast sanctified; the day when holy ministers and holy professors, *walking by faith*, shall form one holy army, clad in the armor of heavenly truth, to go forth under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, to fight the battle of King Jesus? O! let that day come speedily.

Visited the Refuge, conversed with one of those unfor-

fortunate women who left the Five Points last May. She told me one female had gone from that place to Heaven. She appeared to be on the track of the one who preceded her. I say *appeared* to be on the track, for though her dialect is that of Canaan, it is quite possible she may either be a deceiver or a deceived one, since the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. The others were called. I read the 51st Psalm, and commented on it. They listened, and some shed tears.

One fatal step more and you are gone for ever. Leave this, and go to the Five Points again, and I will leave you there; I will pass you and plead for the salvation of others. Here you are; all that is necessary is provided for you; we bring you here that you may repent of your sins, and prepare for heaven. With Jesus there is redemption for all those who put their trust in him; Jesus invites you, entreats you, commands you to return. An outward reformation will not cure your disease; the disease lies deep in your heart. Your hearts are corrupt, that corruption must be taken away before you can become holy women. The heart is the principal thing; the new heart which you want is that one which God creates. David could not make a new heart for himself, and therefore he prayed to God to make it for him. The new heart which you will make would be but a new polish for a sepulchre of all manner of dead men's bones and rottenness. Let your sins trouble you till your hearts break; this is the way—a bitter one it is—but is the only way. "A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." "The bruised reed and the smoking flax he will not quench, until he send forth judgment unto victory." This is a weariness to the flesh for the present, but joy and gladness come in the morning.

"If you feel no sorrow and heart-rending here, no heart-strings bursting with agony and sorrow, you will feel keener heart-rending where hope enters not. Come, then, to the Lamb of God; look to the Son and ye shall live. One

of them said she had been unfortunate; that her relations often reminded her of it; that she consequently left home and came to reside with an aunt in the city; that her aunt treated her with neglect: that she was wounded in spirit; that her society was cut off, and she became intimate with a young woman who proved to be lewd, and led her into the society of young men; that a gentleman in the city carried her to the Five Points, where she boarded one year; that her manner of life was awfully distressing; that Mrs. Pierson invited her to leave the place; that she promised, but did not immediately leave; that her mind was in great agony so long as she remained at this place after the promise was made; that she had found mercy, in the Refuge, at the cross of Christ, and that it hurt her to talk or think of her former life.

O that every parent whose daughter has been unfortunate could hear the story of this poor repenting girl, and learn to spare their feelings. To tantalize with feelings is cruel and unchristian; it is never done to reclaim, but always to vex and degrade the subject of misfortune. This story might profit the relatives of those unfortunate females in teaching them to be merciful. It might profit young ladies of unsullied character, by suggesting caution in the selection of associates. It might be useful to gentlemen in apprising them it is impossible to conceal from the world such deeds of darkness as led this unfortunate woman finally to the Refuge, or to shelter themselves from the odium of a virtuous people, or to keep their hands unspotted with blood in appearing before the judgment seat of Jesus Christ.

The dram-seller was angry to-day; the truths of the Bible were declared in his shop: he came in storming.

"Preach no false Gospel here;" he took my brother by the arm, led him to the door, and pushed him out.

Two females in the street said necessity compelled them to leave that place; they consented to go to the place

to-morrow: mercy provided for such women. But how these women patrol the streets, seeking to destroy silly youth. Their description in Proverbs is true to the minutest iota: they are disgustingly impure. O their language! O their actions! How fallen!

*Saturday.*—In the evening at the Tract House. It appeared some measures unknown to me were taken by my friends some time since, which I am utterly unable to explain. Read part of this diary. Made some remarks at the meeting and retired. A friend presented me with a new hat.

*Sabbath.*—Attended the school in the morning. A series of circumstances induced me to leave the school and work at the Five Points.

It appears a man is ready to occupy the field; to labor all the time; to superintend the Sabbath school; to preach three times a day; to wear out, and not to rust out; that we do not manage in the best manner; that a society has been formed since I entered on that field of labor, which has voluntarily assumed the whole work; that that society is competent to the work, &c.

This man, it is said, is in the city, and has been for some weeks, yet I have not seen him at the Five Points.

My directions from the city mission, for which, in connection with Mr. M——, I have been laboring, are, to occupy no field on which another society has entered.

Heard Mr. M'Cartee in the afternoon, and Mr. Woodbridge in the evening. My feelings are very peculiar and painful; it is from the Lord; my consolation is drawn from the fact—God rules and does all his pleasure.

In summing up the interests of the school, it is worthy of remark, it was, four weeks since, opened with seventeen scholars. More than one hundred attended on the last Sabbath afternoon. I superintended it. Our teachers increased in proportion. I have visited, and caused to be visited, several ministers of the Gospel and rulers, to

gain their confidence and support. Those who aided me in the instruction of the school did the same.

My brother and I have visited hundreds of families in regular succession, conversing, reading the Scriptures, and praying with many of them.

We sent nine unhappy females to the alms-house by Alderman Strong; seven to the Magdalen Refuge; several are on the point of leaving this capital of Satan for the Refuge.

A good work is already begun. The most of our prayer-meetings were held in the houses of harlots.

At the corner house between Anthony and Orange, second story, we held meetings daily for a long time. It is a colored and respectable family. They ought to be compensated for the use of the room.

We have distributed Tracts in the hedges, highways, lanes, and alleys of the city. To all the families in six entire blocks of building, including several hundred families, we distributed the "Seventh Commandment," by Dr. Dwight.

Many of these families said it was the first Tract they ever had.

The effect is obvious to every visiter, in the order and decorum which begin to prevail. Many persons are seriously disposed. The work is of the Lord, and to his name be the glory.

*October 25th.*—One of those unfortunate women to whom the truth has been powerfully presented, we found in a brothel kept by a negro. Tears have often flowed down her cheeks. She is a "strange woman." We have seen her weep and sob bitterly for several minutes in succession; we have heard her confess the extreme depravity of her heart, and immediately after curse vehemently. She has often been heard to say—

"I am not my own keeper; the devil is my keeper; I am his; he rules me; I cannot rule myself; I am lost.

None but God Almighty can change my heart. I have a wish to be saved and get out of this place, but my heart is inclined to stay here. And how can I change? *You* cannot change my heart; *I* cannot; *no* man can change it."

"True, for since a being of a fixed nature cannot, by the constitution of its being, produce a being possessing a nature different from its own, seeing it would imply a contradiction, viz. that a being could cease to exist in one nature at its pleasure, and to exist immediately on that in a new nature, with new powers. You say, no man can change your heart. Think how desperate your disease is; think of that eternal gloom that hangs over your prospects; all that I can say or do can bring no relief; you are sick and nigh unto death:—that death of never-dying misery in the black abodes of Beelzebub."

"You hear of Jesus who had shed his blood for the remission of sin, and your heart hates him; what ingratitude can equal the ingratitude of your wicked hearts? Your heart is destitute of holiness as a corpse is of life. You have heard of the Holy Spirit which Jesus has sent into the world to convince of sin, yet your heart is so wicked you cannot ask in sincerity that God would give you that spirit. O what a heart! you say the devil keeps it; indeed he does keep it, and he has fortified it; it is his throne, he sits in it; he rules you, it is true; you are a child of the devil; you are an enemy of God. If Mary had seven devils, how many legions possess you? What a heart! it loves sin so well, it chooses to dwell with the devil and be his cruel subject. It chooses the society of the impure, the profane, of dogs, of sorcerers, of liars, of thieves, and of murderers, to the society of the pure, and of Jesus, our great God and Savior. What a heart! chooses to be full of all manner of impure thoughts, feelings, affections and desires, so that one good thought cannot find a place where to lodge in it. Your heart has

thrown off all restraint of every kind ; you give vent to those feelings, thoughts and desires, which lie slumbering in every unregenerate heart.

Woman, the devil has demolished every fortress public opinion reared around you for defence. O what a heart ! you are dead in trespasses and sins. Jesus must give you life, or you will never have it.

"Christ died for the ungodly. You can bear no holy fruit so long as you are not grafted into Christ, the living vine. Out of him it is impossible to please God. Out of Christ, God is a consuming fire. Though you have no power to do good, you have much power to do evil ; you have power to destroy yourself ; power to make your heart as wicked as you will ; power to lead the wicked on in increasing strides to perdition ; power to be a partaker of the sins of others, for God will impute multitudes of sin to you you never personally committed. Think of the men you have seduced, beguiled into your coils, and led to the chambers of the dead. Your guests are in the depths of hell.

"None who ever enter your gates return to take hold on life ; you sit at the door, you pace the streets, you dance in obscene mazes ; you hunt for the precious soul at the corners of the streets, in the lanes, and in the hedges and high-ways, and brothels, and dram-shops, and card-tables, and theatres, and circuses. You do it by day, you do it by night. Degraded you are ; to degrade yourself more and more you are determined."

"There is no necessity for it ; relief is offered, you spurn it. O woman, woman, think on your ways, and turn your feet unto the testimonies of the Lord. Yet you say it is useless to talk or preach to you ; why are you bent on ruin ? Do you mean to brave the terrors of the Almighty ? Do you mean, single-handed and alone, to breast the flood of the fiery pit ? Do you mean to imbrue your hands and dip your feet in a Savior's blood ? Do you mean to

harden your heart, to stop your ears, to bury care and remorse in strong drink and dissipation?"

"Merciful news sound in your ears; you do not hear; you do not read the Bible; you do not pray without wrath or doubting. The Spirit wields his own word of truth, and makes it the power of God unto salvation, or of death unto death. Which shall that word be to you, life or death? Think before you further go."

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Attended a meeting of the directors of the City Tract Society; by request stated some particulars relative to Tract operations at the Five Points.

Mr. Wheelwright walked with us through some streets in and near the Five Points. It was between ten and eleven P.M.

We entered a house; the girls, four in number, looked on us with dread, and began to fall back rapidly towards a door, when our friend Mr. W. said,

"We are come to pray with you."

But they were gone in a trice, save one, who stood dumb as a statue, while the rapid changes of her countenance indicated the troubled state of her heart. We spake to the gamblers at the table. They cursed; all was tumult and confusion. The master of the house, a young man, said,

"I must make a living. If I make it, it matters not how."

The mistress had no less trouble than the girls. She was asked,

"Is not the Penitentiary the place where such a house gives ground to lodge you before morning?"

Here her husband, rushing through the crowd, exclaimed,

"What do you say? Do you say you will put my wife in the Penitentiary before morning?"

"I say, you expose yourself, your wife, and all you have in the house, to be carried to the watchhouse, and

thence to the Penitentiary. You think it is none of our business what sort of a house you keep. You mistake. These houses are the greatest curse to our country. If no person would protect and encourage these strange women, necessity would compel them to be virtuous. Your houses are destroying our sons and our daughters, and you are one of those guilty men who encourage, and receive, and protect our sons and daughters to commit iniquity. You are a curse in the midst of us. You are polluting our morals, destroying our peace, undermining the fairest pillars of our government, and damning the souls of our beloved offspring. And after all this, after doing as much as you can to take away our property by harboring and protecting our children, our brothers, and our sisters, and our relatives in spending their substance, and being pilfered in your house; after having set your trap for the souls of our incautious children and friends, and led them to hell; after taking away the morals of society, the stability and justice of our laws—do you ask us, after all this, what we have to do with your mode of life?

“We pray the vengeance of heaven may be averted from you and your guilty house. Guilty man! you, whose hands are red with the blood of souls gone and going to the chambers of death—yes, you need the blood of a Savior to wash away your sins. O man, wash you; put away your sins; break off from this unholy traffic in souls. Make not your house the gate of the pit.”

The man seemed to regard this address with much good feeling; his angry passions were allayed.

We left the room, saying to the master,

“You will do well to be very careful how you step. What I have said, I have said.”

“Bidding them good evening, we passed into another street, and as we came opposite a fine brick house, we saw a man from —— standing by the side of a woman in close conversation; I stepped near them and whispered between their ears,

“ Her feet take hold on hell ; her feet go down to death.” You will mourn at the last, when your flesh and your body are consumed. Can a man take fire in his bosom and his clothes not be burned ? Think, young man, think, and beware of the second death. What do you think of yourself ? What would your mother think of you ? What would your father think ? What would your sisters think ? How would you feel on seeing your sister abused ? That woman, young man, is a sister ? What would her brothers and sisters think on seeing you ? O guilty youth ! haste, begone from this citadel of Satan, or your soul is *lost, lost* for ever.”

While talking to them, they slowly separated ; and as she retired into the room, she appeared like one fainting. As my brother drew near to the door, she lifted her hands and said,

“ O, he will make a convert of you.”

She spake under an overwhelming sense of guilt, confessing her crime, as interrogated, counseled and warned. The man trembled as an aspen-leaf, attempting to speak, but was unable. His half-broken phrases were self-reproach and condemnation. His state, her state, the effect produced on both, and the feeling I had, deeply engraved on my imagination the scenes of a judgment-day, when adulterers and lascivious persons will shrink, self-condemned, from the bar of God, into the blackness of eternal night. What a solemn time ! God was evidently with us. Mr. W — had passed into the house and entered into conversation with the mistress, in whose eyes the tear stood trembling. The master entered and tried the old infidel story of Solomon, but it was done under circumstances too solemn and affecting to gather praise to his cause. So soon as I had closed my conversation with the adulterer at the door, a number of young men in — street entered. The mistress, raising her hands in fear, exclaimed,

“ O, this is not the place for you. Begone, go away. Poor sinful youths !”

They knew not what to make of the new state of things. While they stood amazed, "*Jane Thring*" was placed in their hands, with an affectionate request that they would read it through. We bid them good evening, and wished them a safe conduct to the regions of the holy in heaven.

26th.—One woman in the morning expressed a desire to leave and go to the Refuge.

"It will be a favor," said the mistress, "to take her, for she is sick, and crying much of the time. She is afraid of losing her soul."

In the afternoon she had changed her mind, because she had been told no sick person could be received.

A young man was found in one of these houses, in which there were half a dozen or more women. He came out of the chamber, sat down, and took a lesson. In this verse of the last chapter in the Bible you see it is written, "For without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie."

"Notice—you are classed with dogs and sorcerers—you are made an associate of sorcerers—persons in alliance with the devil. That you are a whoremonger, all these degraded women can testify. Nor will you deny it; and that woman can prove your character is stained; and you are degraded and despised by the virtuous. But with a long life of repentance you may perhaps regain what you have lost, in some good degree."

"How easily we can expose you! What a pity! *Poor young man!* He has fallen! But who sent you to this place? Did your parents? Perhaps you had lost your character, and with a broken heart, rejected by friends, despairing of all hope, you rushed to the Five Points, determined to shipwreck the balance of remaining character. But be not discouraged. Think on your ways. It is manifest you are ashamed of your conduct. Be not overwhelmed. How would it look should your poor afflicted

mother enter that door in search of you. Suppose a sister should come and plead—"Brother, I am your sister—you are degraded—reform, and I will forgive you—nor shall this unfortunate step ruin you for ever. My dear brother, let not shame and anguish overwhelm your soul."

"Now, dear friend, go. Never be seen at the Five Points again."

Taking him by the shoulder, he was led to the door in a very friendly manner, and affectionately entreated not to suffer shame and anguish to cause him to take away his life, like some of the unfortunate women who have lately gone from this place to the abodes of wo. Our old friend Mr. C. said—

"My son, go—never come into this place again."

This young man was well dressed. Our affectionate advice came in good time, for he was in truth so ashamed of himself he could scarcely hold up his head. And what was still worse, the girls had laughed at this poor fellow from the time we entered the house

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## CHAPTER XVII.

Visit to the Hook—Visit in Anthony street—Card-playing—An Infidel—School opened at the Dispensary—Testimony of Mahala Lake—Story of a Merchant—Sabbath-school removed—Talk to a young man—Visit to Princeton—Journey to Philadelphia—Magdalen Society—Conversation on Infidelity—Left Philadelphia—Conversation in the stage—Goes to New-York—Five Points—A man in soft raiment—Visit to the Penitentiary—To Tammany Hall.

*October 27th.*—Visited the Hook this morning, and distributed "*Jane Thring*" to multitudes. This place is not so bad as Five Points. Saw a young man from the coun-

try. He wept as we conversed with him. He thought of his sister, and confessed she might possibly be landed there.

Prayed and read the Scriptures to multitudes of these abandoned men and women. Since we visited Five Points many females have left the place.

One who said last evening she would leave the place, is now in the Penitentiary, being carried away by the watch in the evening.

*October 29th.*—In company with Mr. C. visited a grocery in Anthony-street. Mr. C. conversed with two or three harlots, while I seated myself by a party at cards on the other side. They appeared disturbed as they cast their eyes on some Tracts I held in my hand, and without any intimation on our part of their guilt, one said—

“This is no place for preaching.”

I remarked that if they were sinners, the Gospel was preached to them; Christ came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. Grog-shops are the nurseries of wicked men, and the path-way to poverty, ignominy, and misery; and if sinners are no where else to be found, grog-shops can show them by the dozen.

Experience shows that gambling leads to ebriety, theft, adultery, murder, and a long catalogue of vices which history blushes to record. The party tried to pursue their game, but all was confusion. One sprang up for a glass of rum, but at my request he set it down; and after telling them I was not their enemy, and desired a social chat with them, their anger died away, and guilt seemed to overwhelm them, while the scenes of death, judgment, and eternity were brought before their minds.

We left them in a serious mood, and entered a dram-shop across the street. Two men were at cards; we seated ourselves by their sides, and pleasantly asked to take a game with them. They appeared to be much surprised, and charged us with insincerity. A bystander said, that as

rd-playing was attended with cheating, it was no business for us, we had better be in the pulpit. We still requested to take a game of cards with them, and thought, if we should pray over the game, God would bless us. "But," says one, "you must not cheat." I replied that it was our main object to cheat, and they must beware; and then appealed to their judgment if it would not be of great importance to cheat the devil out of their souls. In perturbation, he replied it would, and hastily put the cards in his pocket, while we talked about the deceit of the devil, the wickedness of the heart, and the necessity of regeneration.

An infidel without, hearing us preaching Christ, came in, and placing himself before us, denied the greater part of revelation—accused God with being unjust—and descanted long on different characters in the Bible. The rest of the company stood round and responded to his sentiments. But infidelity and blasphemy being charged home upon their guilty consciences, chagrined and confounded, they turned away. To the infidel I said, "*Repent or perish.*" A controversy exists between you and God—settle that dispute by repenting of your sins and believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, or you can never join in the songs of heaven.

The infidel and bold blasphemers were silent.

Entering a house of ill fame, the mistress took me by the arm and led me to the door, saying,

"I have not prospered since you came to the place." ! Distributing through Chatham-street the Seventh Commandment, some gentlemen in broadcloth blushed and held their heads.

*October 31st.*—Opened our school in the dispensary under favorable circumstances. We need a superintendent.

### *Testimony of Mahala Lake.*

"If any one has reason to praise the Lord, I have.

He raised up friends for me when my relations would not look on me. Christians seem nearer to me than my own relations. I weep and mourn when I reflect on the past. The mercies of the Lord seem as a sea for fullness to me. It is a wonder I was not killed at the Five Points. All sorts of people visit there. A Quaker one day, for whom I had worked in the country, a married man, came into the house. I was ashamed, but I made myself bold to speak to him, because I knew he had seen me. I asked him what brought *him* there? Bad company, said he; and continuing, asked what brought *me* there?

Bad company, said I.

This man has a fine wife. There is no end to the men who visit these places. I have seen many from the country, from whom I expected better things,—many married men from the country. There are none who know the extent of these evils but the girls.

“Men from the highest to the lowest grade haunt these places—even *many* you would not expect. Professors of religion are often there. But all these are very cautious, they do not love to be exposed. It is at night these men come. They slip in slily, and as slily escape. Shame prevents them in the day, yet some go in the day-time.”

“Mr. C. This man is a merchant. Some years since he had a son by a young milliner. The boy was boarded at —— for several years. The mother frequently called. The father often called to see him. Difficulties arose, and the boy was sent to Cincinnati. The lad occasionally visits the city. The merchant was married to a rich lady. The milliner is on the town. Once she was arraigned for theft, and her seducer sat on the jury. This wretched man, the author of the criminal’s ruin, and chargeable with thousands of her sins by the righteous constitution of the divine government—a principle recognised as just in the whole machinery of human government, under the terms of principal and accessory, debtor, and surety, &c. sat in judgment,

shielded by the base connivance of his companions, accomplices in crime, on that helpless female, whose chastity he stole—whose heart he broke—whose morals he blasted—and whose hopes he withered in agony and despair.

“Yes, this is but a part of the truth. This man is figuring in circles of the great; his victim is abandoned, drowning cares in intemperance, debauchery, and degradation. Is there a God? is there a future judgment? God is just; he is just in judgment, and these refuges of lies God will sweep as a feather before the strong tornado.

“It is my fervent prayer this merchant may find no peace in his sins. May the guilty career of his youth haunt his crimson soul till at the cross of Emmanuel he feels the pardon of his sins.

“May he never repose in quiet until he has repaired, to the extent of his ability, the ruin he has caused. May the milliner he has ruined haunt his midnight hours; may he hear her secret groans as she lies in the lowest brothel in this city wasting by disease; may he feel the sting of her more virtuous conduct. She has not as yet revealed his name; she refuses to do it. She tells not this tale of woe; no, she abhors to do it. *This* tale comes from another quarter. He has revealed part of it. If he be a man, he will yet redeem and support this poor lost girl.”

Sabbath-school removed from the Dispensary to Orange-street; had but few teachers and several scholars. On my way thither talked with a young man on the sin of lewdness.

“What business,” said the young man, “have you to talk with me? Why do you not go to those vile fellows and talk to them?”

“I mean, dear Sir, to talk to every vile liar, thief, murderer, and fornicator, into whose company I fall. It is taken for granted I shall know who are of that class.

“Recollect, my remarks are on one particular point—

the *corruption of the heart*. You will recollect, a vile wish is adultery."

"No. You are wrong. Not so."

"What did Christ say?—'He that looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery already with her in his heart.'"

"O," said the young man, "I expect to go to heaven. All will go to heaven."

"Indeed! The righteous and the wicked will together sit down, and praise, and admire, and adore God! These harlots and infidels will sit down with the apostle Paul and Jesus Christ in heaven, and keep one eternal Sabbath!"

"Yes; even those who die of disease in these stews and gates of hell, and those that are murdered by them! What a pleasant sight! How angels must rejoice over these abodes of filth, as their holy spirits are occupied in carrying to heaven the souls of these despisers, scoffers—these lascivious—these drunken, quarrelsome, vile men and women—what a delightful society we shall have in heaven! How conclusive your argument!"

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*November 11th.*—Refused to accept the appointment of Agent to the Christian Benevolent Society of New-York, for reasons specified in a letter directed to one of the executive committee of that Society, dated Nov. 9th, 1831; but was again requested by that director to accept the appointment. I reserved the decision for the following day, that I might in the meantime consult Dr. Alexander and his associates.

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In passing to Princeton we distributed Tracts to multitudes of people. Do good as you have opportunity.

*November 12th.*—Dr. Alexander advised me to accept the appointment of Agent until a suitable person could be found to fill the station. Dr. Miller coincided. The third

professor being absent, I took a hack for Philadelphia; arrived in the afternoon. I called on Alexander Henry, Esq. to whom I had an introduction from my venerable instructor at Princeton. I called on Robert Ralston, Esq. to whom another instructor had introduced me. As this gentleman was indisposed, he regretted he could render me no assistance, but had been for years a contributor to the cause of benevolence in its direction to degraded females. He commended the object of my mission as the most praiseworthy.

It was late; I was guided to York's Hotel, Market-street, and retired as the clock was striking twelve, and commended my soul to the Savior's protection.

Wrote a note to Mr. Henry, and received a visit from him at eight A. M. and called at his counting-room, and received an account of the Magdalen Society of that city.

The Philadelphia Magdalen Society was formed about twenty-five years since. About three hundred and twenty-five females have been received into the establishment. Of that number one hundred and twenty-five have been reformed, fifty of whom give decided evidence of evangelical, ardent piety. The remainder, seventy-five, are virtuous, not pious. Of the fifty pious females, three are members of the second Presbyterian church in Philadelphia.

"I take my seat at the communion table by the side of them, as dear sisters in Christ," said Mr. Henry.

"The others have joined other churches in the city. Some have gone to other cities, and are now in reputable families, living in respectability as christians.

Several are married and living comfortably. They are excellent seamstresses, and because they are strictly chaste, the best families vie with each other in receiving them into their employment.

No violence, no harshness, no bitterness, no reproach is

tolerated in the government of the house. Persuasion, tenderness, and prayer, are the basis of government.

*Sabbath morning.*—In a company of unbelievers, the conversation turned on infidelity. I asserted that an infidel was not qualified to sit as a judge or a juryman; that an infidel was a deleterious member of society. I remarked, the safety of human life and property are, under God, dependent on the binding force of an oath. The sanctions of an oath are drawn from a future state of rewards and punishments. Now, an infidel does not believe in the existence of future rewards and punishments. What force, therefore, has an oath on the conscience of an infidel? An infidel should not be on a jury that was to try me on a capital arraignment, nor should he testify against me. Heard Mr. Sandford preach.

*Monday, 15th.*—Left Philadelphia at 6 in the morning. On our way, the conversation turned upon the word orthodoxy. Different interpretations were given, when I took the liberty of saying, I considered the true import of the word to be, "*right thinking according to a just rule.*"

"O," said one, "every man's feelings are the rule by which he is to think."

"God, sir, God, the everlasting Father, who made the heavens and the earth, and all that in them is, has decided and given us the rule—the *sacred Bible*. But who must interpret the Bible? Christians disagree."

The Lord says—"He that will do my will, shall know of my doctrine."

The conversation now turned upon miracles. One lawyer said,

"Miracles are not a violation of the laws of nature. They are an extraordinary exertion of divine power in a particular way, for a specific purpose, on a particular occasion. On some of these occasions, it is written, 'God appeared.' Now, God was as essentially distant from that place ten times ten thousand miles, as he was present at

that place. Hence, the presence of God means no more than a visible exertion of his power at a given place and time, for a specific purpose. When, therefore, it is said of Jesus Christ, in whom the fullness of the Godhead dwelt bodily, the meaning is, that God's power was exerted in him."

"You are correct in theory, but not in application. Of Christ it is expressly said, '*This is the true God,*' '*God manifest in the flesh,*' '*God blessed for evermore,*' '*mighty God.*'

"Indeed, all the attributes, titles, names, works, and worship given to God, are ascribed to Jesus Christ. Angels in glory worship him. If he be less than the only wise and true, self-existent and independent, omnipotent God, angels are guilty of idolatry.

"If Christ be not very God, language is inadequate to the expression of it. Moreover, if he be not the true God, a baser wretch never walked the earth, for he arrogated that honor and right. For that assumption he was crucified; and if he is less than Jehovah, he merited the death he suffered. Unless you are an infidel, exonerate the character of Jesus from the charge of horribly impious blasphemy, and from the allegation of his murderers that he deserved to die, or admit the supreme divinity of my Lord. And if you take away my Savior, supply me with a better, for I need an atoning sacrifice to appease justice, and a righteousness to justify me, and Jesus is both these to my soul. I bow down before no being who is not clothed with perfection in each attribute. I will worship no God whose excellencies and perfections are not infinite. All these meet in my dear Lord who died on the cross."

Here ended the subject, with "Sir, we have had enough of your conversation. Please to let us hear no more of it."

The stage arrived at Princeton, and I left these intelligent travelers.\*

\* These extracts may be thought superfluous digressions. Such debates may be heard, daily and hourly, in stages, steamboats, and

*Tuesday, 16th.*—Left Princeton for New-York. Arrived in the evening; lodged with brother Talbot.

*Wednesday, 17th.*—Saw Dr. Brown, and boarded in ——— Hall, and lodged with brother Talbot.

*Thursday, 18th.*—Began at noon to board at Rev. Mr. Patton's.

*Friday and Saturday, 19th and 20th.*—Attended to the house for these females.

*Sabbath, 21st.*—Visited the alms-house, had a pleasant interview with Mr. Burtis. I saw a fine school of little girls, taught by the two Miss Burtis's.

In returning to the Five Points saw Mr. Smith, a zealous friend to the cause of Christ. The schools were out when I arrived. In the evening we had a meeting; several unruly lads came in, and continued to interrupt the meeting to such a degree that I sent for a watchman. Two came and spake to them in a sharp tone. I interceded for them, and said,

"If you will spare and pardon this once, I will let you know if they break their engagements."

The lads were more orderly, and we had an interesting meeting.

Our meeting closed, and we passed through the streets by the fireside. But in reading the memoirs of a man, you want the man *himself*; you want him *theoretically* and *practically*; you want him in every varied situation he may be placed. You want his theology or infidelity, his strength or imbecility, just as he manifested them.

If he be a disciple of Christ, you want to see how that discipleship was exemplified. If he be a disciple of the "Age of Reason," you want to see how that "Reason" was developed. If you patiently read this journal, and follow it through all its windings, you will find the same fearless, unyielding boldness, when contending with principalities and powers; whether doctors, lawyers, divines, or infidels, as in the most degraded grog-shop, cellar, or house of infamy in the city. Whenever truth was assailed, the whole panoply of the Gospel was ready for the combat, and a "bow at a venture" has laid many a wicked Ahab bleeding at his feet.

preaching Jesus and the resurrection. The guilty, degraded women sometimes lent an ear for a few moments, and then passed away. Many curious things might be told, but it will suffice to record some of those less objectionable.

A man in soft raiment approached and commenced conversation; saying he had a wife and family at home, but an occasional visit to these houses was not censurable; they were necessary for the protection of the virtuous, &c. I told him I would give my hand to no one in hospitality at the fire-side of my mother, and sisters, or my family, who, to my knowledge, ever visited a house of ill-fame. I hold such a man to be the enemy of female chastity. He is a dangerous member of society. He will seduce the innocent and desert her. He will glory in his treachery. He will leave her in disgrace and mental agonies—a judgment severer than death. I hold him to be an enemy to his country. He does all he can to perpetuate these abodes of crime. Look at the vast sums of money raised to support our prisons, our alms-houses, and our police courts; and tell me, does not this one system of debauchery do more to perpetuate these heavy taxes than any other single vice?

Here—at the Five Points—murder, and robbery, and perjury, and Sabbath-breaking, and blasphemy, and vice of every name, prevail; and who countenance these things? The man who breaks the seventh commandment. The man said my statements were false; and as for the Bible, he would not allow his daughters to read it. It is not delicate.

It is a singular fact, worthy to be borne in mind, that it is impossible to find a more bitter enemy to the Bible than the man who violates the seventh commandment.

Adulterers are, almost without exception, infidels; adulteresses are seldom reckoned among them.

These are facts from which I infer that those men who

oppose the Bible are unclean persons. To this inference I have not been able to find one exception.

Mr. Smith accompanied me. We reasoned with many groups, and advised them, as friends and brothers, husbands and fathers, to be seen no more at brothels.

I saw a female standing at a post on the corner of a street, and advised her to leave the place. I warned her of the inevitable ruin that awaited her body and soul. I advised the men to go, and be seen there no more. Some sported, some confessed my reasons were just, and some blasphemed. The watchman then came and took the female away, and two black girls came and asked me to go and pray with a dying woman. It was now past eleven at night, but I accompanied them. I entered the chamber, and found a female in the last stages of a consumption, calling on God to have mercy on her soul. I conversed and prayed, and left the house; but my late hour gave me some trouble to find lodgings, as I did not wish to disturb the family where I boarded.

But the pleasure of such aggressive movements on evil doers, prowling, whelp-like, on the virtues of chastity, made my situation tolerable. I passed the night with an old friend, Mr. Jesse Talbot.

*November 22d.*—In the evening Mr. Smith walked out with me. We found a girl in conversation with a young rake. She received "*Jane Thring*," and, after a lesson, passed away. He remained, like a guilty culprit, pleading his cause. How pitiable! how mean a situation!

*Thursday.*—Received a communication from A. Henry, Esq. of Philadelphia.

*Sabbath, 28th.*—Visited the Penitentiary. Made preparations for the opening of a school among the female convicts. The doors of the prison were unbarred, and the harlots assembled in their working-room. After one or two short addresses, we prayed, and separated them into classes. About seventy-five could read, about forty could

not. I entered several wards and spoke to them on divine things. All appeared to rejoice. It is a place near heaven and hell; a step places souls in the one or the other. One middle-aged man felt it; he was dying. He had neglected the Savior. We prayed with him; I repeated some portions of sacred Scripture. Poor man! he repeated them after me, and continued repeating them as I left him, with the cold dew-drops of death thickening on his brow. As I passed out I talked to the sick, and pointed them to this dying man: they were attentive and thankful. Why is it an infidel has no courage in death? why does he then cry to Jesus, whom in health he blasphemed, to save his soul? Ah! the voice of reason and conscience in him then resume their wonted office; vice had misguided.

In the evening went to Tammany Hall. Heard an ignorant, vulgar retailer of Tom Paine prate. At the close had some conversation with several. I told one, the chief advocates I found of his creed were in brothels. One old man said he had been a member of Dr. Spring's church.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

Visit to the Five Points—A young girl—Visit at the alms-house—School at the Penitentiary—Case of two females—His own decisions—French Revolution—Story of a young man—Weekly Report of the Executive Committee—Female Penitentiary—Ancient Poets—Visit to the Asylum—Description of vile houses—Meeting of the Board of the Benevolent Society—Vile houses in and about Five Points—Number of vile men and women.

*December 4th.*—In the morning, at 8 o'clock, I went to Mr. Dwight's, and took Mr. Woodbury with me to visit at the Five Points. We prayed with a company of harlots;

they conducted themselves properly. In one house we saw a young girl; her countenance was not yet marked by the disgusting lines of vice.

"It is not long since I came here," said this sobbing female.

O how it moves the heart to look on a young, seduced, broken-hearted female! In her you see the fading, dying glories of chastity withering beneath the blasts of seduction. She seems to be great in ruins. Modesty clothed her countenance, tears moistened her face; she cursed her perfidious seducer and trembled at the act. Anguish preyed on her soul, and hope, for ever fled, drove her to despair. Then she resolved, in anger, to endure the worst, and hasten the approach of her final catastrophe in hell.

Walker, the negro who beat Rosanna so unmercifully, is dead.

"Where is your husband?" I asked Mrs. Walker as I entered.

"O! sir, he is dead."

"You recollect how faithfully I warned him of his danger."

"O yes, I remember it well," was the reply. "Mrs. Walker, think of your own end, and remember the warnings I gave you some time since. Repent, I entreat you, or you will sink to perdition."

In the house where the female took three shillings' worth of opium to destroy her life, I found an entire company of new girls; several men were present. As we entered the noise was tremendous. We stood silent, gazing at them. The master and mistress recognised us, and cried out—"Be silent, the ministers are come."

A clamor ensued with an intoxicated Catholic woman, who was ordered off because the ministers were in the house.

*December 4th.*—We found a widow, mistress of a bad house, who is unable to manage her son, a lad of about fifteen. Nor is it a matter of wonder.

"I fear," said she, "he will come to some bad end."

Returning home, we saw a fierce riot in the streets; the blood was flowing from their noses as they continued pounding each other in the face. I went among the crowd, but was unable to separate them, being pressed by the throng in my rear. I called on those present to part them, but they had no courage. I went to the Alderman and apprised him of the matter. The rioters dispersed before he arrived.

*Sabbath, 5th.*—Staid at the alms-house. In the morning the school was opened in the Penitentiary for the female prisoners.

Perhaps one hundred and fifty attended. Five teachers were present. Several of the females wept. One said she wished to go to the House of Refuge. Many are beautiful readers; about one third say they cannot read. Some are advanced in age; some are deformed; some are beautiful.

It is an affecting sight to see the tender, delicate, and educated female, of polished manners and address, thrust into the society of the desperately depraved of her sex.

Went to Tammany Hall, but concluded it was a duty to go to a place of religious worship. I spent the evening agreeably in Dr. Spring's session-room.

*Monday, 6th.*—Took two females to the House of Refuge. On Sabbath evening they attended the prayer-meeting. Both came to learn something of the asylum. They were affected. As they left the house and went into the street, a number of ruffians at the gate hurried one of them away. On Monday morning the other went into the neighborhood to find the girl, but her search was in vain; but she found and brought another girl to the asylum. She was from the Penitentiary, who, by my advice on Sabbath, two weeks since, was influenced to leave, and walked one whole day, accompanied by a colored girl, to find the asylum, but being unable, she was from necessity

driven for shelter to a house of ill-fame. She is twenty-three years old, and in poor health. The infidel would laugh at this story, and say she would reform when she could no longer pursue her guilty course. Perchance he would descend lower, and accuse us of unhallowed designs and arts; and he might laugh at us as simpletons. As this is showing their inhuman hearts, I pity them. I remember my Lord condescended to teach and rebuke publicans and harlots; as his servant, I expect to be evil spoken of; I have counted the cost; I am decided; I know I have the better cause.

*Tuesday, 7th.*—It was on this day, 1789, forty-one years since, the French Revolution filled Europe with amazement; infidelity fattened that soil with human blood, and flesh, and bones; the Bible, they burned it; Christ, they cursed him; religion, they swore to exterminate it; the Sabbath, they changed it; and what did they not change? What infidels did for France, infidels would do for America, if able. Indeed, some of them are not backward in such allusions.

A young man came into the Alms-House from the Hospital. The Alderman commanded him to take off his coat, a fine snuff-colored surtout. The young man begged to be permitted to leave the place, adding—

“I shall be ruined if I stay here.”

The Alderman insisted—

“It will not be a month before you will be sent back to us. It is useless to try you. You must put on a jacket and take to the shoe-bench. Take off your coat, sir, take it off.”

The young man slowly and sorrowfully took off his coat.

He stood pale and sorrowful. The Alderman then talked to him affectionately, as a father yearning over a prodigal son. The young man stood in silence, while the dejection of his countenance and the irresolute roll of his

eye indicated a mind agitated by conflicting feelings. He again plead for liberty—again promised amendment.

"Well," said the Alderman, "I will try you."

The young man's countenance brightened and he put on his coat, and as he was leaving I asked liberty to talk with him. He was called back. We sat down at a window and he gave me his history.

"I have a pious mother living in Boston. She gave me a virtuous education. I came to this city, and was led astray by young mechanics who believe there is no hell. They laugh at religion and call it priestcraft. They pity the pious for their simple heads, as they call them. I went but once to a house of ill-fame; for that unfortunate act have I paid most dearly.

"If the pains of my late sickness be but the beginning of sorrows, I know not what the end will be. I saw you in the Hospital last week—you wish me well—I thank you for your advice."

So much for the infidel's morality and hatred of the Bible, and the God of the Bible. *O young men, beware—beware!*

### *Weekly Report to the Executive Committee.*

The Infant school opened on Monday with twenty—on Tuesday, thirty. More will attend when the room is prepared. Mr. Chester advises me to join the Sunday School Union.

The petition to the public school is presented. The African Sabbath school needs the permanent attention of some discreet, intelligent, pious, zealous man. Of course our primary object is ever to be kept in view.

No man ought to be received who is not competent to the defence of the christian religion against the whole host of universalists, infidels, and atheists. The man must be acquainted with human nature, or susceptible of

soon acquiring the ability of managing men with views and interests opposite to his own.

In the Female Penitentiary I saw several of my parishioners who had been at the Five Points. One, whose degrading demeanor at that miserable place cannot be recorded by reason of its deep offence against the first principles of purity, was now orderly, decent, and attentive. Another, about ten or twelve weeks since, was employed as a domestic by the keeper of one of those bad houses. I at that time told her, if she continued at that place, before three months elapsed she would be in the Penitentiary.

"Do you recollect my prediction?"

"O, sir, I well recollect it," said the female, weeping bitterly, "and if ever I get from this place I will never more be seen in such places again."

"Madam, in less than five years your spirit will be in the world of spirits, and alas, I fear, in hell, unless you do as you have said. A vicious life is a rapid life—three years generally cut off the girls in your situation."

A third female I saw is the mother of several children in New-Jersey, and the daughter of a respectable farmer. Two months since I saw her lying in a fit in the street at the Five Points.

I procured a man who took her into the house of a colored man. The colored woman abused her—even presuming to beat her while in an awful paroxysm. I could not describe my feelings when I saw this woman—a mother—in a prison. Many of the females shed tears. One, unasked, solicited admission into the Asylum—another, a mother of a family, desired me to see her brother and children in the city. Poor females! almost every one is the victim of some unprincipled and unfeeling man.

This school is not properly supplied with teachers and books.

*Thursday, 9th* —It is to-day two hundred and twenty-two years since Milton, the prince of English epic poetry, was born. His name will shine in the galaxy of glory. Those muses whose works elevate the female character, by inflicting a wound and bringing a disgrace on the unchaste, and adorning the brow of the pure, have acquired an unfading garland of praise. Though Ovid possessed the powers of a poet, and Horace the keenest satirical spirit, and Moore the softest melody, and Byron the mellifluous style of a master; the time is near when their names will be associated with the vilest misanthropes. They have led the band of the impure poetic warriors, foiled in their competition for the meed of future praise. Together they shall fall, and be buried, with Chesterfieldian manners and morals, in the vaults of their own impurity. Posterity shall stamp their names with disgrace. In disgrace they shall rot, and their mausoleum shall entomb the thousands marshaled at their side in oblivious night; for holiness shall reign in the hearts of men, and even the bells shall be dedicated to God, bearing the inscription, *holiness to the Lord*.

Our committee met last evening, and appointed sub-committees to attend to various duties arising out of our new relations.

Much good feeling exists among them. It is decided I am for the present to spend at least two days at the Penitentiary in each week, and the remainder of the time at the Five Points.

To the females in the Asylum I read the rules, &c. of the Philadelphia Magdalen. It gave me a good opportunity to show the reasons why they were so exact. They wept. Then we began the Book of Malachi—read the first chapter, each reading a verse in rotation. On each verse I commented. They all wept. We had a solemn meeting. It was a precious season to my soul.

At the corner of Centre and Pearl-streets, about half

after seven this evening, I saw a female lying on the pavement, surrounded by a multitude of men, women, and boys. She was intoxicated. I went to the Five Points, found two watchmen, who conducted her safely to the watch-house.

My curiosity being excited, I traveled from Chatham to Anthony, thence to Leonard, to Centre, to Anthony, to Broadway, and back to Anthony, to Elm, to Pearl, to Cross, to the Five Points, and thence through Little Water, Anthony and Centre-streets, within the aforesaid boundaries, and counted in this small district more than one hundred places in which ardent spirits are sold, and public girls are either kept or permitted to visit. Aside from these houses there are several oyster-stands, which minister to the depravity of these places.

Some of these houses are places of gambling, as the majority of lewd houses are. Some are dancing-houses. Some of the houses contain several lewd families. In some of these houses murders frequently occur, and robberies, as often as opportunities offer. Men are intoxicated and tumbled into the street.

In Anthony-street, near Broadway, there are a few virtuous families. So far as I am able to judge, the obvious signs of one of these houses are red curtains, ever drawn close, with either a very bright or a very pale light immediately behind them. The window-shutters are sometimes closed in part, or wholly, with a crevice or a half-moon, &c. showing the red curtain; or, perchance, a female stands at the door, to catch silly youth.

The number of male prostitutes is exceedingly great. In 1829, 563 males and 438 females were committed to the Penitentiary as vagrants, or something worse. Shall the Gospel be carried to these persons?

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The tendency of concerts is to dissipation. The thanksgiving of many is offered to Satan. In the evening I visited

a friend in Beaver-street; saw a miserable prostitute, with whom the watchmen were dealing according to law. She is in the watch-house, and will to-morrow, probably, be in Bridewell. I saw two others, young and fallen. They were at the corner, conversing with a man. I apprised them of their danger.

If these women, strolling at night, were arrested and committed to the Penitentiary until the overseers had evidence of their reformation, great good would be effected and much evil prevented.

*Sabbath, 12th.*—Mr. and Mrs. Phelps were added to the number of our teachers in the Penitentiary. About the usual number of females attended. I again read the rules of the Philadelphia Asylum to them. Some wished to go to our house, but had heard it was not a good place. The attention was good. Some wept.

In the afternoon attended at the Five Points, and spoke to the children on the fifth commandment. In the evening had some difficulty with the boys. But for the arm of the civil law, we could do nothing among these lawless spirits, who are under no parental restraint. Took one lad out of the house to give him over to a watchman, but in the struggle he escaped. The others behaved better.

*Monday.*—Called on the Rev. Mr. M'Cartee, and proposed to him the propriety of his church aiding in the support of a missionary for our society at the Five Points. He thought favorably of it, and requested another interview with me on the subject. Mr. Woodbury and Mr. Mack visited families at the Five Points. One countryman in a house of ill-fame confessed he had a wife at home, and that she was a fine woman, but considered it justifiable to have, occasionally, a spree with the girls, as he called it. When the question was put to him,

“What would you do and say, if your wife followed your example?”

His jocosé spirit departed, and a different one came over him.

"Why," said the man, "I would call her ——."

"But what shall this man be called?"

Query. Is his wife not bound to be divorced from him?

*Tuesday, 14th.*—It rains. I am preparing a Tract. Its title is "*Vice and Virtue*." Mr. A. Smith promises to publish it. Spent the evening with Mr. Smith, with whom I reviewed the Tract "*Vice and Virtue*" to the end of the sixth page.

*Wednesday.*—Saw Messrs. M'Cartee and Rice on the subject of the missionary cause. Wednesday, next week, it will be laid before the session of his church, and a report be sent up to Mr. Rice's church.

In the evening the Board of the Christian Benevolent Society met for the first time since the organization of the Society. The minutes of the Executive Committee and Society were read, and the business of the evening despatched in a very pleasant manner.

One thing I regretted to hear from the secretary, in relation to my terms of agreement with the society as their agent. It is this, that I engaged to labor for them in this cause for my food and clothing, and access to a reading-room, and one or more course of lectures. So far, it is true. But it ought to have been added, as an original part of my conditions, that the society should procure a permanent agent as soon as possible, that I might be permitted early to return to my sacred studies. This mistake ought to be corrected.

One hundred and sixty-two dollars were subscribed to the funds of the society before the meeting closed. It was to me as a fit of the chills and fever to hear that two thousand dollars would meet all the probable expenses of the society for the present year. But there is hope in the case. When the members of this society look at the subject in its true light, they will feel and believe that ten times two thousand should be expended the current year. The belief that they will soon be of the same opinion, and

that the Most High will smile on our efforts, furnishes the sole ground on which my conclusion rests to continue in the city one week more. I believe the Lord calls on the churches of this city to lead forth their united forces against the common foe, whose entrenchments are so strong they contemptuously frown on assault.

But, blessed be God, that one mighty host of noble warriors, ere one year is past, may be presenting their fearless front and blood-stained banners of redeeming love where Satan now hath his imagined impregnable bulwarks. Cheering thought ! But if this is attained, I must for the present go to the Penitentiary, and bend the energies of my mind to the thorough investigation of the whole subject.

I must write and publish. The public must be informed, or they will do nothing ; and moral disease must continue preying on the vitals of the community until the whole mass of society is corrupted as Sodom, and fallen as Gomorrah.

My path of duty is plain—I must walk in it. I must attend the Thursday and Sabbath evening meetings at the Five Points, and have an able man to visit from house to house immediately in that place.

*Thursday.*—Added one paragraph to the first number of my communication on vice, and handed it to the editor, after I had visited the Five Points, where I counted one hundred and forty places or tenements, many of which were entire buildings where ardent spirits are sold. One hundred and four are notorious places of lewdness. The other thirty-six places are almost more than dubious. This district in which these places are found, are, first—between Five Points and Chatham ; second—between Five Points and Leonard ; third—between Five Points and Broadway, through Anthony ; and fourth—between Orange and Centre, through Leonard. It will be seen this does not include all that passes under the name of Five Points. Suppose each place to contain five females, though some con-

tain, perhaps, three times that number, and in the 104 places there will be 520 lewd women. This number may safely be doubled. Then we shall have 1040 females in the sixth ward—at and in the vicinity of the Five Points—who are among the most notorious prostitutes the city affords.

Admitting there are but one thousand—a very humble estimate, it is believed, for the sixth ward—we have data, not very satisfactory, it is true, by which we can estimate the number in the city. Admitting, also, there are in each other ward one-fourth as many as there are in the sixth ward, the thirteen other wards would give us 3,250; which, added to the 1,000 for the sixth ward, gives us 4,250 public girls. To these add 400 usually in the Penitentiary, and the result is 4,650; just 350 less than the Alderman computed one week since. He reckoned them at 5,000, and the city could not produce a better judge. To these *public* girls you are to add those females that reside in houses of higher reputation, and domestics, and young females who take lodgings in private families and boarding-houses of respectability. These are doubtless more numerous than the girls abroad on the town.

Placing them at the same number, we shall have 10,000 in this city, being 5,000 less than the number estimated by a physician who had been four years resident at the Alms-House. Now there can be no doubt but there are more than twenty-five men to each woman,—10,000 by 25 equals 250,000 men. This result astonishes the mind.

But those who know the most about these places can readily believe it. But there are not so many men in the city; yet there are a great multitude of men in it. Moreover, seamen, foreigners, and country people are numerous, and thousands and thousands of them visit such places, and glory in it. This is an adulterous and sinful generation. Keep me by thy grace, O my God. Let me never fall.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Weariness—Walk in Broadway—Interview with two girls—Advice and kindness—Persuaded them to go home—The next day called on them—Learned their situation—Visit to the Asylum—Trouble among them amicably settled—Meeting in the Penitentiary—Visits at Anthony and Chatham-streets—Meeting at the Five Points—Reflections—Further visits—Visits to twelve wards in the Almshouse.

In the afternoon of this day my strength was so completely exhausted I laid and slept on the sofa, too weary almost to take rest there. Sitting in my chair at the fire-side, I fell asleep; indeed I was unable to prevent it. At tea-time revived. Attended a meeting, but few were present. Prayed and parted. Took my usual exploring tour. In Broadway a girl looked me in the face—I bowed. She instantly turned and followed me. So, to try the thing, I turned the corner, and she very obsequiously did the same. Poor thing, she had little anticipation of the lesson that awaited her. We walked to a house in Anthony-street. She said she was a servant girl; that another servant girl had persuaded her to go out, by telling her she should get money and fine clothes—live well; that she had been leading such a life but a short time. When we came to the door, and she was about ascending the steps, I told her I feared God and should not go in. She was amazed. I told her I would give her some money if she was in need of it. She said she was. I gave her two shillings, and walked with her to Broadway. I told her I was the agent of a society which designed to overthrow this system of iniquity, and if she went out again she would be turned off and sent down to the Five Points. I gave her a lesson on the seventh commandment. She said she knew it all, she was well acquainted with the Bible—promised she would go out no more.

In one minute after I saw a young man coming out of Broadway with two girls of more than usual splendor of dress. I halted, and lingered, and looked. They stopped—they separated—one going off with the man. I crossed, and followed, and overtook the other. She turned and looked me full in the face for a moment. She gave me her hand, and wished me to accompany her to an oyster cellar. On refusing, she said she would go with me to a house, but apologized for carrying me to such a house because it was no better furnished. She led me to that door at which I had stood a few minutes before with the other girl. I told her I feared God and dare not go in. I remarked if she needed money I would give it to her. She told me she had not one cent to buy her breakfast. I gave her a dollar, on condition she would go home and commit no crime; fearing she would, I accompanied her to the door of her house, but did not enter. In passing along she told me her history. I pitied the girl—I told her I looked upon her as on my tender and beloved sister, and if she would return to a virtuous life I would be her friend. She said she desired to do it, but the way was closed against it.

Before I returned to my lodgings the clock struck eleven. I retired to rest at a quarter before three in the morning, deeply impressed with a grateful sense of the goodness of God to me, and thankful I had the opportunity of preventing crime, and bringing truth to bear on the consciences of some.

*Friday, 17th.*—Called on the two females I had seen the preceding evening, and found them in confusion. It was one o'clock, and they had but just finished their breakfast. The one with whom I had not conversed before is beautiful; her eye intelligent and penetrating; her form comely, and countenance benignant. She has a little child.

“O woman! how can you consent to live on the wages of iniquity? how can you support that child by prostitution?”

"Sir, necessity compels me; I do not love the course I pursue; in the winter I and my child were suffering."

"Why did you not go to the Alms-House?"

"No—*never, sir*, will I go to that place; I will *suffer first*."

"Will you abandon vice and go to the asylum?"

"O don't mention a prison."

"It is no prison—if you are willing to go we are willing to receive you. No female is received into our Refuge who does not go of her own choice, forsake her evil way, and resolve to break off her evil habits. You can have the privilege of visiting the asylum before you decide."

They were pleased. On asking them if I should pray with them,—

"Well, I don't know. We don't pray. *We* don't do such things."

They soon consented, and I prayed. They had no Bible, but said they would read one if I would give them one. On parting, I took them by the hand and spoke to them as to sisters. The mother broke away and rushed into an opposite room, her feelings were too intense to admit of further expressions of regard and sorrow for her condition. Poor woman! Before this she asked if she could take the child to the Refuge.

"You can take it to the poor-house."

"No, no; my child does not leave me. I think more of it than *that*. If my child cannot go to the Refuge, I shall not go."

I told her I could not answer her *now*, but when the case was brought before the directors, they would possibly admit her and her child.

This female had lived as a domestic in the house of the Alderman. Her husband is dead. The history of the other is too dark for record. She pleads for her course, that she may get money to assist a poor father and mother in Brooklyn.

*Saturday, 18th.*—Waited on Mr. Hallock, the Corresponding Secretary of the American Tract Society, who requested an address from me before the Tract Society,

in the Brick Church, on Sabbath evening, 19th. The propriety of my compliance is yet dubious.

In the afternoon I visited the Asylum. Some difficulty existed between the matron and one of the girls. Each told her own story; I sided with neither, for both were to blame—the girl in stubbornness, and the matron for being angry and reproaching the girl with her former life. Reproach coming from this quarter stings deeply, and is not soon forgotten. After the stories of each were told, I kneeled and prayed. *All* wept. The female wept for the first time. After prayer, she stepped into the opposite room and wept. I took her by the hand and led her to the matron, and requested them to shake hands in friendship. This being done, we sang a sweet song, and parted, after a second prayer.

*Sabbath, 19th.*—Staid with Mr. Pierson last evening. Had a most interesting meeting in the Penitentiary this morning. Many of the females wept. They listened attentively to the account given of the house. Mr. Burtis called in, and told them the object in view was to break up the whole Penitentiary system for females, and introduce them to a place in which they would be taken care of. Pleasure seemed to pervade many hearts. O how grateful the recollection, that mercy to prisoners begets in them kindly feelings of regard and attachment to him who visits them, as an angel of mercy, bearing glad tidings of great joy, that a Savior is born—a Savior for *all* those, and for those alone, who believe on his name.

In the evening we had a meeting at the Five Points. The boys are entirely ungovernable. Some efficient measures must be taken to check this conduct.

*Wednesday, 29th.*—Visited my parish this night. In Anthony-street we had a prayer-meeting in a house of ill-fame kept by a colored woman. Three white girls staid with her. There were three men in the house; one was a sailor, one a young man from the city, one a married

man from the country. We talked to them and prayed. The old woman tried to exculpate herself by saying she kept the girls out of kindness to them,—that they could give money to their mothers by pursuing this course.

In Chatham-street we saw two beautiful females—they were as fair as lilies—vice had not yet faded the bloom of their cheeks. One mistress of a house told us,

“Gentlemen visit my house. Perhaps some of those very men you would not like to have see you here, come here themselves, and that for no good purpose.”

We saw many beautiful girls richly dressed. The number of lewd women is so great, no wonder a virtuous female cannot go out at certain hours without being insulted. If a female condescends to look at a man in the evening, he unhesitatingly concludes she is a very fine article, in rich demand among gentlemen at the exchange of Venus. If a female stand in the street, about a corner, or a window, or a door, or stand on the pavement in close conversation with a man, it is just to conclude she is a lewd woman. If girls pass along in company, laughing, tossing their heads, gesticulating as if they were in ecstasies of pleasure, entering pastries and oyster-shops, or breaking loose one from the other, or answering any civil question from a stranger, men conclude it is safe to solicit the privilege of accompanying them, as guardians, to their residence.

*Thursday, 30th.*—Meeting at the Five Points. The first business was to send all the boys away. We find it impossible to govern them. People in the neighborhood assign this as a reason why they will not attend meetings more regularly.

Called to see Caroline Smith, a girl in a house of higher assignation than can usually be found at the Five Points. She is an interesting woman. Poor girl! she knows the fatal, the inevitable end that awaits her. She trembles and wishes to leave the place. I gave her my name, and told her to reflect seriously on the subject. I placed before her

the course of life and death. I showed her the difficulties she must encounter to reach heaven. I showed her the end of her path, and the severe pains and disgrace she must endure in her progress to perdition. She wept; she asked where she could see me. Poor girl! I feel for her; she has seen brighter days.

Ah, that fathers, in looking on their daughters, would bear in mind that girls, as far above suspicion as their own beloved children, and as reputable, too, in rank, and intellect, and the accomplishments, too, that adorn the female character, have fallen; and that thousands of them are dispersed through the city, with broken hearts, in want and in sickness, at this moment.

*Friday, 31st.*—Walked from Roosevelt-street to the Penitentiary before half-past four A. M. Lost a handkerchief by the way in watching a fiddler at five in the morning. Saw some cellars open. Alas! how many cellars are open all night for night-walkers, and closed all day for sleep. O this guilty city! Vice is deeply fixed in it.

It is hoped success will attend the effort to develop the results of kidnapping persons. The result would shake the city; and so it should. May the Lord grant success to the doctor who dared to lay down the dissecting-knife and leave the lecture-room. The Lord protect his life, and enable him to escape the malice of the guilty villains trembling for fear of detection. May he escape and bring them to justice. May God's people awake to prayer, and exercise strong faith. May men feel they are acting for God, and that God will bring them to judgment.

Visited the house of Mr. Pierson, and waited half an hour, on a verbal invitation to meet the directors of the Female Assistant Society of New-York, the first I have received since I came to the city; and none having appeared within that time, I attended to my regular routine of business. The commotion and war of my feelings no graphic pen can paint. But the troubled waters will soon be

calm. All I need at present is decision in the government of my strong emotions, that I may be a *reasonable* as well as a *feeling* being.

I visited the young widow whose character I drew a few days since. She is living comfortably in a little chamber, supporting herself by midnight rambles. I read to her the description of her character, as drawn from the sacred Scriptures. She asked me to call and see her again.

*Saturday, January 1st, 1831.*—In company with Mr. Eurtis, I visited the females in the hospital of the Penitentiary. Several of the poor girls wept and wished to see me again. Some modestly but solicitously asked if they could keep the Testaments loaned to them in the Sabbath School, and their wish was unhesitatingly satisfied.

One looked up from a bed of sickness, while a starting tear moistened her sunken eyes, and said, "I wish to speak to you." I left Mr. Burtis, and drew near to her bed-side, as she opened a Testament, and pointed me to the story of Lazarus and Jesus, saying,

"I opened to this chapter last evening—it is a good one—I feel it."

It is more than I deserve to have so much gratitude manifested to me by these poor subjects of cruel seduction! O cruel seducer! could you see the end of your lascivious sport in the hospital, and prison, and in hell, it would affect your heart, if it were not yet callous as the tigers. The keepers of the prison are kind and courteous to me. They claim my respect, and they have it.

*Eight o'clock P. M.*—I have just returned from a visit to twelve wards in the Alms-House. Mr. Burtis accompanied me. Our main object was to persuade them to read the sacred Scriptures regularly. In two of the twelve wards we found they regularly read a portion of the Bible before retiring to rest.

In one room the women were in great trouble. One was carried away to a guard-room by the Alderman; some

of the poor women were very angry. So I talked to them about murder—taking the text, “Whoso is angry with his brother,” &c. is a murderer, and then briefly showing the reason why the angry person is a murderer. It appeared to affect them in a peculiar manner, though pleasantly. One woman was disturbing the others by her loud cries. She had been in the habit of taking too much strong drink. I expostulated with her, and required her to be the best woman in the ward; assuring her such a course would secure a speedy redress of grievances.

In another room a woman sung the judgment hymn, in a sweet but solemn tone. It was precious as the dew of heaven to my soul. As in other rooms, so in this, I alluded to the employment of our voices in the world of spirits, either in seraphic strains of joyous music, or in the dolorous wails of the lost.

In another I found a company of deists. One man of more than ordinary intellectual powers attracted my attention. I reasoned with him half an hour, grounding my arguments on principles he admitted. He spoke of the Bible. I told him I would have nothing to say of the Bible to-night; but, as he admitted the existence of a God, the immortality of the soul, and that God was just, I would base my argument on the principle of divine justice, and show that an atonement was necessary, on that principle, to save the sinner.

I closed my argument by relating my own experience, and the effect of a discourse, by an Episcopal minister, on the atonement of Christ: “Nor is there any name given under heaven,” &c.

In another ward a beautiful female was lying in great distress. It is believed she will die. Her mind is in deep agitation. She thinks of her guilt, and is troubled. *Poor girl!* she is the victim of a seducer. O that he could see her—hear her. The sight and the hearing would pierce his soul. Before morning she may be gone.

I spoke to her of a Redeemer's love, &c. a Redeemer's blood, and uttered the Psalmist's prayer: "Have mercy on me, O God."

A review of the results of deception and seduction, such as have to-day come under my observation, is calculated to rouse the feelings of humanity and christian love in behalf of the afflicted, and injured, and dying subjects of seduction and sin. Thus closes the public labors of the first day of the year 1831, after two visits to the hospital—one to the penitentiary girls, and one to each of twelve wards in the Poor-House.

*Feb. 20th.*—Mrs. Jameson kept a house of assignation, was indicted and imprisoned for six months. She gave \$14 50 for a pardon, which came 40 days before the term of her imprisonment ended. The money was made by a woman she hired to attend to her house while she was in prison. This house brought her about \$3000 per annum.

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## CHAPTER XX.

Visit to Bellevue—Affecting incident—Testimony of A. P.—Penitentiary accommodations—Story of a young girl—The aged mother—Description of houses of ill-fame—City thieves—Remarks.

Visited the Bellevue Hospital; Dr. Wood accompanied me to each ward. We disposed of the hundred Testaments Mr. Tappan furnished for the several wards; several wards are supplied with but one or two of them. About one hundred more are needed for the Hospital, in order to give a Testament to each bed and sick person.

If some plan could be devised and executed to bring the females in the Bridewell, Penitentiary, and State

Prison under a daily religious influence, much good might be effected, and a vast amount of evil prevented.

Suppose some person should daily read aloud one hour in the forenoon and one in the afternoon, there might be some hope of success; under existing circumstances, evil communications continually corrupt their minds.

A smile, the smile of hope, played on many a face this afternoon, as I related the scenes I had viewed, and in which I had been a principal actor, at the Five Points, to rescue unfortunate women. Tears flowed from many eyes when I told them we would provide for every one who would comply with the regulations of our house.

The conversation, in one word, is impure beyond conception; I levelled my artillery at those horrid monsters in crime. Some were awed—some shed a tear—some nodded—some looked at others in fear, and some were pleased.

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*February 10th.*—Last evening I found Jane Smith, who had been at the probation-house, in a cellar, sitting on a stone by the side of a little furnace, which contained a stick with a little fire attached to the end of it. She had no shoes, and the calico gown she wore belonged to Jane Anderson, who sat at her side. She had had nothing to eat for several days but what Mr. Pierson had sent to her. An old colored woman came in, her head covered with an old garment, and said her feet were frozen, and that she suffered greatly. I told her to make a good fire, and I would pay for it. One was made, and the heat and smoke began again to warm the room. In the corner of the room lay a filthy pallet of straw, a blanket, black as night, spread over it. On this bed Jane Smith and the colored woman slept. I removed Jane to Mr. Sair's.

This morning, *February 11th*, passing the entrance of the cellar from which I had taken Jane the last evening,

I raised the outer door and called to those below. I asked if the white woman was there. She was, and was sleeping on the floor, without a cover. Poor thing! she came to the inner door and looked most dejected and debased. While talking to her, a female at the other side of the street, standing at the entrance of a deep alley, called,

"Mr. M'Dowall, I want to speak with you."

I crossed, and spoke to her.

"O!" said the young woman, as dejection marked her face, "I have been standing here all night. I am cold. I hope you will forgive me. I made bold to speak to you, for I know you are a friend to poor, unfortunate women. I want to do better; but I have no home; I do not know where to go, nor what to do. I want to go to your asylum. What shall I do? I will do any thing you say. There is another girl in the house the back of this. She wishes to go there too. Mr. M'Dowall, will you pardon me for speaking to you? I know you pity poor girls."

Here I interrupted her, and bade her follow me.

"O sir, shall I call the other woman? She wishes to go there too; she has no home."

I consented, and she passed through the alley. I followed her to the house. *Poor thing!* she was not even decently clad. She was very filthy; her face and her hands were covered with dirt; her face was marked with perpendicular lines of dirt from her eyes to her chin. The dust had settled on the streams of tears and caused it.

"O Mr. M'Dowall, I know you are the friend of unfortunate girls," she repeated in the house, as she said, "I stood there where you saw me all night; I was very cold."

And no wonder, for the poor injured woman had only a thin gown of calico, and tattered, to shelter her youthful body. How differently she looks after a scrubbing in the laundry, and a change of apparel! The other poor thing, Jane Anderson, too, was trembling with cold.

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*Testimony of A — P —.*

“ I was one of four girls who went to the theatre every night—the Park and Bowery. I spent \$1 00 a night regularly, fall and spring, the time to get presents from the southerners and strangers. My expenses were at least \$18 00 per week. \$2,320 is the least sum I spent in two years and a half. The expenses of the eight girls at Ann’s, annually, is \$18,720. At least twenty men of an evening in this house of hell.”

*Penitentiary Accommodations.*

A straw bed, no pillow; and two blankets for every two women in winter. Each woman in summer has one blanket, and the floor for a bed. Bed-clothes washed once a year, and covered with vermin; no fire; no candles in summer or winter.

The period of commitment being but sixty days, they must then leave it to make room for others of the same class. On their discharge they are destitute of money, character, and friends; they have no home; their parents are dead, or reduced, or at a distance, or refuse to do any thing more for them; the doors of the virtuous are closed against them; no one will receive them as domestics. What can they do? They are obliged to perish with hunger, and cold, and nakedness in the streets, or resort to the same course of life. In the course of a few days they are again in prison, and again out of it. So rapid is the repetition of this course, that some in the prime of life have the eighteenth time entered the prison, not merely without being reformed, but educated in all the arts of wickedness. The unfortunate youth is lodged in the same room with the old and hardened offender. Add to this the licentious songs, ribaldry, and blasphemy of the inmates, and how is it possible to prevent the commission of crime, secure the design

of their imprisonment, the reformation of their character, and obviate the demoralizing influence of this "college of vice," when one hundred and eighty county females (the present number of that prison) are nearly all crowded into four night rooms. If a woman should think of reforming and abandoning her evil ways, it would be almost impossible.

Julia Baker died, by having taken opium, yesterday, at four o'clock. A physician was sent for, but too late. A man in this city having left her, after an acquaintance of four or five years, she resolved on suicide, and effected it. The coffin was closed, to prevent her disfigured face from being seen. While in this house, a report came that another girl had poisoned herself. It was a strange scene. It was in the family of the woman who raised the window on Sabbath-day, and asked me to come in. I told her I would come in and pray with her.

Susan, who is now in the Asylum, and is rejoicing in hopes of the Gospel, was in that house, drunk and noisy. How difficult for us to select subjects for the grace of God. It is impossible. Susan who was drunk, is reformed, and Julia who was sober, is dead.\*

Who can read the graphic sketch of the poor penitent, repeating, "Mr. M'Dowall, I know you are a friend to

\* Should the reader become satiated with reading the details of Magdalens, Magdalen Asylums, and houses of infamy, let him recollect he is not reading the life of Taylor, of Payson, of Brainerd; no, not of *Howard*, but of *M'Dowall*, the man who dared to sell *all* that he had for Christ, not even retaining his "good name," that the long hidden abominations of the violated seventh commandment might be told in your wondering ears.

Recollect, too, his pulpit was the highway, the lanes and the alleys, the prisons and ships, the garrets and cellars; his audience, the drunkard and swearer, the infidel, the murderer, and the adulterer.

His salary was obloquy and contempt. Remember, too, he ate but little "pleasant bread," and drank the "bitter waters of Marah," while his eyes ran down with tears for the slain of the daughters of his people.

poor unfortunate girls. I have been standing here all night,"—and not be touched—*touched* with pity for the wretched outcast, and with admiration at the man who, by his kindness, should even *dare* to draw on him the blessings of *such* sinners "ready to perish?"

To recur to the Journal. The stratagems used by the keepers of these infernal abodes to secure their prey, would many times need the experience of advanced years to chide. One case may be given, as a tolerable specimen.

"I was sent," said a girl, "on an errand to the doctor. A woman over the way saw me, and invited me in. I went in—the house was well furnished. I knew not who or what she was, or what her house was. She told me I was a fine girl, and pretty. 'O!' said she, 'don't you belong to Aberdeen?'"

"No."

"Then she began to tell me she was acquainted with gentlemen, and they would like such pretty girls, and I might get some rich one."

"I knew not what she meant, nor what to do. I took my things from the sofa and was going. She would hardly let me go. She made me promise to return. I met her again in the street. She said she had been looking for me—that she had something to tell me—that I would be glad to hear it—that I must call again. I agreed. She wished me to come that night. I did not go. The third time I saw her was on the Sabbath afternoon. I was then under fourteen years of age. I was passing her house—it was snowing, cold, and blowing. She was at the door. She took me by the arm, and told me to come in out of the storm. I told her I was going to church. She urged me, by the storm, the wind, and the cold, to go in. She left me, and soon returned, and said she had known many girls and gentlemen, and had done much for them, and might for me—and might marry me.

"I was proud and extravagant in dress. Col. Black

came in, and she left me. I had urged the need of going before, but she kept me. She said to the Colonel, you like pretty girls: this is a stranger. If you like her, and I think you will, and get her, you will get a prize.

"He called for a bottle of wine and made me drink. I became dizzy. He talked to me about my father, and urged me to drink.

" 'I have taken too much already. If I take more, I know not how I shall reach home.'

"At about 11 at night I went home. He went with me to the gate. I told him I knew not what to do.

" 'O, make no noise—keep it still—make out a fine story.'

"I was ruined; my friends mistrusted me. The old woman found me again, and urged me to go in. I was angry and would not, but she finally persuaded me," &c.

This is the tragical end of many a fair blossom, withered by the bitter blasts of these cruel ones.

I have seen a mother weeping and refusing to be comforted. Reader, have you ever mourned the loss of a son of bright hopes, or for a brother tenderly beloved? Then you know, a little, the bitterness of grief; but when a few months have passed away, this love for the dead is soon transferred to the living.

This sorrow refines the feelings of the heart, and prepares it to weep with those that weep. It is sympathy which casts a beautiful shade over the deformed passions of man, and makes them appear less odious than their reality.

But there is a parental sorrow yet more distressing than death, as it is no less severe, and of longer continuance—it is that for a prodigal son. I have heard an anxious mother, of 76, with hairs as white as wool, utter piteous words. I have seen her, though supported by a staff and bent downwards, leave the house of comfort in the chills of a December night, and travel nearly a mile

to look after an only son, who repaid her affection and anxious cares with reproach and abuse. Often has this aged mother's heart bled ! Ah, well might she exclaim,

"Behold, all ye mothers who are called to part with your sons by death, and see if any of you have sorrow like unto my sorrow. It is keener than that of death. The grave would be a shelter for my aching heart ; but I, in my old age, see my son, my *only* child, wicked and abandoned—can I see him I loved so tenderly, can I call him—a wretch ! O that I had buried him from the cradle !"

This sorrow often brings the hoary head to a hasty grave. It refuses consolation. The mourning parent says,

"I will go down to the grave mourning for my lost son."

*Description of houses of ill-fame.* I would remark, these houses vary in appearance and style, as the class of people who resort to, or live in them, vary. Some of these are splendid three and four story brick houses, elegantly furnished with the richest carpeting, plate, and other furniture within, and large plates of brass or silver on the doors, on which are engraven the real or fictitious names of the occupants. Others are less splendid, and not so richly furnished. Again, there are some of these houses whose external appearance is only equalled by the internal filth and nauseous scent of their abandoned tenants.

There are two classes of these houses—houses of assignation and boarding-houses. In the houses of assignation there is a difference. Some of them are very genteel in appearance, and others quite the reverse.

The house is often kept by a single individual tenant ; sometimes by a male and sometimes a female. These houses are not only reputable in appearance but in location ; often next door to a church, or a house where church-members dwell. Others are less reputable, and so filthy, a description of them would be indelicate. It would be very difficult to find a street in this city of any magnitude in which there is not a house of this class. They

are in Broadway and Catharine-lane. And where is the intermediate street in which they are not?

The number of boarders in these houses varies from three to eighteen. Some persons say there is one house that contains between thirty and forty females. I believe the average number in each house is about six. The price of board varies. In some houses the boarders have paid fifteen dollars. Ten dollars is about the highest price paid by those who are called *girls*. Five dollars is the lowest board any girl can procure in what is called a genteel house. Three dollars is the lowest price paid for board in the most degraded, dirty house in the city. In many of these houses there are six or more of the city thieves living with one of these girls, who participates with them in their plunder.

### CITY THIEVES.

These are a numerous class of young men, some from the first families in the country, combined into a regular society. Their booty is conveyed into fencing-houses, that is, houses for the receiving and secreting stolen goods, until they can be removed to pawn-brokers, and other shops in the city and country, and sold either at public or private sale; for the thieves divide their spoils according to the principles of the fraternity.

They are banded together by a great oath, for secrecy and security, mutual aid and protection, and are ranged in different classes, having for each class a language and a system of signs, and curious instruments, known to but few, except those of their own confederacy.

*The counterfeiters* are scattered like free-masons through the country, but differing from them in robbing the community by passing on the ignorant the spurious productions of their mint and plates. The effects of this gang of deceivers are very well understood by the reader.

*The black-legs, or the knucklers*, are the "gentlemen

prigs," who ("flash") resort to the first public-houses in the country, and cannot be distinguished from the most polite gentlemen. They travel from city to city, remaining but a short time in each. Polished in their manners, and expert at gambling, they despise the petty thief as much as a 'high girl' of the street does a low one of her own character. It is said there are thirty or forty in a club. To find a more perfect class of gamblers might be difficult. They plunder steam-boats, hotels, exchange trunks, pick pockets, &c.

*The sixties* are composed of half-grown lads, apprentices, and mechanics. They plunder in companies; are divided into parties, each containing about twenty persons, under a captain, "Lumbard Cove," who assembles them regularly twice in the evening on which the grand lodge is held. The first meeting is to arrange the subdivisions; about dark to divide them into parties to scour the streets. In their language they go out on "*the Grand Lag*," come home in "*the sneak*." "If our success in store-breaking is good, we'll come home and rejoice." Another phrase is, "hop the twig," "hoist our sails," "bend him to the northward," that is, knock the man down. Thus they form their plans to murder a man, and he hear every word and not know the fact.

They are disguised in a different dress from that in which they are seen in the day-time, having false-beards and whiskers on, so that no one can know them. You may see them on the corners of streets standing and loitering and jabbering often like a company of half-drunken sailors, strolling towards another corner at the sound of a whistle given by another of the posse of twenty in quest of booty. They patrol the streets, put out the lights, and on finding a man they imagine has money, he is assailed by violence or stratagem, and is robbed. Snuff is often thrown into the eyes. Sometimes the girl accompanying them is set to rob him, and on resistance they fall upon

him, knock him down, rob him; and if he make a noise, they cry "watch;" the girl and man charge him with violence to the lady, &c. Thus the thieves go clear, and the injured man is arrested. Sometimes they send their "kin-chen," that is, a little boy six or eight years old, into a store to buy cigars—to make discoveries that the twenty may make a prize there if possible. They have "doves," that is, sets of keys, fifty-two in a set, chisels, saws, and pick-locks, which are secreted in the day-time.

At one or two o'clock in the morning they meet at the house of one of the party, whose "blown," that is, girl, usually accompanies them, sometimes in man's apparel, and play two or three games at cards, drink liquor, and disperse for the remainder of the night among houses of ill-fame, or retire to their several dwellings, which night-keys enable them to enter. In the day-time they labor to conceal their true character.

Their booty they call "queer," is deposited at a fencing-house, a house for the secreting of stolen goods, when twice a week the several "Lumbards of the cove in their flash" meet under their president, accompanied by their parties, to receive their regular portion of the booty which has been sold to pawnbrokers and others in the city and country by their president and captains.

The "forties"—the petty thieves of the city, will knock a girl down to steal her comb and handkerchief, that they may pawn them for rum. Their "gooseberry lag" is a plundering excursion into the less guarded parts of the city, county, and country, to steal pots, kettles, pails, clothes bleaching. These have but little concert in action, and less honor than the higher thieves. They will rob each other, and fight about the plunder of a night.

The name "highbinders" is sometimes assigned them. There is a difference among the "forties," as some excel others in stratagem and power of execution. These are the ones vested as tyrants with power to command. Their

word is law. Mark the case of Gibbs, the pirate, as an example of sovereignty. Pirates travel the high seas and highway-men lurk in dens and forests, and prowl about stage-roads, and watch the movements of men from commercial places, when laden with money, that they may rob them. These are a terror to the voyager and traveler, and their fame is spread over the earth.

*Remarks.*

*June 15th, 1831.*—These alarming facts call forth the attention of the magistrate to trace out and suppress, as far as in him lies; but however vigilant he may be, he cannot heal the fountain; this is the work of the parent; and my humble opinion is, that the grand defect in family government is pulling down the vengeance of heaven upon our guilty land. And we need not go into the families of the poor and degraded to test the truth of this; the rich, and the noble, and the professed christian, too, are deeply involved in the difficulty. In most families where I visit, I see the worst principles of the child and the worst dispositions brought into action. The child does wrong, the father blames the mother, the mother in her turn throws it back upon the father, the child hears it, and perhaps sulks away into a corner, fostering the malignant passions within, while the domestic storm is still raging, and the father and mother end the dispute, because tired with the fruitless contest.

Thieving and prostitution are generally handmaids—and *always* in houses of ill-fame.

Now let us search the foundation.

I once was acquainted with the family of a minister, where a son became very vile, and the cause seemed hidden. He was lewd, his health became impaired, and his life in danger. He called upon the Lord, and was heard. He forsook the evil courses he had pursued, and was a good

man. Now, all who knew him would say, this youth was trained properly, and yet he was a bad boy, and therefore we must not receive the declaration, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," as a rule to which there are no exceptions. But it is evident that this son of a minister was not brought up in the way he should go, for his parents, as to the seventh commandment, let their son grow up as a "wild ass's colt," wholly uninstructed and ignorant of the nature and consequences of violating the law. Doubtless there is a great defect in the education of children in this respect, and *that* defect is often the cause of the future ruin of the man. If children were faithfully taught *all* the commands of God, and parental discipline properly kept up, I do believe God is a faithful God, and true to his word, and that we should not see houses of licentiousness multiplying around us, and our streets invaded with the midnight prowler.

Children, in these modern days, actually despise their parents, and manifest it by their actions, tones, and words. This root of bitterness in the family circle blights the fond hopes of mothers, and wrings with anguish the hearts of fathers—brothers and sisters share in the affliction—an affliction worse than death. Thus generation after generation is reared in crime, and the "curse of the Lord *must*, and does rest in the house of the wicked" for ever.

Idleness is another fruitful source of thieving and licentiousness. When children are taught it is disreputable to gain their bread by the sweat of their brow, and to be respectable is to be first in the fashions of the world, what can be expected but, as soon as temptation offers, they will avail themselves of the opportunity to become possessors of whatever a depraved appetite may demand. "He that will not work shall not eat," said the inspired penman, and *few*, very *few* eat honestly, who do not obey this injunction. Our streets are thronged with idle boys, whose impudence

would put to the blush the children of the wandering Arab, and whose profanity would well nigh shock a pirate.

The daughters, too, of our cities, (and the country is falling into the snare,) what are they doing? Are "their hands taking hold of the distaff," or their fingers the needle? Sometimes, indeed, we see the young Miss working a purse or a collar, but she would not sully her fair hands about any domestic concern; and wonder not, ye mothers, when your sources of extravagance shall fail, though you find your daughter in a house of infamy, where she has the promise of fine clothes and a life of ease!

And where, O where shall we look for a remedy of these wide-spreading evils? "Like people like priest," they are all asleep, wondering at the perversity of their children, while the awful tide of iniquity is rolling on, and, like a mighty sweeping deluge, is flooding our land. I weep in secret places, but who regards it? Yea, they laugh when I tell them the destruction that is coming upon them; and to which of the saints shall I turn? If I reprove the child of the christian or the parent, I am told I am not a father, and cannot know the feelings of a parent. If I tell them what God has said in his holy word, I am triumphantly told they are not under the Jewish yoke, and shall not stone their children to death for a little disobedience. O the abominations of the land! Will they cease, till God comes out of his place, and in dreadful wrath punishes the land for her heaven-daring iniquities?

*June 20th, 1831.*—The seducer and procuresses seize on the female passion for dress, and present to *that* passion the object it seeks. If they find a poor girl with a pretty face, they tempt her thus,

"You have no need to labor—you can live as well without it as with it, and dress much better too, and be as fine a lady as any in the city. You can walk or you can ride, just as you please—visit the theatres, and other places of amusement, and have a servant to wait on you, and be your

own mistress." This one bait has led to vice and to hell thousands of poor girls.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

Story of a Merchant—Dress of Christian Females—License—Discouragements—Testimony of a Physician—Marriage—Magdalen Tracts—State of suspense—Meeting of Ministers—Discouragements—Manner of being found in a Garret—Removal from the place—Ordination.

A merchant in New-York succeeded in ruining from twenty to fifty poor girls in this way. He led an only child of a poor widow astray, by addressing all his artifices to the little girl's admiration and love of dress, first giving her a ribbon, a gown, an orange—patting her on the head, and giving her an occasional ride in his carriage. This course he pursued for several years. When she was about fifteen years old, he asked her to ride with him, as she usually had done. He called at a house of ill-fame, gave the girl thirty dollars to buy her a suit of clothes, and then accomplished his purpose.

He left her in about twenty days, turned her to another man, and she soon became a girl of the town. The mother, however, lived to see her daughter reclaimed, and then received her to her arms. Even in cases where dress is not the occasion of the evil here mentioned, other painful consequences follow.

We know that it is a prevailing passion in women to imitate those women whom they imagine to be wealthy and fashionable. Now the rich lady may sustain her expenses, and not suffer any inconvenience; but her extravagance has been the occasion of much sin and misery. O how much responsibility rests on the rich?

To ladies professing to be Christians, it is barely necessary to say, that if they do not obey the commandment of the Lord by his apostle, "To adorn themselves in modest apparel, not with gold, or pearl, or costly array," &c. they cannot be his disciples, and he will say to them in the last day, "Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity." And though they may plead that they have done many wonderful works, Christ will say—I commanded you to visit the poor and the needy: to go into the highways and hedges, prisons, and hospitals, but you disobeyed me. You said it was not fit and becoming for you to visit such places. But you went to milliners and mantua-makers, and employed them to spend their days and nights to make and to fit costly array, and you employed the time, and labor of others in plaiting and decorating your hair, ears, wrists, and waists. You wore "gold and pearls" in profusion; you decked yourselves in immodest apparel, without "shamefacedness and sobriety." Yea, I say unto you, that you expended time enough at your toilets to serve the god of this world, which if it had been spent doing good to others, would have carried my Gospel to every creature in your city where it was needed.

But, blessed be God, Christ has some women who love him. They choose to adorn themselves in modest apparel, with good works. They do not spend their own time, nor the time of others needlessly, in decorating their persons, on which worms will shortly feed. Such women will hear the welcome plaudit, "Come, ye blessed." But go through the abodes of darkness, and see how many lost souls would tell you they come to that place of torment by the fashions and costly array of rich men and women.

Here the regular journal of Mr. M'Dowall ends. In April previous, he speaks thus:

"I have become dissatisfied with the asylum, and am determined to leave it." Mr. Pierson, who first established the house, he believed was a very godly man, but in-

culcated some doctrines with which he could not accord, and besides; he was under no obligation, as he had engaged for no specific time. His journal says,—I went to Princeton to prepare my lecture, Latin Essay, and popular sermon, for Presbytery; went to Presbytery April 27th, was examined and licensed at Poundbrook, by New Brunswick Presbytery. Returned to New-York, and continued till September, laboring in the same department.

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His soul had now become burthened with the woes of the abandoned in the city, and though his inclinations strongly led him back to Princeton, yet his tender conscience was urging, Who will plead the cause of these wretched outcasts, if I abandon the field? What can I—what shall I do? A lady at whose house he stopped a short time, remarked, “She had seen him come in from his labors so exhausted, it was truly painful to see him, exclaiming,”

“My soul is sick, and my heart sinks within me! I look on every hand, and no one arises to help. O, the world will not believe me!”

He finally resolved to place before the public the facts he had collected, or a part of them, knowing that the world would not receive all he had gathered, and if the most horrid were presented at first, the whole would be rejected.

While preparing these, he turned his attention a little to medicine, by attending medical lectures and reading at his boarding-house on the subject.

The physician with whom he boarded at that time, thus writes :

“After the close of his labors at Bowery Hill, he came to my house with an intention to study and attend medical lectures, in order to acquire some knowledge of the human system, and the origin and nature of that disease incident to the degraded class among whom he labored; that he might be able to trace its effects on the constitution, and its

demoralizing and prostrating influence on the faculties of the mind.

“ He remained at my house five months. During that period a great portion of his nights were employed in searching out the haunts of vice, and detecting groups of that class who resort thither. I often accompanied him, and frequently have seen him endanger his life by going in the midst of crowds who were gathered around the haunts of sin, and reprove their wickedness, and warn them of the judgment and misery that would follow, for which he would often receive the most abusive language.

“ His life was hunted by men of this character, and I was fearful of walking with him in the evening in his customary dress. One evening he effected his escape from three (whose purpose was to assassinate him) near my office. He often took with him a brother, and went to these houses to pray with the inmates, and warn them of the denunciations of heaven against their course of life.

“ His soul sickened at the scenes of degradation and misery he witnessed,—he would return exhausted and overcome, and I would be under the necessity of administering to him medical relief. He would often accompany me to those houses of sin, when my duties as a physician called me, and witness the death-scenes of those outcasts, (often by suicide) whose horror, remorse, and awful forebodings were dreadful.

“ He frequently met those females whom he had warned, and with whom he had prayed, after they were cast out from a home by their wicked associates; they, feeling him to be their friend, would follow him to my house, weeping and entreating him to direct them to some home, where they might repent and reform their lives; and those whom he had persuaded to abandon their sinful course, and had again turned back,—likewise those who were at Bowery-Hill Institution when it was broken up, (knowing not where to go,) would come weeping around him, begging

to know what they should do for a home: he would give them what money he had, and weep because he could do no more. At his earnest request I received some at different times into my house, till other provision could be made for them.

"One Saturday evening, as I was sitting in my office, a female in miserable attire entered, bewailing in bitterness her sad condition. This female he had once visited in the Penitentiary. Her history was a sad one. She was the daughter of a clergyman, and her relatives were moving in highly respectable circles in this city. I saw him take the last shilling from his pocket and give to her.

"On or about this time it was that he embodied his *Magdalen Facts*, which he had been a long time collecting, (not the *Magdalen Report*, for that he never saw till after it was published,) some of which he collected in the sphere of my practice, the '*Orphan Girl*,' and the '*Jersey Boy*,' and others, while there was a number of cases in my practice at this time I refrained from letting him know, on account of connections, cases of young men recently come to the city, children of christian parents and elders, themselves in good standing in the same church, and men, heads of families in this city, of good standing in churches.

"After the breaking up of the Institution at Bowery-Hill, which cast such a dark shade over Mr. M'Dowall's labors, and left the enemy to triumph, he thought, by the publication of the pamphlet entitled "*Magdalen Facts*," the christian public might become apprised of the enormity and extent of this evil, over which they were slumbering in unbroken lethargy. After he had got this work ready for publication, he found himself destitute of the means to defray the expense. He depended for assistance on a gentleman who had taken an interest in the cause, who, he said, had, on his refusing compensation for his labors as chaplain at the Institution at Bowery-Hill, requested him, when in want of funds, to call on him. To this gentleman

he addressed a note, requesting the aid of a hundred dollars, to which note he received no answer. This was a severe disappointment to him, and caused him sleepless nights.

“He now looked to the Lord for means to enable him to publish this work.

“In a few days a stranger entered my office, leaving a letter addressed to Mr. M'Dowall, enclosing ten dollars. This stranger, I afterwards learned, had married one of those reformed females he had rescued during his labors at Bowery-Hill. This amount, yet so small, encouraged him to proceed, and he thought still further to diminish his expenses by taking a room in a garret up town, and providing his own board, notwithstanding I had boarded him at a reduced price. This latter intention I knew not of, supposing he had taken board of the family of whom he hired his room.

“It was some time before I ascertained the manner in which he was living; I then found that he was living on bread, gruel, and water: neither did the family know the manner in which he was living, being a stranger to him.

“During his residence in my family he was so intent upon his pursuits of missionary labors and study, he told me, that unless my family could rise and have breakfast and prayers before daylight, he could not unite with us. This we felt a privilege to do, and it was a delightful season to our souls, and one that will long be remembered.

“He never entered on any undertaking without making it a subject of prayer.

### *Waiting on the Lord.*

“This, I have every reason to think, he did in his choice of a companion. When I observed to him, that it is not

according to custom that a young man should marry a widow, he answered—

“‘My choice must be such as the Lord directs. She is a woman of self-denial, and has labored hard in the cause in which I am engaged.’ And each year of his life has evinced that the Lord had answered his prayer, in the direction of this choice.

“At this time he was wholly destitute of funds, and the prospects, with regard to the cause in which he was laboring, exceedingly dark; but the obstacles before him, though they weighed heavily on his heart, only served more fully to awaken and concentrate the whole energies of his mind.

“L. P.

“February 18, 1837.”

In January, 1832, he was married to Mrs. Carpenter, widow of the Rev. Solomon Carpenter, of New-Jersey, who was well known to many, both in city and country, as a most devoted godly man; “selling all that he had,” and going about doing good, for the last eight years of his life.

Mr. M'Dowall has given his opinion to the world fully on the subject of marriage; and in the choice *he* made, has given *one* proof at least of the truth and benefit of his opinions! *His* was the “prudent wife from the Lord,” whose adorning was a meek and quiet spirit; who looked well to the ways of her household, and ate not the bread of idleness. She was older than he; and though the world may differ in opinion, especially the *unthinking part*, yet in this he showed good sense, discriminating judgment, and purity of principle. He had no home—no intimate friends. He had settled it in his mind that he must give his life, or the best part of it, to the self-denying employment of seeking the lost, whom no others would seek. He wanted some one who would enter into his views, and be both a counsellor and helper.

Mrs. Carpenter he found in the asylum, and saw she was competent to do all that which was requisite in such a peculiar station. He said to her,

"I have asked counsel of God, and I must have a companion who cannot only advise, but who will be willing that I should take the friendless into my house, and cheerfully share with me the toils, the privations, and the *disgrace* of such a life," adding *emphatically*, "most likely *bread and water* the greater part of life."

Had he married a young girl, or even one of his age, it must have been little short of a miracle had she been adequate to a task like this.

He married her, and soon had abundant evidence that she was all he hoped. They retired to a garret, and for months allowed themselves but one dollar a-week for food. They *fasted much*—they *prayed much*. Their "bread and water" days had commenced, and though "sure," yet not always abundant. The few friends they had, knew not where they were, and gave themselves but little uneasiness about them; for the world had long since thought M<sup>r</sup> Dowall a fool, or bordering on insanity. And now that he had married, and *married, too*, a woman older than himself, his best friends began to settle it in their minds that he must be denounced as a downright fanatic. Many of her sunshiny friends dropped away, and have never found it in their hearts to renew their kindness. Such were their nuptial days, and such the gratulations of friends on such an occasion.

*January*, 1832, he published his Magdalen Tracts. To those he looked with ardent hopes that the hearts of some might be touched, and some way cast up for efficient action. He looked—he prayed—he fasted—and prayed again—he hoped—he trembled.

Some excitement was produced—some who were blind began to see, and those who were doubting were somewhat confirmed.

But the sale was not rapid, and a bill of about six hundred dollars was incurred. He had no means of payment but the sale of the books. In this dilemma all was dark around him. He complained not, but committed his case to God, knowing he had "cast his bread upon the waters," and the promise was, after many days he should find it. He waited till March in a state of suffering and suspense, when he thus writes :

*March 13th, 1832.*—I am sick to-day by reason of the excessive toils I underwent yesterday. I have long since spent my last dollar. I am in debt, and see no way in which I can extricate myself.

Mr. Goodell wrote to Messrs. Kirk, Delavan, and the Secretary of the State Temperance Society for me, inquiring if any thing could be done for me. Mr. Mason wrote to Philadelphia, to the general Agent of the American Sunday School Union, to know if an agency was at his disposal for me. But I do not feel that it is my duty to abandon the field until the door is completely closed against me.

Ministers of the Gospel have not viewed the case in its various relations to the inhabitants and visitors of this commercial emporium. Before I quit the field, I feel that I ought to lay the cause before them, and take their counsel. I am now doing this, and purpose to have a meeting of some of them next week.

I received the following note this morning :

"The Rev. Mr. M'Dowall is requested to call on Mrs. Lathrop, at 59 Warren-street."

I called on Mrs. Lathrop, and found her a warm-hearted friend to the cause in which I am engaged. She wished to know if I would consent to continue in the field of labor in which I am engaged. If I would, she would secure to me the means of subsistence. I did not give a definite answer, because my case is now pending before the ministers of my church.

15th.—Received from the Providence Tract Society a request to act as their Agent for two months. I declined, of course.

16th.—Much encouraged to-day. The Lord is good, and gives me some hopes of being useful.

17th.—The following is a copy of a letter addressed to about twenty-one Presbyterian clergymen of this city :

“REV. SIR,—I have been advised to call a meeting of ministers, and others, to take the following questions into consideration :

“1st. Shall any new measures be taken to check the progress of vice, and to reclaim abandoned females in New-York ?

“2d. Shall I prosecute, or abandon the cause of Moral Reform ?

“The meeting is to be held in the American Tract House, on Wednesday, the 21st inst. at the hour of 4 P. M. Your presence, with the presence of such elders and other members of your church as you may invite, is respectfully requested.

Yours, &c.

“J. R. M'DOWALL.”

21st.—The meeting was held. Three ministers, Dr. Woodbridge, Dr. Cox, and Mr. Baldwin, and six elders, and the Rev. Mr. Gould, from Southampton, Mass. attended. The Rev. Mr. Baldwin urged the importance of taking hold of the work as a denomination. He stated several cases in which good was done to this class of persons, and considered my willingness to work as an indication from God that they should undertake it: he believed it would promote the interests of piety in the church. Dr. Cox was called away before it closed. He said he did not feel convinced that I ought to continue in the work, but was willing to do any thing to advance the cause upon right principles. Dr. Woodbridge thought very favorably

of the idea that I should stay, and that something should be done to save these sinners, and that something should be decided on.

One of the elders thought that the Presbyterian church was not sufficiently represented to act on it as a denomination. He advised that another meeting be held, and that all the Presbyterian ministers, elders, and deacons be invited to attend.

It was decided that the subject should be brought before the ministers at the monthly meeting, on the evening of Wednesday next. I am invited to attend.

24th.—Saw Mrs. Lathrop. She assures me that I shall have a good living if I will remain in the work.

25th.—Heard two sermons to-day, and attended the evening prayer-meeting at the Five Points. The glory of God—the aim of the christian in all he does, and says, and thinks—was the subject that most deeply interested me. May God grant that I may make his glory the ultimate aim of my life.

At present my mind is unsettled, and I am unhappy, not knowing what to do—whether to stay in the city or go from it—to prosecute or abandon the cause. But I have committed my case to God. I believe that he will shortly show me what is best for me to do. O for faith and confidence in God! I need them at this hour, for all is yet dark. I have a little family,—a wife and step-child, and my last dollar is long since expended—and I am in debt. But for religion, I should give up all for lost.

I have learned to-day that the ministry have appointed Friday, 4 P. M. to consider the two questions.

27th.—A meeting was held. Rev. Mr. Rice was appointed chairman. The subject of the meeting was stated, and I was called on to make some statements, which I did. A committee was appointed to take the subject into consideration, and report. This committee was vested with power to call a general meeting, and to lay the sub-

ject before the Presbyterian church, if they should deem that a proper course of action. 'Dr. Spring, chairman, Dr. Cox, Dr. Woodbridge, Rev. Mr. Baldwin, Rev. Mr. Leavitt, Mr. Wheelwright, and J. Nitchie, Esq. The meeting advised me to remain until the committee met.

29th.—Committee met. Advised me to be the missionary of the ladies of Dr. Cox's church for three months. In the meantime the committee would try to digest a plan of action, and report.

April 1st.—In great perplexity, and know not what to do, or how to act.

15th.—My time passes away, and but little is done. I know not how to act. The ladies gave me \$60. Bless the Lord for it, O my soul, for his mercies are renewed every day.

29th.—Very uneasy. Saw Mr. Baldwin and Dr. Spring. No decision. Probably will report favorably, and make an effort to do something, provided ten men can be found who will devote themselves to this business for life.

23d.—Three ladies called to inquire into my condition, and to provide for me. They brought us food, and were kind. The Lord is good and gracious. Blessed be his holy name.

This was the memorable morning that this suffering saint was found in his garret, in a manner which could be no other than the finger of God. The fact is related in the lady's own words:

"In the spring of 1832 I purchased and read one of M'Dowall's Magdalen Facts. The author I had never seen. Made diligent inquiry, but could find no traces of him; ardently desiring to see the man who had done so much for the degraded; and, in behalf of the virtuous, tender him my thanks for kindness so disinterested.

"It was a calm morning in April. I had passed a restless night, for the image of the suffering M'Dowall was

fitting before my imagination. I arose at five, and anxiously inquired, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? I went into the street, walked about an hour, and was returning a little after six. All was still, for the slumbering city had not yet begun her accustomed bustle. I turned my footsteps to the dwelling of one of the daughters of Zion, who, I had been told, was of the poor of this world, but rich in faith. Standing upon the steps at that early hour, I paused, and asked myself, what apology can be made to a stranger for such an intrusion without any definite object. Could not easily persuade myself to go away. I knocked, and instantly the door opened. The good woman I was seeking was before me, who, seizing me joyfully by the hand, said—‘Is not this Mrs. ———? I have longed to see you since yesterday. I have passed a bad night on account of Mr. M'Dowall. Do you know him?’

“The reader may judge the joy of our interview, when the thoughts of both hearts were revealed. ‘Yesterday,’ she continued, ‘a gentleman called to solicit subscriptions to the *Missionary Herald*, and inquired—“Do you know Mr. M'Dowall? I this afternoon called at a house and inquired the number of families, and was told one lived in the garret. Making my way there, I entered a lonely apartment, where my astonished eyes met the man with whom I had taken sweet counsel, and walked to the house of God in company. His careworn and dejected countenance told me his heart was stricken. I looked about the room, and found it was fitted up for parlor, study, kitchen, and bed-room. I asked him, How long have you been here? He said, About three months. What misfortune brought you here? Reluctantly he gave me his history, and said, I have spent my little all in a hopeless effort to rescue the degraded, and am left alone, destitute, with no man to help me, and have retired to this garret to wait the Lord's will. I

learned they had been fasting, and I feared, from necessity as well as from choice. Tell not our story, said M'Dowall, it will do no good. I left them, praying that God would direct me to some kind heart which would send relief." A lady sitting by, took a dollar from her purse, saying—"This is all I have—it will buy them a little bread." The delighted man hastened to the garret; drawing near the door, he heard the sound of prayer; it was the chastened voice of her whose wounded heart was pleading that God would sustain her companion, and keep them both from repining. They arose—I handed him the dollar—he dropped on his knees again, and with choked utterance thanked his heavenly Father for this timely relief."

"When I had heard this story, the import of my restless night and strange morning call were fully developed. I had asked—'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' and this was the answer—'Make an immediate effort, and remove him from that garret.'

"The effort was made—the rich were solicited—but O the struggle to reach the heart! Some had heard of that strange man—some truly pitied—and a few bestowed provision enough to last him through the day. A lady was prevailed on to take her carriage and accompany us to the abode of M'Dowall. I had sold a few of his Magdalen Facts, and thought the avails of them would be a good introduction to the author, as well as afford him a little relief. The ladies made their entrance to the garret, leaving me to manage the horse, with the injunction to send Mr. M'Dowall to the carriage. I hoped by this to get an easy access, and ascertain his true wants. I gave him the money, for which he thanked me, saying he was in much anxiety about the payment of the books, and must not use the money, as not one cent of it was his. Disappointed, I asked, and asked *earnestly*, Mr. M'Dowall, are you in need of money to buy you bread? Never, *O never* shall

I forget the look, and the attempt at evasion. 'Will you walk in? I will take care of your horse,' was the answer. *Mr. M'Dowall*, do you need money to buy you bread? was repeated. I must have an answer. The tear by this time stood trembling in his eye, and he succeeded in saying rather incoherently, 'A gentleman called yesterday and gave some relief.'

"Reader, do you remember the dollar the delighted friend carried to the garret yesterday? *This* was the relief—and this was the uncomplaining modesty—the ingenuity to conceal, and (if you will allow the principle) the commendable wish to keep from a stranger, wants so distressing, so humiliating.

"By this time I concluded to walk in, and seating myself in the hall, earnestly entreated him to acquaint me with his situation—that we had come with good intentions, and could not be put off without knowing whether there was not something we could do. He then said the ladies in Dr. Cox's Society had sent him \$60, and he was now waiting the decision of the ministers who had been conferring on the subject.

"And what of this \$60; do you make use of it for your comfort? Here again he was embarrassed, but the answer was made, 'It must go to the printer.'

"Can I see Mrs. M'Dowall? I followed him to the garret—his companion was in tears of gratitude, for she had seen strange things yesterday and to-day—yesterday a *dollar*, and followed up to-day by a few shillings' worth of provisions !!!

"They were removed in a few days from the garret, and placed in the house of the woman at whose door I called the previous morning."

Mr. M'Dowall writes, April 27th, 'The Lord opened the hearts of several ladies to assist us. They offer us board for a month; and Mrs. T. then proposes to give us one room or more, in her house.

At 4 P. M. several ladies assembled at Mr. Stevens', and by request I addressed them. They listened attentively for above an hour, and we then parted.

These were profitable, interesting meetings. They awakened such feelings of pity and horror as were wholly unknown before. The modesty of the narrator, who seemed to feel himself so strangely situated, in a group of pious females, rehearsing those strange things which had, like a volcano, been pent within his own breast, together with his gratitude that he *could* be heard, made these interviews not only profitable but deeply affecting. He seemed to study to conceal himself as much as possible, as an important actor in these awful dramas, and to guard his language against any thing that might offend the ears of the most chaste and refined.

The result of these assemblies was, a Ladies' Moral Reform Society in Mr. Ludlow's church, and many in the city taking a deep interest.

*Sabbath.*—O that I had some definite field of labor. If I enter into the Sabbath-school department, that is cultivated, though not perfectly, and so of other fields of benevolence; cultivating those does not cultivate *this* field. But I must wait patiently on the Lord.

### *Ordination.*

It was about this time, the latter part of April, the third Presbytery ordained him in Spring-street Church, as an evangelist, to labor particularly among that class where he had been laboring as a missionary. The services were appropriate and affecting. Many then, when that solemn charge was given, vowed they would stand by M'Dowall, and, though all men should forsake him, they would follow him through evil as well as through good report. He was then in extreme poverty, and his ordination gave little or no prospect of a better condition. He had

no salary—no people of his charge who would lend him any aid, nor any prospect of building up a church, which could eventually erect him an edifice, and flock about him to give him their prayers and support.

“Now,” said M'Dowall, as he left the sanctuary, “I am ordained an evangelist over every sink of pollution in this city. There my energies must be directed, there my hopes must centre.” What a prospect! He did not, however, complain. He had counted the cost, and knew that his pathway could not be strewn with roses. The ladies in Laight-street Church had pledged themselves to do something for his support, but on this he could not rely as any thing of a competency. He had learned, too, that the “poison of asps” *might* be under the tongue of him whose “words were smoother than butter.” But little did he forebode that in the work-shop of the maddening elements so many *mighty* thunderbolts were forging for his hapless head. Little did he think that the “tender and delicate woman” could have her “eye evil” towards the man who was giving his life to erect an impenetrable barrier around the purity of her sons and daughters.

*May 27th.*—He writes, the Lord has been good to me—he has fed me and given me friends. Bless the Lord, O my soul!

He now entered with avidity upon his work, and,

*May 27th.*—Says, a gentleman sent me word that a girl in 39½ Thomas-street wished to escape from that house and reform her life, and wished me to assist her. She was rescued and went to M'Dowall's house.

In June, Mr. Taylor's house being vacated where Mr. M'Dowall was keeping apartments, he took the whole house, and received such girls as wished to reform.

## CHAPTER XXII.

Letter—Cholera—Devising ways to bring his cause before the public.

Lectures—Discouragements—Efforts made—Wm. Goodell's appeal—Supplies sent in.

It was about the time of his ordination that he wrote to several ministers, giving the reasons for his entering into such a self-denying field, and a summary of his labors while in that field.

*To the Rev. Cyrus Mason.*

DEAR SIR,—At your request I write the following letter. It will perhaps be tedious in some of its details. This shall be avoided as much as possible :

I came from Princeton, N. J. to New-York, in September, 1830, by the advice of Mr. Rice, of the Pearl-street church, to spend six weeks in gratuitous missionary labors among the miserable poor of this city. On entering the city, I called on the Secretary of the American Tract Society, and being invited and urged by him to aid a few Sabbath school teachers in getting up a Sabbath school at the Five Points, I yielded to the request, and entered into that then notorious den of thieves, drunkards, profligates, and murderers, without any knowledge of its true state of morals.

Mr. Cunningham and a brother of mine daily went with me. Mr. Wheelwright, Mr. A. Smith, Mr. G. Butler, Mr. A. Tappan, Dr. Reese, and others, occasionally accompanied us.

We went from house to house, distributing Tracts, reading from the sacred Scriptures, and holding meetings for prayer and exhortation, and asking parents if they would come to the Sabbath school and bring their children.

Some ladies also visited these houses. Our labors usually commenced at nine P. M. and ended at twelve; at two P. M. and ended at five P. M.; and at seven, and ended at 10 P. M.; making about nine hours' labor per day for each man. The results of our labor are evident. The Sabbath school was established, and soon after sent off a prosperous branch, which now rivals the parent school. Also two infant schools have been established, and a school was opened at the Female Penitentiary at Bellevue. Many of our religious meetings were very solemn, and followed by good consequences. The number of vile men resorting there rapidly diminished, and several abandoned females expressed a desire to reform, which it was impossible for them to do under existing circumstances.

They had no home but a precarious one—that which the continued commission of crime procured. They had no character, and could procure no service. They had no money but that which vice and theft had secured to them; and when they reformed, their means of living were gone. They were discountenanced, reviled, and shunned by the chaste. Their courage was gone, and they had no friend whose timely interposition could rescue them from ruin. The more we labored in the city, the more did cases of this description multiply around us, till at last my conscience would not allow me to visit those houses any more, because I felt I was saying, “be ye fed, be ye warmed,” while I was giving them nothing to feed or to warm them. I ceased to labor, and called on Mr. Tappan and stated their case to him. He informed me that a little house had been hired by Mr. Pierson on Bowery-hill, for the reception of those persons who wished to do well, and that I ought to call on Mr. P. I called on him, and found that he had a matron and two girls, and was willing to admit more into the house.

This house had been hired the January preceding, and

was under the charge of Mrs. P. whose death nearly terminated its existence.

Many objections against this house and its internal discipline existed in the minds of the girls. They said that some wanted them to be immersed ; some wanted them to be Methodists ; that some wanted them to fast half of the time, &c. These objections were common in prison, in the hospital, in the alms-house, and in the city. However, I persuaded ten women to go there before the six weeks ended.

Near the close of the six weeks a society for the suppression of vice grew out of the efforts at the Five Points. I was appointed its agent, with a fixed salary of \$500 per annum. My heart was averse to the work, and I unhesitatingly declined the agency. Being urged to accept it, I replied that I would submit its decision to the professors at Princeton, and abide by the consequences. They unanimously decided it was my duty to accept it, until a substitute for me could be procured. I returned, and entered on my field of labor with renewed energy. Mr. Tappan now came forward and entered into the work with all his heart. So did some other gentlemen. More females now sought admission into the little house on Bowery-hill than it could admit. A second house was hired, and a probationary house was opened. I was appointed chaplain to the Asylum. Difficulties existed in the religious government of the concern ; a spirit of proselyting, of inward light, of miracles, &c. These Mr. T. suppressed.

Mr. T. and the committee wished me to write their first annual Report, and append to it an appeal to the public for funds to erect a house. I declined, excusing myself, on the ground that it was the Secretary's duty to write the Report.

Mr. Tappan left the committee. I went to Princeton ; met the Presbytery at Pound-Brook, and received my license to preach. When I received my license I returned

to the city. Dr. Alexander advised me not to have any thing more to do with the Society. Dr. Miller advised me to examine the matter after I returned, and to unite with the Society if discreet men were at its head. When I called on Mr. Tappan I understood that Dr. Reese had undertaken to write the Report and to address the public. I hesitated to have any thing more to do with the Society, but was prevailed on to unite with it, fearing, if I did not, my character would suffer, and the cause be finally abandoned.

There was a little hope, too, that the Society would rise to what it ought to be; and some said to me you can mould it into a good one. But I was not its sole counsellor, nor did the Society go upon any principles. Different denominations were united in the effort, but there were no principles of union agreed on—each managed as he thought best for the month he presided; hence the old sectarian spirit returned.

I left the Asylum in September, 1831, and went to writing, visiting the prisons and hospitals, preaching to the poor wanderers, and also attended medical lectures at the Barclay-street Medical College, to qualify myself to do more good to the wretched and abandoned members of society.

My heart is tied to this cause; I am willing to labor in it in that way in which good can be done; but I am now reduced to a strait: my last dollar is expended, and I am in debt; had I accepted the proffered salary, I should be out of debt. I could not, for the following reasons:

1st. I had at the beginning a strong aversion to the work, and did not design to continue in it; and on that account I thought that the Society would release me from it the sooner, by not accepting a salary. They knew that I was poor, and unable to live without aid.

2d. Mr. Tappan paid most of the expenses of the Society, and I felt that was too much for any one man to do;

I did not feel it my duty to be constantly chargeable to him; and with all these difficulties I thought best to retire from that part of the field. These are my reasons, and this is my situation, before the community.

Yours, in christian fellowship,

J. R. M'DOWALL.

New-York, 1832.

\* \* \* \* \*

It will be remembered that the year of 1832 was the year of awful visitation from the Almighty, when that dreadful scourge, the cholera, made the inhabitants tremble. What did M'Dowall do? When men, women, and children were fleeing from the city as from a sinking ship, he was going from house to house with the word of life in his hand, fearless of the scourge, and warning all to escape from the wrath awaiting them. "God has come out of his place (was his language) to punish the earth for its iniquity," and the intemperate and licentious are the marks for his arrows.

Are you ready? Before to-morrow morning you may be in Potter's Field. Some were filled with awful dismay, and some scoffed, but few, if any, turned from the evil of their ways.

Walking one day down Broadway, he met a wicked woman, whom he had often warned, and said—

"Now, Clara, *prepare for death!* You see your companions are fast falling, and what will you do when you are attacked?"

"O," said she, laughingly, "I must have more sport—I cannot think of death now."

She then lived in an infamous house in Laurens-street, occupied by a larger company of these wretched females than is common, and she was a leading belle in wickedness. In a few days she was a corpse, and eleven more from the same house were swept away.

With such scenes as these M'Dowall was familiar. He

warned, he rebuked, he read the Bible, he distributed the Tract "*Virtue and Vice*," until he dared not frequent the Five Points. He was assailed in the streets by wretched girls begging him to take them to his house. Distracted and terrified, they knew not what to do, and he could not receive any more, having no adequate means of support. He lived sparingly, and often very scantily.

A physician who often called on his family to see the girls who resided in it and were sick, saw the exertions he was making, and said—

"You must desist; no man can endure such fatigues without endangering health, if not losing life."

His brother from New-Jersey visited the city, and prevailed on him to return with him to spend five weeks. His companion cheerfully assented, telling him to throw off all care, and she would manage the girls as well as she could. He went, and in five days returned and resumed his labors with the same intensity as before. M'Dowall could not be still; he seemed to be moved as by an invisible, irresistible impetus, that *could* not, that *would* not be checked, to do the work of the day in the day, and do it with all his might.

It has been mentioned that he attended a course of medical lectures the fall previous, and during the cholera he was satisfied his time had not been lost. He ascertained that the licentious in the city, in most cases, were sure to fall victims when attacked, and more liable *to be attacked* than any other class—that this appalling scourge was not so much aside from the established laws of nature as many supposed—that the "curse causeless did not come," for he found, by the closest investigation of which he was capable, that the lewd and intemperate were predisposed to the contagion; and looking upon it as he did, he always asserted that the cholera was the greatest blessing to the city. He visited many, very many houses which had been filled with lewd men and women, which were made almost, and

some entirely desolate. Yet, to his sorrow, he found in a few months these houses were again peopled with new inhabitants, in the same wicked pursuits.

His next inquiry was, how should he more efficiently bring this subject before the public. He had devised many ways, but yet the work was scarcely begun. His *Magdalen Facts* had excited some interest, but the summer, with its painful scenes, had nearly effaced the whole.

"I have," he says, "many a time spent whole nights walking these streets without closing my eyes, in order to ascertain the true state of society, and to do good. I have visited almost every place of corruption in New-York, that I might ascertain what were the causes operating to the destruction of public morals.

"My information is derived from personal observation, from the confessions of individuals, from the information my friends have given, from public records, and the municipal institutions. Availing myself of these advantages, I have spared no pains in my investigations. I have pushed my inquiries into other cities and countries.

"At different times, through newspapers, I have laid before the public facts exhibiting the evils under which we groan.

"I wrote one Tract, and a gentleman printed and gratuitously distributed thousands of copies among the abandoned.

"I have often prayed to the Lord to send some person to occupy my place, and to let me be excused from laboring in *this* particular cause of moral reformation; but he has sent no one, and I dare not abandon the field yet. The knowledge I have acquired, and the interest I feel in the success of this enterprise, bind my heart to the good work; and I desire to have my motives pure, that He, before whose bar I must shortly appear, may approve of my attempts to advance his glory."

He next thought of delivering a course of lectures. Ac-

cordingly he commenced and delivered two lectures in the Hall of Science. His journal adds, "I had no encouragement that I could lecture again, that place having been given for those two nights only.

"*November 4th.*—The trustees sent me word that they would light and heat the room, free from expense, every Thursday evening. Gave notice in the papers, and paid four dollars.

"*November 7th.*—Lectured in the Hall of Science, and had about ten or fifteen present. Collected three dollars fifty cents.

"*November 14th.*—Rained; only ten persons present.

"*November 27th.*—Lectured in Chatham-street Chapel. About one hundred persons present. Collection six dollars twenty-five cents. Expense for the house, ten dollars."

At this the heart of M'Dowall seemed utterly to give way, and he said,

"I have done. The last effort is made."

His companion endeavored to encourage him, by saying,

"O no. Do not give up. Go on, and the Lord will raise up helpers."

They reached home, and he went to the place where his afflicted soul always sought relief—to the throne of grace. "*There,*" said his companion, "he *prayed* and *prayed*, and it was the prayer of faith." "I cannot," he insisted, "stay in this city, knowing what I know of its evils, and see nothing done to remedy them."

He struggled through the night in a dreadful conflict of feeling, praying that God would send deliverance, or send him from the city.

Wm. Goodell, who was present at that meeting, had his soul stirred within him. He heard the appeal; he saw something of the struggling of the speaker's soul; he saw the sparing contribution; he heard the disheartened man say, "*I have done;*" and he heard, too, his ever-encouraging

companion say, "Go on; the Lord will yet raise us up helpers."

What did he do? Did he sit down folding his hands, and giving to conscience this ready quietus: "*M'Dowall is not the man.*" No. He had previously written a thrilling appeal to "every log-house beyond the mountains,"\* to come over and help us, to send or sustain at least for us *one* missionary who has courage to expose the moral maladies, for the cure of which the pestilence has been sent us in vain. Nay, if this favor be beyond our deserving, send us *bread* for the christian philanthropist; send him the means of hiring for a few weeks some humble upper chamber, where his lectures may be offered to a wicked and adulterous generation of "whited sepulchres," whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear." "He now made a second appeal, and entreated the Christian females of the United States to send relief. He told them the story of the Chatham-street lecture, and begged them to look on their "gold and costly array," to look at the judgment, and say, "shall he live, or shall he starve?"

A few weeks previous to this Mr. M'Dowall had sent out his letter to pious and benevolent ladies throughout the United States, and Europe. And were all these appeals in vain? No—the "ceiled houses" as well as the "log-cabins" heard, and echoed, and re-echoed the wail, over every green mountain and valley of the American land.

The 20th of December he lectured at Princeton, and immediately a donation of about eighty dollars was sent. His companion was then confined to her bed by a broken limb, and they were in *real* want. He went to her with the money in his hand, saying, See what the Lord has done! And though, like David, I have longed for this water, I must not drink it. This shall be "poured out to

\* Published in the Female Advocate and Genius of Temperance.

the Lord," this shall be the beginning of the Journal I have so ardently desired to publish.

\* \* \* \* \*

The christian females in the United States were aroused to action—yes, well do you remember, when you collected your praying band, when the "rich and the poor met together," and you opened the sacred volume, and read these sweet words, which you shall hear at the "resurrection of the just"—"I was hungry, and ye fed me; naked, and ye clothed me"—when you knelt together around the cross, and, in the bitterness of your soul, "told Jesus," that one of his faithful disciples was pining for bread—it was then you prepared the "spices and the ointment." You conferred together; the matrons curtailed their costly attire, the maidens laid aside their "tinkling ornaments." You applied your fingers to the needle; the widow "cast in her mite," and the woman "forsaken of her husband," protracted her nightly embers, that she too might share in the blessedness of giving.

You took your little ones upon your lap, and told in their wondering ears, that a good man in New-York could not get bread among all their fine houses, and that in none of their pretty churches would a minister let him go in his pulpit, and tell his people how wicked many of the men, women, and children were; how many were sorry they had been so wicked, but could not get away from their dreadful places, because nobody would take them in; and while the little listeners wondered that any could be so cruel, you asked, what will *you* do, that he may have something to eat.

Mothers, well do you remember how you folded them to your yearning hearts, when you saw the first dawning of benevolence sparkling in their young eyes, and with childlike simplicity they said, We will have no sugar, we will eat no butter nor cake, and you may send the money to the poor good man.

It was then the "fathers kindled the fire, the children gathered the wood, and the mothers made the cakes," and M'Dowall was fed.

The institutions, too, began to send supplies, and a gleam of hope irradiated the benighted soul of this suffering man, and he said, I shall live to "see the salvation of God."

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## CHAPTER XXIII.

Commences his Journal—Benevolent Society—Encouragements and difficulties—Moral Reform meeting—Malice and threats—All at stake—New troubles—*Strange* things—A nameless fact—Sickness of Mrs. M'Dowall—Luxury and style.

He now had abundant evidence that as every other avenue was closed against him, he should be heard through the press. He had sent out his card explaining his object, soon after his letter to the ladies; and in January, 1833, he issued his first number, "without a subscriber or a single pledge to sustain him."

This was an adventurous flight, and it took a M'Dowall to hazard it. He knew his *Magdalen Facts* had raised a whirlwind in the breasts of many, which had not yet subsided; he knew his funds were uncertain, and he knew the cause was exceedingly unpopular. A poor woman in New-York had found M'Dowall's *Magdalen Facts*, and sold a number. This had awakened in her heart feelings of the deepest pity for the lost of her sex, and the warmest gratitude towards the man who had suffered so much for their rescue. She went to M'Dowall, and proffered her services, as agent for the Journal, to do "what she could." He offered two shillings on a copy. She accepted but half the sum, and before the next May obtained between four and five hundred subscribers in the city.

*Dec. 27th, 1832.*—The Female Benevolent Society was formed. This indicated good, for some of the “rich and noble” were there.

Its walls were of hewn stone, each fitted to its place before it was brought from the mountains, so that the discordant sound of a differing sect should not be heard upon it. It was “*purely Presbyterian* ;” for one of their vigilant sentinels, who was to stand upon their watch-tower, had whispered in their ears, Let no other sect hold any power ; receive their donations, but allow them no office.

Ah ! little did M'Dowall divine that in the vault of that temple was coiled an adder that should sting him to death !

He hailed it as the harbinger of great good, though with its sectarianism he could not coincide. The world, he avowed, was his field, and he had shared in the sympathies of Baptists, Quakers, and Methodists, and to all he owed his labors and his gratitude.

### *Encouragements and Difficulties.*

Donations now came in, so that he was enabled to persevere with strong hopes of success. He missionated in the city as usual, pushing his investigations to bring things “new and old” for the Journal ; and though donations were multiplying, he still maintained the strictest economy in family expenses. His Journal states : “A gentleman had advanced rent for the house in which I resided. To encourage the Benevolent Society, who had agreed to refund him the rent, and to assume his responsibility for the rent of said house the remainder of the year, I handed to them, on the 8th day of January, 1833, \$134 38.” Some intimations were given that he lavished too much of the public money in distributing his Journals gratuitously, and that the daughter of Mrs. M'Dowall was not entitled to a home in the family. He therefore thought best to

live in "his own hired house," to which he removed in April.

He had been a friend to the Benevolent Society, and done what he could to promote its interests, though he had never been a "hired or accountable agent," but had acted as a missionary without any salary, and under no legal obligation. They in return had loaned him articles of furniture, provided some of the provisions of his table, though not a competency for the females they had placed in his family. He considered his operations distinct from theirs, as his was to publish a Journal, and theirs to build an Asylum.

He advertised the public again and again to specify particularly what use to be made of their donations: what for the Journal—what for his support—what for an asylum—and what for an agency.

In May a meeting of moral reform was held, at which John Wheelwright was chairman, and Rev. T. T. Waterman, of Providence, secretary. The following resolution was passed:

"Resolved, that we have implicit confidence in the Rev. J. R. M'Dowall, as the recipient of donations in behalf of the cause in which he is engaged, and also his past disbursements of the same."

A large meeting of ministers and other friends of moral reform was held in Chatham-street Chapel, and a deep interest manifested, encouraging Mr. M'Dowall to go on, and he should be sustained. A motion was made to appoint an assistant agent, and \$596 subscribed for the support of the same.

It then seemed that the clouds were clearing from the sky of M'Dowall, and a ray of hope beamed in his countenance. Not so. When the tornado held its breath, it was to gather fresh strength to hurl a more terrible blast.

*Malice and threats.*

He had, in his previous researches, come in contact with gentlemen in high standing, in houses of infamy, who had sworn revenge should he ever expose their character. These feared and trembled lest some random type-setter should spell their names, and they be consigned to lasting infamy. They rallied strong forces and went to the office of M'Dowall with bold threats to take his life, if he published names.

"The Journal elicits the ire of many. Letters sent to this office breathe threats and manifest malice. Organized hate seems to be concentrating her force in different quarters. The black clouds rushing on must burst, or drive by. They are furious. Mercy melts not their rage.

"I know the names of some who utter dire imprecations on my head. They are not considered vagabonds, but men of high character in the world."

*"All at stake."*

"The man who enters the field in which I labor, and acts upon the principles that govern my course, must hazard the loss of friends, property, liberty, life—yea, *all* things.

"Shall I advance or retreat? 'He who putteth his hand to the plough and looketh back, is not fit for the kingdom of heaven.' If I advance, other foes will assail me. I shall have no peace on earth. Life—liberty—property—character—all are at stake. But the Lord grant that I may follow him in the path of righteousness; and not in malice, but in love, expose men's sins, though I die in the act, or be immured in prison through life."

*New troubles.*

But this was not all. The little leaven which the woman had hid, was now leavening the whole lump. They had done a little for the support of the family, and the outpost guards of their society had given the timely alarm that M'Dowall was receiving too much money—that they must have an asylum, and *his* money must be turned into that channel. Besides, he is not competent to the management of so much money, and the public must be apprised of it. This was accordingly done. The public were apprised that M'Dowall was not a suitable man to be at the head of such an enterprise—that though his object might be good, his ignorance of business was such it could not be safe to entrust him with the care of money.

The complicated difficulties which then followed have no parallel but in Jesuitism. Time to rehearse the story would require the sun to stand still upon Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon.

As the committee required, he handed over donations to them, till he found it necessary to break off all connection with the Society—to leave his own house, and resign the girls into their keeping, together with the articles which the Society had lent for their use.

The abuse of the mob about his office, with the agitation of his mind on account of dissolving all union, and going he knew not where, brought on a fever. He passed restless days and nights, revolving in himself the dark scenes of adversity he had passed through, and what might be still in reserve for him.

He gained a little strength, and gave up the house to the Society; the year's rent he had paid in advance, which he also gave them.

The first Directress, the June previous, demanded all the moneys which had been sent him, even those which had been expended in the cause before the Society was

formed. He refused to comply with this unreasonable demand, but during his sickness the committee had looked over his accounts, and adjusted them in a manner pleasing in their own eyes.

He left the house, quite overcome with bodily weakness and mental anguish. It is "the little foxes that spoil the vines." The multiplied obstructions that were daily hedging up the pathway of M'Dowall vexed his soul from day to day. Whoever understands any thing of the organization of mind, knows that a *great* one will contend with giant difficulties with long and unshaken firmness, when the stinging of a gnat or the tedious buzzing of a fly would set every nerve ajar.

### *Strange Things.*

Mr. M'Dowall, with his companion, went into the country and passed a few weeks, which greatly invigorated him in body and mind. When he returned to the city he was able to look over his accounts, and ascertain what arrangements had been made in his illness, and, to his surprise, saw in the New-York Observer, that they had given him a salary of \$600, and Mrs. M'Dowall \$125; his for his agency, and hers for serving as a matron. This was the first time the salary had been mentioned, and as they never had worked for hire, so they wished not the thing to be named before the public. He never had been an agent, nor she a matron!

His brother was the assistant, but he never received *one* cent for his labors.

### *A nameless Fact.*

In the season of the cholera, Mr. Wright, the colored Presbyterian clergyman, had left the city, was taken sick, and Mr. M'Dowall supplied his pulpit. He was indefatigable in his labors, and entered with his whole soul into

the interests of that injured people. He visited from house to house; he prayed with the sick; and by his kindness and condescension to all, they became greatly attached to him. His services were gratuitous, but *they* were not satisfied without giving him some expression of gratitude.

They invited him to attend their evening services; but the season had become cold, and he had no outer garment; and he frankly told them his health was poor, and it was not prudent he should expose himself at night.

They no sooner heard this than they called a meeting, and devised a plan to supply him. A suitable cloak was provided, and presented in behalf of the congregation, in the most affectionate manner. An old grey-headed elder, who is now, no doubt, walking the streets of the New Jerusalem with the subject of this memoir, took the cloak on his arm, and as Mr. M'Dowall descended from the pulpit, presented it to him, saying,

“Here, my brother, accept this, as a small token of our gratitude; we are poor, and can do but little; you came to us when we were sitting by the cold streams of Babylon, when our harps were on the willows; you spake comforting words to us, and you revived our hopes.”

The manner of the aged pilgrim, his white locks, contrasted with his sable skin, the tears making their way along his furrowed cheeks, all together made such an impression on the tender heart of the recipient, that he valued that gift above all others, for he loved the blessing of the poor.

He had been in the habit of placing upon his books all donations of every kind, and their value. This was put upon his book and valued at twenty-five dollars, and when the inspectors of his accounts had access to his books, their eager eyes caught this, and one of them said, “This is ours.”

When told by whom, and for what purpose it was given, the individual who made the remark very quickly replied,

"If I hire a man to work in my garden and he occasionally takes a few hours to work for a neighbor, his wages are mine; consequently all Mr. M'Dowall has presented him for services must belong to the Society."

This needs no comment. The reader should bear in mind *he was not their agent*.

The money was required for the cloak! Mr. M'Dowall's mother was in the city,—she had learned something of her son's affliction, and a mother's soul was stirred within her. When the demand reached her ears, she said,

"Take the cloak and send it to the man, and let him raise the money upon it."

Mr. M'Dowall was not at home—she had a young son with her, and him she ordered to take the cloak and put it in the hall of the man who had demanded the money.

He did so, and probably it was done with considerable spirit.

This fact is named, to give a little specimen of the perpetual vexations that were assailing him; and he must have needed more than the meekness of Moses, when he brake the tables of stone, not to have manifested some of the risings of anger of which his enemies accuse him.

Mrs. M'Dowall sunk under these accumulated trials; severity or cruelty she had never inflicted; her heart was made of tenderness, and "on her lips was the law of kindness." She shrunk at the hearing of bitter words, and the cruel hatred of those she had loved.

In his Journal he writes, "The opposition exercised towards me, my dear brother, is no new thing. It has brought me nearly to the grave—it occasioned my partner a severe fit of sickness, which excited alarming apprehensions of death; but the Lord has helped us, and we will serve him and go forward."

From this protracted sickness of twelve weeks she finally recovered; but was it to see good days in the land

of the living ? Not so, the elements had not yet exhausted their fury, and she often said,

“ How long, O Lord, how long ? ”

*Luxury and Style.*

It was about this time that rumors were circulating that Mr. M'Dowall was availing himself of the public money, and faring sumptuously. His friends, who at first thought it an evil report, began seriously to inquire whether he had not taken the strange notion to live a little like his neighbors, and went to look into the matter, and, if needs be, to set him right: for, right or wrong, the opinion has gained in the world, that good and self-denying men must be kept in a state, at least, of moderate suffering, lest they should grow proud.

When a salary is to be given to a man in high station, it must be a heavy one; when a present is to be made to one who is so increased in riches that he has not “ where to bestow his goods,” it must be a prime article; but when a humble, needy disciple is to be clothed or fed, the garment must be plain, or he will be proud, and the food must be coarse, or it will make him sick.

The case of Mr. M'Dowall was carefully investigated, and found, as Mr. Leavitt has stated in a note appended to his sermon: His best room used for a printing-office to save rent, and one small room served for a bed-room, kitchen, and parlor: his food—bread, molasses, and pudding; and the *superfluities*, once or twice a-week a beef steak.

At another time, a similar report of the fashionable style in which he was reveling was put in motion, when a lady, who had watched these movements, and knew the principle from which they proceeded, directly took a collection around her table to carry to Mr. M'Dowall, declaring this was a token of his need, and called the same evening and found him in actual want.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Grand Jury—Moral Reform Society—General Refuge on the banks of the Hudson—Stranger's Home—New-York Election—New-York Observer—Obscene Prints.

What next? Be patient, reader; you are now in the outer court. When we shall have digged through the wall, and found the door that goes into the inner court, the *sanctum sanctorum*, you will "see greater abominations than these."

"The Grand Jury present the monthly publication, entitled '*M'Dowall's Journal*,' as a nuisance, which calls loudly for the interference of the civil authorities.

"The New-York Observer endorses the character of the Grand Jury, and prefers against me the following additional charges:

"1st. That I have been sadly lacking in a sense of christian delicacy and propriety.

"2d. That the Journal, to the whole extent of his investigations, is calculated to promote lewdness.

"3d. That the Grand Jury's presentment expresses the sentiment of all his religious acquaintances with whom he has conversed on the subject.

"My efforts in this cause have called out the virulent opposition of the vile rabble and the libertine press; and last, but not least, Messrs. S. E. Morse & Co. who charge me with a sad lack of christian delicacy and propriety. Will Mr. Morse tell the public what is the standard of christian delicacy and propriety? If he answer the Bible, then will he be kind enough to prove, by comparison, my statements with Bible facts? I challenge him to a comparison.

"In conclusion, it is but an opinion expressed by twenty

or twenty-five individuals, some of whom confessed that they have chanced to see but one or two numbers, and more have probably seen *none*; and this opinion is urged against the opinion of thousands of intelligent and pious christians, ministers, laymen, and ladies, who have regularly read each number, and who have, and who continue to support it, by their funds and by their prayers.

"Let the New-York Observer, the Courier and Enquirer, Grand Juries, and the Five Points say on: they have already done much for the Journal, by adding greatly to its list of subscribers, and why should I complain?"

Yes; well might he respond, "Say on"—*Go on*. What could they do? *They could express an opinion*. So could a company of tipplers meet in an ale-house, and if haply they could find a professed Christian, who would take a drop with them, sit down sociably together, and express an opinion "that it would be much better for the community of dram-drinkers, if temperate, virtuous females would cease to speak or act against husbands keeping late hours abroad, and brothers tarrying long at the wine; consequently virtuous women are a nuisance, and "call loudly for the interference of civil authorities."

This presentment of the grand jury is not named as one of the "swellings of Jordan" in M'Dowall's sad history, but simply to show the reader that every portion of his life was filled with some vexatious impediment to divert him from the grand object. One might well nigh conclude, by reading his private journal, that there had been one grand sitting in the court of Pandemonium; and that an edict had been issued that "the temple of Janus should be shut" throughout the world; that to every nation, kindred, and tribe, universal peace should be proclaimed, till by skirmish or battle, siege or fire, they should demolish this ill-fated man.

It would seem that the physical strength of Samson, together with the intellect of Paul, would be requisite to

hold mind and matter together under the constant roaring of thunder, the rattling of hail, or the spitting of sleet, to which he was alternately exposed.

It is not possible to rehearse one half the story in a volume like this; and few are prepared to believe what his energetic mind planned and his industry accomplished in a few short years, replete as they were with opposition and scorn. *The world did not know him; his friends did not know him.* One of his brethren remarked of him, "he was the crookedest stick that ever grew on mount Zion." Crooked indeed to every time-serving, slothful professor, to every hater of holiness. "He was a root out of dry ground." To such he had no form or comeliness whereby they should desire him.

"April 4th, 1834. Rev. C. Hall, of New-York city, called on me to-day. He wished to have a private interview, to give me a statement of his views respecting the Journal, wherein it might be improved, and how a reconciliation might be effected between me and the New-York Female Benevolent Society. Agreed to meet him at six, at his office. Mr. Hall is the first man who ever came to me for such a purpose, and in a christian, kind, and affectionate manner. I was surprised; but most sweetly I thanked him, and told him I was pleased. This fact I write down, as it may be of essential service to me in time to come."

About this time he writes, (1834,) "I have allowed cares, anxieties, and persecutions to divert me from keeping a regular journal. The Lord pardon his servant, for now I feel the loss. There is no remedy. I am afflicted. Even rulers in the house of God take advantage of me to oppress me and ruin my character. These come not to my help. Lord, give me grace and I will conscientiously seek thy glory."

Again his finances were exhausted, and he saw no way to publish another number of his Journal. He had re-

ceived a year's subscription from some thousands of people, whom he was not able to supply with the last four numbers for the year. He was well nigh giving up, fearing he must stand before the public as a dishonest man.

At this, to him distressingly trying time, some five or six persons, who well knew his worth, offered him assistance, and assured him he might call on them in all times of trouble.

Mr. Fanshaw pledged himself to continue his Journal through the year gratuitously, if the public should not supply him with funds.

At this time the woman who had been an agent for the Journal from the beginning, was in the western part of New-York on the same business. She had passed a fatiguing day; had procured but few subscribers, nor gathered any donations. As the day was drawing to a close, she called at a house, and solicited the lady to become a subscriber or give a small donation to Mr. M'Dowall. She refused, but directed her to a neighbor's, not far distant, who was rich and benevolent. Discouraged, she passed the gate and returned; thrice she did the same, resolving and re-resolving, till at last she reached the house and delivered her message. The lady joyfully welcomed her, adding,

"I have reserved fifty dollars as an offering to the Lord, and have been waiting to know where best to bestow it, and Providence has kindly sent you to tell me where it is most needed." She then subscribed for the paper, and prevailed on another lady to do the same.

With this donation, together with what she had previously collected, she returned to New-York and presented it to Mr. M'Dowall: he hastened to Mr. Fanshaw to cancel the debt, but he generously told Mr. M'Dowall to keep it for his family. This unexpected favor was gratefully received, for Mr. M'Dowall acknowledged he was wholly destitute of the means of subsistence.

Thus did God, when assistance from usual sources failed, send to him supplies in a manner that the public knew not of; by opening the hearts of some whose memory M'Dowall cherished till his latest breath; among whom was William Brown, Esq. one whom God had blessed with a liberal heart, an independent mind, and an abundance of this world's goods; and he was ever ready, when all other sources failed, to offer his aid in behalf of one whose merit he well knew, and from whose side he was not to be driven even by the threatening of that odium which was certain to fall upon the avowed friends of the injured M'Dowal.

### *Moral Reform Society.*

May, 1834.—A Female Moral Reform Society was formed auxiliary to the American Seventh Commandment Society.

Some of the leading members of this Society were members of the New-York Female Benevolent Society, and withdrew for the following reason: there had been published in the Courier and Enquirer, and the New-York Observer, something derogatory to the character of Mr. M'Dowall, and these ladies presented a resolution, that they had no agency or responsibility in regard to any such publications. The Board refused to act upon it.

These ladies therefore said,

"We protest against employing the name and influence of this Society to destroy or injure Mr. M'Dowall, and do now feel in duty bound to withdraw from all further connection with this Society." "MRS. WM. GREEN, Jun.

"MRS. D. C. LANSING."

This Society took a decided position in regard to the doings of the Benevolent Society, and have from the beginning been unshaken in their fidelity to Mr. M'Dowall and his cause. Mr. M'Dowall rejoiced, though, he had

suffered so much from the Female Benevolent Society, he dared not hope too much.

When the National Moral Reform Society was formed, he said "when the vote was passed, he felt as if all heaven gave a shout of joy."

*General Refuge on the Banks of the Hudson.*

We now find him, amidst all this turmoil of business and opposition, planning work for the whole American land.

A *General Refuge*—then comes a circle, thirteen in number, scattered promiscuously, contiguous to the principal cities, where repenting women might be transported, and pleasantly situated and prepared for the kingdom of heaven.

In his Journal he writes: "So deeply interested are the best feelings of my heart in the execution of this plan, that for months I have had to struggle hard against the desire to volunteer my services to the public to execute it."

Next he calls on the beloved sisters in Christ, saying, "To you I sent my appeal in October, 1832. Because the Lord inclined your hearts to return me a favorable answer, therefore it is that I have continued pleading the cause unto this day. Again, in the name of Christ, who sent me to preach to these forlorn beings, in whose behalf I then addressed you, I ask for the land, the money, the furniture, the labors, and the prayers, necessary to build this house for God, and for the rescue of many a widow's daughter and motherless and fatherless child.

"Could you see some of them enter my office, or stop me in the street, and ask for a home where they can reform, sympathy and love would unloose the purse-strings, and give me fifty thousand dollars before May, and an asylum to them before October.

"My plan is, to have an asylum in the country, and a receiving-house in New-York, and another in Albany, Troy, &c. and missionaries in each of the cities.

"Funds sent for this purpose will be deposited in the Greenwich Savings Bank, in the city of New-York. Not one cent will be used until a sum sufficient is on hand.

"Such funds are a sacred deposit. We shall either apply them exclusively to the object, or return them to the donors."

\* \* \* \* \*

Another plan of benevolence M'Dowall projected, was to have a *Stranger's Home*, a house for virtuous girls from the country, who were seeking employment, where they might stop till they could be directed to suitable places, as multitudes of this class are led into houses of infamy, unsuspecting of danger, till they are engulfed in ruin and despair. And likewise for city domestics who are dismissed from places, and often go from house to house to seek employment, till, ignorantly, they engage in a family whose house leads down to the chambers of death.

*Prevention* was his whole endeavor in all the last movements he made. To close up every avenue was his only hope.

\* \* \* \* \*

He says, "Who will now doubt the truth of the *Magdalen Report*?"

"The election of Mayor and Aldermen for New-York city took place on the 9th, 10th, and 11th of April, 1834.

"Scenes of riot and bloodshed were presented to the observer, such as no friend of liberty and morals loves to record.

"The daily papers have already told the world that the Mayor received a severe blow—that the District Attorney was knocked down—that six captains of the city watch were seriously injured—that the ribs of some were broken, and the heads and arms of others sorely wounded—that not less than fifty persons were knocked down in one place—that serious fighting and violent threats were made in other places—that thousands crowded the streets, and

endangered the peace and safety of the city—and that companies of light infantry and dragoons were ordered to assemble under arms in the arsenal.

“ It was a horrid scene ! As I stood at the corner of one of the streets, near the polls, and looked on the affray, I thought of the Magdalen Report—of the Journal, and its recent presentment, “ as a nuisance,” by the Grand Jury of this city. I could not but wonder that jurors should labor to cover up our iniquities, which the election has exposed to the world. And it is not to be forgotten that these riots, and this blood-shedding, occurred principally in the sixth ward, and in the immediate vicinity of the Five Points.”

*New-York Observer.*

“ Mr. Morse expresses great fear that my Journal has and will direct men to houses of infamy ; but he expresses no fear that the enticements and allurements to profligacy abounding in our streets will lead men astray. Hundreds of vile men and women may be seen in our streets any night that is not exceedingly unpleasant by reason of rain, hail, or snow : this is a common nightly scene. Men are sometimes seen singly or in troops. Sometimes they employ a hackman, and four or six persons may be seen coming out of a carriage before a house of ill-fame.

“ Mr. Morse makes no mention of lewd men who go to porter-houses, theatres, hotels, to markets and wharves, circuses, &c. to escort the profligate to houses of impurity. He is either in ignorance of the true state of things, which his optics ought to observe, or is more fearful of the evil effects of the Journal than he is of all these sources of iniquity. And what is passing strange, he utters not one word of alarm or censure against the organized establishments of vice, but seems to pass them over as if they were to be tolerated.

“ Physicians may open offices and print advertisements to the same purport on hand-bills, and send boys to distri-

bate them in public streets, about the wharves, and paste them up; wicked women may circulate cards among young men, as directories to their houses; but, O, the Journal is the evil-worker! And Mr. Morse, instead of bending his energies against these, lends his pen to crush me, whom he injuriously classes with the most obscene authors that ever wrote a paragraph.

"I regard this as invidious and wicked. If Mr. Morse is a christian, so am I, and a member of the same communion with himself. Why, then, did he not obey the rules of Christ's house, and come to me, and, alone, tell me my imputed faults, recommend a better course, and offer his assistance. No. He refused articles I sent for insertion in his paper, nor would he publish any thing on the subject of licentiousness. This was one of the causes that induced me to publish the Journal. Moreover, he attacked me in an unkind and unchristian manner. He made broad assertions; he preferred charges against me, which, if true, would depose me from the ministry. He gave no evidence—no reason for the truth and equity of his serious impeachments affecting my moral character.

"He affirmed that I had published articles of a certain character, and refused to inform his readers what those articles were; and has declined to let his readers have the titles, and the page and volume where they may be found. Such treatment I consider cruel; it is condemning me unheard; it is prejudicing against me every intelligent person who has confidence in the Observer's opinion, candor, and honesty. If Mr. Morse had assigned the reasons for his opinions, given the evidence and the articles to which he alluded, or their import in his own *unexceptionable* phraseology; and the names of the young men, or vouchers for the truth of his statement, I would not have complained; for his readers having his data, could follow his reasoning and perceive the correctness or fallacy of his conclusions.

"I insist upon it, he ought to have done this, or said nothing about me.

"I called on him the day he published these groundless charges, and reasoned with him. I allowed him time to retract his statements; but he has not done it. I have no expectation Mr. Morse will be the just man to permit my defence to come through his paper into the audience of the jury before which he has condemned me. He told me that he could not print certain things which he condemned in the Journal, and he did not feel inclined to state their import, nor to refer to the articles which he censured.

"I do entreat those editorial gentlemen who favor the cause I advocate, to publish this article in their columns."

*M'Dowall, though dead, yet speaketh.*

\* \* \* \* \*

"In the winter of 1833-4, Mr. M'Dowall entered upon his researches into the manufacture and importation of obscene books, prints, music-boxes, snuff-boxes, &c. &c. and was completely astounded by his discoveries; no less than three thousand dollars' worth of them being within a stone's throw of his own office.

"He applied to the Police Office to obtain their interference, but without success, as there is no law in this state authorizing a search for such articles. During the week of anniversaries in the year 1834, he called together about three hundred clergymen and others at the Chatham-street Chapel Lecture-room, and after giving a short sketch of his labors in this department, in which, as in all other operations, he had received considerable censure from friends, who could not form an idea of the evil from what they had seen or heard, he went on to say that our country was flooded with these obscene articles. Many persons, especially clergymen, more than hinted their thankfulness that they lived in places that were not yet polluted with such works of the devil. But when they were presented to view, and were assured that these were purchased from

retail dealers, manufacturers, and importers in New-York; and these from the same classes in Boston, Philadelphia, &c. &c; and these from such a town, village, &c. almost all present started with horror, as the conviction fastened upon the mind that M'Dowall was correct in his assertions, and that no man's sons or daughters could be safe from pollution of mind, even under the most vigilant inspection of their parents; so long as many of the venders of these articles enter our dwellings as pedlars of books, dry-goods, &c. and when opportunity offers, produce from the false bottoms of their packages, or some other secret place, these works of pollution, and urge them upon the youth of our land.

"They felt the force of M'Dowall's remarks as these articles were spread out before them. He then presented a catalogue from ONE HOUSE ONLY, of more than forty obscene books. Such developements could not but fill the hearts of parents with the deepest intensity of feeling, at the awful responsibility laid upon them, when they saw the shrewdness of the adversary in preparing his machinery for the destruction of all classes. Here were prints made expressly for children—others of a better workmanship, at a little higher price; and others again, in which were displayed the skill of the best artists in our country at engraving, printing, and coloring. Here were boxes of a variety of prices, from the commonest tobacco-box to the superb music-box. Here were an assortment of obscene playing-cards; also a variety of books, here and there ornamented with plates; some as common as possible, and purchased for a few cents each, others prepared for such as cared not for expense. In short, the variety presented to view, with the actual responsibility of parents and guardians of youth, seemed to impress almost every mind with the imperious duty of the most energetic operations in moral reform; and many, who before felt or thought little on the subject, now resolved never to cease from their labor in these operations till death closed their career.

“ This meeting had the effect of eliciting many horrible accounts of the depravity of our youth in various parts of the country. Here was revealed what was not known to many present—the fact that most of our colleges and large schools are abundantly supplied with all these things.

“ Mr. M'Dowall had in contemplation, when he called this meeting, the purchasing a few of these articles from the various dealers in *every* city and town throughout the country; and on some specified day to have some persons in each place to take hold of, by law, these fiends in human shape, and stop their iniquitous practices. But on the return of these ministers to their homes, some felt that no time should be lost, and at once proceeded in breaking up the traffic.

“ This haste, together with the want of funds, prevented the farther prosecution of this affair out of New-York. But although Mr. M'Dowall's hands were tied in this respect, he was not idle, but was furthering the cause through our mayer, some of the common council, and the police department; many of whom were showing great attention to him, properly appreciating his worth to mankind, while a large majority of his ministerial brothers were casting him out as too vile to be classed among decent men.

“ His last act in moral reform operations was to hand over to the police department, at their request, a variety of the works of iniquity just mentioned. And in consequence of his exertions, now while he is enjoying his reward in heaven, our constituted authorities are striving to obtain an Act entitling them to the power of searching for such articles.

“ Mr. M'Dowall knew of very many thousand dollars' worth of those articles for sale in New-York, and of several places in our city where they were manufactured; but nothing effectual could be done without adequate laws. This power we shall now have, through his instrumentality; and then the dealers in them may expect to meet with a portion of what they deserve from their fellow-citizens.

"These dealers are to be found, not among the low and vulgar only, but among all classes, from the pedlars of books in our markets to the wholesale merchants and importers, a catalogue of whose names, occupation, street, and number, is now among his papers. These comprise, principally, the dealers in our cities, such as New-York, Boston, &c. &c."

After this general meeting Mr. M'Dowall made the most diligent researches from city to city. He had offices established in different places—New-York, Boston, and Cincinnati.

He visited Philadelphia, May 17th, and writes, "Fatigued—sick. On Sabbath attended colored Methodist preaching."

"*Wednesday, 21st.*—Meeting in the session-room in Cherry-street—found fifty-three places where lewd prints are for sale—five hundred prints—fifty snuff-boxes—three musical boxes.

"*Thursday.*—Met again by adjournment.

"*Friday, 23d.*—Met again.

"*Saturday.*—Met by adjournment—resolutions passed, and were to be forwarded to me at 31 Cornhill, Boston.

"*A. M.*—Took the rail-road boat for Boston, arrived at New-York near sun-set.

"*Monday, 26th.*—Took a boat for Boston, Rev. Mr. Mattheson and Mr. Reed, of England, on board; had an agreeable interview. Rev. Dr. Peters on board—opposed to the Journal; says it pours the light of corruption through the land.

"Retired about two o'clock in the morning, much oppressed by pain in the head.

"*Wednesday, 28th.*—Boston, arrived about nine P. M. exhausted by excessive labor, anxiety, and sleepless hours. I was unable to prosecute my business, and retired to rest in bed. Several gentlemen called on me.

“ Deacon Grant and Deacon W. G. Lambert, from the Boston Committee on prints, called on me ; I was in bed. They feel unpleasantly about their situation. I informed them that Burrows told me that the meeting that appointed the committee wished to have nothing to do with me in any shape, and therefore I did not consult with the committee by letter ; I had intended to call on them, but ill-health and business had prevented. I sent Mr. Burrows to this city ; paid him a dollar a day and his traveling expenses, and intended on the following week to have superintended all his operations in person, but was necessarily prevented. The articles he had purchased for them were in my office, and should be returned to them.

“ My investigations in New-England have cost several hundred dollars, and means are now in active operation to carry them through. Boston is, as it has been, the immediate theatre of my researches.

“ I regret that expediency renders it impossible for your committee to have any connection with me. It shall not be my business purposely to thwart your designs.

“ I have a plan embracing every city and considerable town in America, and, to my might, even unto death, am resolved to put it into execution.

“ Probably a better knowledge of my plan might influence the committee to aid me. My health is still very feeble, or I should personally call on you. In view of my business and engagements, I considered it my solemn duty to go forward.

“ W——’s clerk said he sold one hundred dollars’ worth of pictures to one man last week. He had two books, price eighty dollars—fifty for one and thirty for the other. They are in his bed-room in the tavern, and prints hang around the bed-room. He has a large quantity of them. ——house, Milk-street, Boston ; have four hundred to five hundred dollars’ worth on hand.

“ J—— said he sold about one hundred prints this week,

principally to young men citizens, some to sailors,—hung up around his room.

“A sailor, in a cellar in Ann-street, eighteen or twenty years old, said that he brought from China and gave away a long roll of one or two dozen of obscene prints.”

*To Messrs. Grant and Lambert,*

“I expect to return from New-York to your city in a few weeks, and hope to have an interview with you, and other friends of moral reform in Boston.

“I expect to engage in investigations, and shall be pleased to render aid to you and others, so far as my ability will enable me, and will thankfully receive any proffered pecuniary assistance, and such suggestions as discreet individuals or societies shall feel it to be their duty to make.

“J. R. M'DOWALL.”

## CHAPTER XXV.

Third Presbytery—Kindness—Mobs—Letter to Oneida—Institute—  
Leaves the house in Mott-street—Address to the Ladies of the  
Moral Reform Society.

Verily the sound has gone out into all the earth, as far as the name of M'Dowall is known, that a third Presbytery exists in the city of New-York, of which he was a member, and that this Presbytery saw fit to arraign Mr. M'Dowall before them, in June, 1834, to hear certain charges made against his Journal.

“Mr. Roe Lockwood, a member in Dr. Cox's church in New-York, called at my office, and told me that he intended to prefer against the Journal certain charges before the Third Presbytery of New-York, on the 2d of June following; and that he wished me to attend and hear his

charges. Accordingly, on the 2d of June, I went to the Third Presbytery, and then Mr. Lockwood requested the presbytery to allow him to state to them some of his objections to M'Dowall's Journal. M'Dowall stated that there were other charges than Mr. R. Lockwood's, and that he hoped the presbytery would notice them too, and thus take up the whole subject; that Mr. Lockwood's charges were confined to the Journal, and did not implicate Mr. M'Dowall's honesty, but that the other charges did criminate him of dishonesty. Hoped that the charges would be tabled, and the presbytery proceed regularly. The presbytery agreed to hear Mr. Lockwood on the 3d of June, at Chatham-street Chapel. Met at the Chatham-street Chapel. M'Dowall insisted that the presbytery should proceed according to the book—should table charges, and give him a copy. He did not see that any satisfactory result could be otherwise obtained.

“ Dr. Cox and others wished to consider the subject in a fraternal conversational meeting of presbytery, as he believed that in that way the presbytery would arrive at such results as would prevent the technicalities, and avoid the iron teeth of the law.

“ M'Dowall replied, that he stood before his presbytery—that he wished the presbytery to table its charges against him: that if his Journal was corrupting public morals, he ought to be tried; and, if condemned, to be censured for publishing erroneous opinions which injure the purity and peace of the church; and that if he were dishonest, he ought to be deposed from the ministry.

“ Mr. R. Lockwood and M'Dowall were asked if they were willing to discuss the subject in an interlocutory meeting of presbytery. L. was willing; M'D. demurred, for several reasons, principally because that he did not see that any satisfactory result could thereby be obtained.

After some conversation, during which it was stated that the Presbytery, at the close of the interlocutory meet-

ing, would record a vote, M'Dowall did distinctly understand that if the Presbytery should record a vote, that then the Presbytery, upon that recording vote, would proceed formally to the trial; but if it should appear that there were no grounds for charges against M'Dowall, no vote would be recorded, and then the whole matter would be kept off the minutes of the Presbytery. M'Dowall still preferred not to go into an interlocutory. Dr. Cox then stated, if M'Dowall would not consent to this, he would table charges, as he was seriously impeached by highly respectable ladies. M'Dowall cast himself upon the Presbytery, and would take the course it prescribed. It was objected, that M'Dowall cast himself upon the *sympathies* of the Presbytery; to which he replied, that he did not cast himself upon the sympathies, but upon the christian judgment of the Presbytery. The Presbytery then resolved that it would go into an interlocutory meeting. Mr. Charles Starr, one of Dr. Cox's elders, was invited to sit as a corresponding member.

Mr. Lockwood stated :

"1st. That common fame and Grand Juries presented M'Dowall's Journal as a nuisance.

"2d. That M'Dowall ranked editors, and others who opposed his Journal, with the licentious.

"3d. That the whole work, except here and there, is full of exceptionable matter," &c. &c. &c. till twenty charges were on file.

During the time these statements were made M'Dowall repeatedly objected to the course, and called for the tabling of charges, which was opposed by Dr. Cox and others.

Mr. Starr brought his charges before the interlocutory, amounting at first to some "forty or fifty, which, however, a few days after, he reduced to twenty-five." These charges were (as appears from the Presbytery's resolutions) satisfactorily refuted by two of Mr. M'Dowall's friends, who occupied about a week. Mr. M'Dowall devoted his time

to the refutation of these charges, as his christian character was deeply involved in them, and paid little or no attention to the charges against the Journal.

The meeting next took up Mr. Lockwood's opinions of the Journal, and wished M'Dowall to reply to them. He declined doing this, because he was much exhausted by the efforts already made, and because he saw no object to be gained, nor why he should be called on to reply to certain opinions that individuals might entertain respecting his paper. Why not call on Mr. Leavitt, editor of the *Evangelist*, to answer to certain opinions respecting his paper?

When the meeting came to consider Mr. Lockwood's opinions, the following questions were introduced: 1st. On what principles ought moral reform to be conducted? 2d. What are the moral aspects and tendencies of M'Dowall's Journal? On these questions M'Dowall spoke three quarters of an hour. The members then, in order, gave their opinions. Some days were occupied by members expressing their opinions of the Journal. Before all had delivered their opinions, a committee was appointed to draft resolutions relative to the Journal. The resolutions were drafted and presented to the meeting, and, after some amendments, were received and adopted; and the meeting then resolved into presbytery, and immediately, without discussing the resolutions, passed the same in presbytery, as a presbyterial act.

On the question of adopting and publishing them as a presbyterial act, the vote stood six to five. Some did not vote, of whom was Mr. M'Dowall. Most of the friends of the Journal were absent when the vote was taken, and several were out of town.\*

The Presbytery finally concluded, after adding the following resolution:

\* M'Dowall's Journal, vol. 2, page 95.

*Resolved*, That while, so far as the presbytery have investigated, they have seen no reason to impeach the moral character of Mr. M'Dowall in the management of the pecuniary interests of the cause in which he was engaged; yet, in their opinion, it is highly inexpedient for a minister of the Gospel to bear the responsibility of administering pecuniary concerns, and receiving and expending money in any enterprise of benevolence, especially one so extensive as that under consideration.

A true extract from the minutes.

(Attest) ELIHU BALDWIN, *Clerk*.

Is the inquiry made, Why all this opposition to M'Dowall and his Journal?

The answer is obvious.

"In June, 1833, the Benevolent Society, for the first time, laid claim to Mr. M'Dowall as their *hired and accountable agent since April, 1832*. They claimed that he was under *their* control, responsible to *them* for all the money he had received, or might receive, from the public, whatever might have been the purpose for which it had been sent, even if it was expressed by the donors as for "*his use*" or "*to be disposed of at his discretion*," or "*for the use of his family*." In short, they claimed all and every dollar that was not sent expressly for his *Journal*.

Such were their claims; and although M'Dowall had always deemed them totally unjust and invalid, yet, to prevent slander and promote harmony, he paid them all they demanded, up to the 6th of August, 1833. Peace and harmony, however, were not restored; and Mr. M'Dowall paid no regard to subsequent claims, but disposed of moneys sent to him, according to the direction of the donors.

This resistance of Mr. M'Dowall to the claims of the Female Benevolent Society, gave occasion to the numerous reports circulated against his character, and this was the commencement of their opposition to his Journal. The

consequence of this was a total separation between them. These reports against Mr. M'Dowall, and this opposition to his Journal, continued up to the regular meeting of the "Third Presbytery," about the 1st of June.\*

Mr. M'Dowall remarks, "Seventh Commandment Society met and devised a plan to sustain the Journal. Brother Leavitt and William Green, Jun. assisted me much. *The Lord regard them.*" William Green invited him to his house, and patiently and faithfully investigated his accounts during the sitting of the presbytery. He likewise defended his cause before the presbytery. The protracted trials Mr. M'Dowall had been passing through for months and years, had rendered him wholly unfit to contend with a host like this. His health was greatly impaired, his spirits depressed, and he felt that God was giving him over into the hands of his enemies. But his patient and forbearing spirit clearly exemplified the religion he professed. Mr. Green testifies, that when adjusting his accounts, many things which might operate against him on the trial he insisted should be produced, that no appearance of intrigue, or fear of coming to the light, should be alleged against him.

### *Mobs.*

July, 1834, was memorable for a new declaration of Independence. A simultaneous movement was made to clear the city of such nuisances as were most offensive.

The property of abolitionists and the office of M'Dowall were the victims, and brick-bats, fire, and storm, the weapons. M'Dowall was advised to leave his dwelling, and take the sign from his office, to prevent an effusion of blood.

He left his house and took refuge with the mob. He accompanied them in disguise from place to place, and

\* See M'Dowall's Journal, Vol. 2. p. 94.

learned all their arrangements, and went with them to his office. They paused, and said, "This is M'Dowall's—ah, he's a *poor devil*—we wont hurt him," and passed on. O, thought M'Dowall, how much more lenient is this lawless mob to me than those who call themselves my brethren! He escaped unhurt, and his property unmolested, though he had every reason to believe that many of *that* rabble were those who had previously threatened him destruction if he disclosed their abominations.

*July 24th.*—He writes in his Journal, "The Presbytery say that proper information, as to the existence of the vice and the dangers which beset the young and the unguarded, especially females, in large towns and cities, may be diffused.

"How can you show females the dangers which beset them, unless you show the gins, traps, pit-falls, arts, lures, &c. used by wicked men and seducers to ruin them? Are not these the dangers that beset them? And to diffuse a knowledge of these dangers, would be diffusing details which the Presbytery condemn as sin.

"Thousands of this Journal have been circulated gratuitously in the city, in haunts of riotous and corrupted persons, and among the seamen and men sailing on the neighboring rivers and coast. Because these Journals were read by many of the abandoned, does it therefore follow that the Journal is a corrupt publication? Are Tracts and Bibles given gratuitously to the same sinners in the same places? And because some of the Tracts and Bibles are read, does it follow that Tracts and Bibles are of licentious tendency? And if a Bible should be found in a house of ill-fame, or in a drawer by the side of a notoriously vile book, would that juxta position determine the Bible to be a bad book? Or if a few worthless persons should occasionally purchase a Bible or Tracts, would their purchase be evidence that their Bible or Tracts were at least of questionable moral influence? That the major-

city of the readers of the Bible and of Tracts were adulterers? Or if a female were seen reading the Bible for a few days or weeks previous to her seduction, would that prove that the Bible caused her downfall? Yet such is a specimen of the reasoning by which it was attempted to be proved, in the Third Presbytery of New-York, that the Journal is injurious to public morals. They complain of the details of lewdness in my Journal. Are there in the Bible any transgressions of the seventh commandment detailed in a minute, practical, and plain manner, so that the unlearned may understand it?

"Do any persons object to the Bible as a corrupt and bad book on account of its minute and practical details of crime? Do any persons object to the Bible as a book filled with incredible statements, because many of these statements are horrible? Yet my Journal is incredible, because the descriptions are appalling and degrading to our refined city.

"A resolution passed to this effect—

"That instead of a periodical exclusively devoted to the evils of licentiousness, and designed for general circulation, they would prefer, that, in connection with well written Tracts, more attention should be given to the subject by the common religious journals of the day."

"*Wednesday, August, 1834.*—Called on E. W. Baldwin to see the minutes of Presbytery. He refused to show them to me, stating they had not been approved during a session of more than thirty days!"

Mr. M'Dowall continued his Journal through the summer as he had done, collecting what facts he could, which made his labors very difficult, as his former book-keeper left him—and in the month of October he made a donation of his printing apparatus, together with the subscription list, jewelry, and veils he received, as donations to the Moral Reform Society, with an intention of going to Europe. His mind had long been intent on that object,

as one of great importance in the work in which he was engaged; but his friends importuned him to defer it until another year at least, thinking his enemies might take advantage of his absence, as they were awake to all his movements. His friends also wished to provide a temporary home for females who were desirous of reforming, and proposed to M'Dowall to take the charge of them for the winter.

This dreadful task he did not refuse, though he well knew it must be attended with the most painful responsibilities.

*November 13th.*—He wrote a letter to Oneida Institute, soliciting the aid of two brethren to labor as missionaries among the degraded. The following is an extract:

"Mrs. Wm. Green, Jun. of this city, has written to President Green on the subject of agencies. She wrote in behalf of the Female Moral Reform Society.

"The Female Moral Reform Society of New-York wants two of the brethren to come and spend a few weeks as missionaries in the city.

"The Society will give them their board. Also, it will aid them in other ways, as by giving them clothing, and *perhaps* some money.

"Next year I propose to make the General Refuge one of the objects of my pursuit, and to give towards its erection all the funds I can, taking merely enough to print a paper for the subscribers.

"The Refuge, or Asylum, is one grand object that must be accomplished.

"We want all the money we can secure, to justify us to proceed in the work. The work *must* prosper. Will God withhold his blessing?

"Without a large asylum we cannot establish an extensive and efficient mission among the city poor and the city profligate.

"I add, if two brethren will come to the city and be missionaries for the New-York Female Moral Reform

Society, that they will *probably* board with me. The Society *is not able* to do much for them, but it will remember them, and secure them some aid from other benevolent societies in the city. High hopes must not be excited in their minds; but I do sincerely hope that, at the least, two of them will come and be magdalen missionaries for a few weeks.

"Please to write me immediately, and tell me whether any of them will come. Yours,

"J. R. M'DOWALL."

The foregoing letter was favorably answered, and two young men, Mr. Barber and Mr. Foote, were appointed to the mission. The labors of that winter were marked with deep interest. Mr. M'Dowall, alive to every movement that could give an impetus to the cause, accompanied them (when possible) from house to house, warning and entreating, as had been his uniform practice for preceding years. His time was necessarily much occupied at home with those abandoned ones who had expressed a desire to turn from the evil of their ways, but many of whom gave sad proof that their hearts were fully set in them to do evil. His rigid discipline kept them in due subordination when he was present. The word of God and prayer were his weapons, and these were in constant exercise.

On each Sabbath morning, those who desired the privilege convened at his house, and spent an hour or more in prayer and exhortation, but principally in reading the Scriptures. In the latter the abandoned were all required to join. These were solemn and interesting occasions, occasions on which the guilty sinner trembled, while M'Dowall "reasoned of death and a judgment to come," and the believer felt his awful responsibility and past criminal neglect, that he had so long left this untiring apostle to labor alone.

When these exercises closed, as many as were willing

went out in companies, with the word of life in their hands, and visited the abode of her whose "house leadeth down to the chambers of death;" but not till after the most solemn charge had been given by M'Dowall, to see to it that all had "pure hearts and clean hands." Never till then had the labors of Mr. M'Dowall been appreciated, even by his friends—never till then had the extent of the evil been felt; and though appeal after appeal had been made—though long and loud had the sound been sent forth, that the tide of pollution was overspreading the city, yet few believed, and these few had not yet put forth that exertion which a living faith would have prompted them to do. The efforts of this winter fully confirmed M'Dowall in his belief, that prevention is the only remedy that will effectually remove the evil. He says, like the temperance cause, a few may be saved from the ranks of the drunkard, but the vacancies will speedily be filled by new subjects; so in this, a few outcasts may gladly embrace the offer of a retreat from their wretched condition, but this can never dry up the fountain.

Concerning the labors of this winter, Mr. Barber writes :

TROY, May 28, 1837.

"You requested me to furnish you with any information that may be interesting to the public, respecting that devoted apostle of Moral Reform, the Rev. J. R. M'Dowall. I am grateful for the privilege of recording my name among the friends of that departed saint. Long live his memory, for his works can never perish. To know him was to love him, and those loved him most who knew him best. When a man became acquainted with him, the charges brought against him became as idle tales, while he would pity the ignorance of some and blush with shame for others who were engaged in traducing his character.

"In the fall of 1833, though a stranger to him personally, I yielded to strong solicitations, and became an agent to present the cause of Moral Reform, and to obtain subscri-

bers for his Journal. Though it was entirely new for a public audience to be addressed from the long-neglected seventh commandment of God, yet I have never seen assemblies more solemn or attentive than when listening to an exhibition of its principles. I found many warm friends not only to the cause and the Journal, but also to M'Dowall personally. The efforts that were then making to impeach his character seemed to inspire confidence in him, and excite to still greater self-denial to sustain him. I never took up collections nor insisted on donations, but frequently received money from individuals, who uniformly gave instructions to have it go directly to M'Dowall. At the close of one meeting in the town of F——, county of D——, I saw a modestly attired female with a young man, whom I afterwards learned was her brother, lingering behind the crowd. Just as a fellow-laborer and myself were leaving the door, she placed in my hand a little paper neatly folded, the contents of which she said she wished to go directly to Mr. M'Dowall, to be used as he thought fit. She paid another dollar, and became a subscriber for his Journal. When we opened the paper to examine the freewill offering, we found the sum of thirty dollars, which money, we were told, was probably obtained by her for teaching a district school. Surely she had confidence in his labors, and wished to be a sharer in his toil.

"I left the field in the spring of 1834, deeply impressed with the propriety and importance of the efforts then making to correct public morals. Licentiousness had scattered its pestiferous influence through every village and neighborhood that could be heard of. Tale after tale of disgrace and suffering had been listened to, until it was difficult to contemplate fallen human nature with other feelings than perfect disgust. The Bible was treated by many as a book of vulgarisms, detached parts only of which were fit to be read in religious assemblies. The pulpit made its obei-

sance to public sentiment, and the vile profligate sat under its shadow unrebuked.

"The friends of purity, (and thanks be to God there were some such,) who had become informed of M'Dowall's plans and acquainted with his Journal, were his friends, while his enemies were generally ill-informed, or acknowledged to be licentious.

"In the fall of 1834 arrangements were made for a good brother and myself to spend the winter in New-York, to labor as city missionaries for the Female Moral Reform Society. Soon after arriving there, we found ourselves at the house of Mr. M'Dowall, 27 Mott-street. He then lived in a house hired by the Female Moral Reform Society, and occupied as a temporary refuge for the returning daughters of sorrow and disgrace. Every thing within bore marks of great simplicity and economy. No highly burnished furniture, ornamental paintings, fashionable table-lamps, or Turkey carpets. Here, for the first time, I was introduced to the Rev. J. R. M'Dowall. I met him not as a stranger, but as a brother beloved. As might be expected, but little time passed before we entered into a free and full interchange of feelings respecting the cause for the prosperity of which he had suffered and labored, wept and prayed, for years.

"Though he esteemed the missionary effort important, and a refuge necessary to make the operation perfect, yet his main hope was in prevention. He had labored with much solicitude to reclaim abandoned females for years, almost in vain. He had seen them promise well for weeks and months, and then, "like a dog to his vomit, or a sow to her wallowing," return to their sins, until his hope in this department had perished. He had abandoned the idea that any thing but temporary and extremely limited advantages could be obtained from any measure short of reaching the public mind. Of the justness of this conclusion no well-informed friend of moral purity can for a

moment doubt. As well might a few buckets of water be dipt from the ocean, with a view of drying up the streams that flow into it, as to think of checking licentiousness by reforming a few of its ruined victims. The city, like the ocean, is a great reservoir, into which very many exceedingly filthy streams, leading far back into the country, are continually emptying their polluted waters. How can this ocean be cleansed, unless these streams are traced backward to their heads, and the healing waters of life poured into their fountains? M'Dowall saw no other way, for truth had never revealed any other.

"While he acted according to the convictions of his own enlightened mind, others, less informed, chose strenuously to oppose him. This was near the close of the last year of publishing his Journal. Opposition from those professedly friendly to the cause, yet continuing to advocate measures which he had tried and abandoned as almost useless, had become exceedingly formidable. This weighed down his spirits. In addition to the slanders that were continually and diligently circulated against him, he felt that his means for publishing his Journal had been most unrighteously taken from him, and devoted to an object foreign from the design of the donors. He was at this time under pecuniary embarrassments, and yet his engagements to the public for the two last numbers of the Journal were unfulfilled. His accounts also occasioned him no small trouble. From one cause and another he had been obliged frequently to change book-keepers, and consequently this department had been thrown into much confusion. As he began to be more and more convinced that he should be obliged to resign his agency for the public and quit the field, he determined to bring his books into a proper shape for the inspection of the public eye.

"Amid all these perplexing cares and trials, the spiritual interests of those gathered into the temporary refuge were not forgot; neither were his Bible or family religion ne-

glected. He made much of God's word, and studied it with delight. A few who volunteered to spend their Sabbaths in visiting from house to house, distribute Tracts, and converse with the wayward sinner, used to meet at his house, at 9 o'clock in the morning, for social prayer and study of the Scriptures. This was a season of great interest to him and benefit to them. He dwelt frequently upon the necessity of possessing the spirit of Christ, and of preaching the Gospel to *every creature*, though they be poor and wicked, and dwell in the lanes of the city. When this band dispersed, in companies of from two to five, for these self-denying duties, he made one of their number. 'The first day I spent with them, it was my privilege to be one of the company under his direction. I shall never forget with what fear and trembling I approached that abandoned portion of the city, so noted for vice; and how my blood crawled through my veins, as I entered for the first time a house of her "whose way leads down to hell." It was on Sabbath morning; but her guests were there. Bloated faces, blackened eyes, filthy language, horrid oaths, soul-sickening sights. Words are too feeble to describe the scene.

"He led us on from bad to worse, conversing, distributing Tracts, and sometimes praying with those wretched beings, until, fatigued and sick at heart, we were glad to seek the relief of a quiet home.

"After witnessing what we did that day, no individual would be at a loss to account for the interest M'Dowall took in the cause of Moral Reform. Whole streets, for a great distance, and some entire blocks, were occupied by these loathsome objects of impurity. Buildings presenting a princely appearance without and within, down to underground rooms, with a jug and glass in one corner, and a pile of straw in another, too filthy to be visited by any beings more decent than swine, all thronged and devoted to this perdition-fitting business. Females who were edu-

cated and accomplished, capable of gracing any circles in human society; and others too low to claim affinity with the human family, all were constantly weaving the winding-sheet of souls, and year after year, by scores and hundreds, dropping into a miserable eternity; while their places were filled with those who but yesterday were the hope and pride of their parents. Old men and young—married and unmarried, night after night, in multitudes, were thronging these gateways of death. Hundreds and thousands of children were brought up in ignorance, sin, and shame—a disgrace to themselves and a curse to the world. God's holy Sabbaths were constantly trampled under foot by not less than 30,000 wretches, who, in one way and another, were concerned in these haunts of infamy. Every heaven-daring wickedness that mortal man ever practiced since the fall, seemed to be interwoven with and supported by licentiousness. No one could behold these evils for a day, and then set himself down for reflection, without being solemnly impressed with the importance, yea more, with the convictions that imperious necessity demanded the labors of J. R. M'Dowall. If what has sometimes been said of his Journal were true, we might have expected to find it in every habitation beside these obscene prints; but the Journal and the Bible teach principles that find no advocates there. We found no religious periodicals in any of the habitations except one. One keeper was a subscriber for the New-York Observer: she spoke highly of the paper, and kept a file of it for future reference. But the more common reading of those who read at all, are penny papers, and fictions, or infidel books.

“When these characters determine on reformation, and are brought into one community for that purpose, with constitutions broken, judgments impaired, tempers irritable, principles destroyed, and passions sometimes raging like a furious tempest, the government of them is no easy task.

It requires a familiar acquaintance with human nature, great patience, and much decision of character, to manage them with success. Few persons have succeeded in this department better than M'Dowall. His measures were mild and conciliatory, but his government was decided. When any difficulty arose that required his attention, business must be laid aside, and the case must undergo a thorough examination. His law was the word of God, and in the light of that he administered reproof. This done, all must kneel down, when he would confess the particular sin, and implore the mercy of heaven upon the offender. Such seasons were always profitable; they were frequently attended with weeping and confession, and rarely ever failed to produce the desired effect. He was esteemed by them as a father and friend, when they had been cast off by all others. Though overcome by former habits, or sinking under a sense of their fallen condition, too many of them returned to their former shame; yet they always remembered M'Dowall; they would defend him against slander, and frequently shed tears at the mention of his name and remembrance of his kindness.

"This man of God was ready to take advantage of every circumstance, and improve every opportunity, to benefit or reclaim these self-ruined immortals.

"One evening, as he was returning from the toils of the day to the bosom of his family, he had occasion to pass one of those corners where 'passengers are called who go right on their ways;' a woman took him by the arm, and as he did not appear to be frightened at her rudeness, she proposed that he accompany her into a neighboring street, where preparations would be made for herself and her paramour. 'He knew that the dead were there, and that her guests are in the depths of hell.' 'No,' said he, 'I am going up into Mott-street; a woman keeps a house up there that I visit every night.' She saw he was decided; and, not understanding that he referred to his own house,

but still in hopes of accomplishing her designs, she decided to accompany him. A moment or two passed, and they mounted the steps, rang the bell, and he was welcomed, with an accustomed smile, to his own quiet home. Such manifestations of kindness, under certain circumstances, was familiar to his new acquaintance, and excited no suspicion on her part but what all things were working together to accomplish the consummation of her own designs. As the door closed behind them M'Dowall dropped upon his knees, and in a most solemn manner spread out before the Lord the shameful business she was pursuing, and awful guilt of her polluted heart. At first she stood confounded, then, trembling, fell upon her face and wept, while he continued to pray God to have mercy on her soul.

"She proved to be a well-informed, well-educated young woman, the daughter of wealthy and respectable parents. She resolved on reformation, and remained with the family some days with that intention; but, it is to be feared, finally returned to fill up her cup of sin and sink to woe.

"Another incident occurred while he was connected with the temporary refuge in Mott-street, that excited some interest with a few acquainted with the facts at the time.

"A stranger called at the door one evening, who claimed to be the husband of one of the inmates of the Asylum, and demanded admittance. He was told that strangers could not be allowed that privilege without the consent of the managers. He left with threatenings and curses, declaring he would have the privilege if he had to obtain it by force. The next day he came again, and having obtained permission, was admitted into the house. The young woman whom he claimed to be his wife reluctantly confessed that they had been married in Philadelphia, but positively refused to have any thing to say to him, or even see him. He swore he would see her. M'Dowall had provided himself with a large cane, which he usually carried to assist him in walking, on account of a lame-

ness with which he was afflicted; with this in his hand, he stood up before him, expostulated with, and rebuked him for the wicked spirit which he manifested. The young man afterwards informed him that he then sat with his hand upon the head of a pocket-pistol, with which he had determined to clear his way, if such a thing were necessary to carry his purposes into effect; but, said he, I feared that hickory cane. Before he left, the raging tempest became calm, and M'Dowall commended him to the mercy of God in prayer. He was told that at some future time, if his wife chose it, he could see her. As his calls were repeated, he became more and more mild in his manner, and sometimes appeared deeply affected by the truth. One evening, while walking with M'Dowall, he drew from his pocket a large knife and threw it into the street, saying, "There, I will not be tempted with you any more." No questions were asked, and we were left to draw our own conclusions. His wife, for whom he manifested much affection, finally consented to an interview with him, in presence of the family. He treated her with great kindness, made her a number of presents, and cheerfully consented that she should remain under the protection of M'Dowall, whom he thanked again and again for his kindness to her, and his faithfulness to him.

"His stay in New-York was short, as he was an officer of a vessel that soon left port. But he departed, leaving evidence behind him that he had not been labored with in vain. His last Sabbath in town was spent in missionary labor—talking and praying among those with whom, a few days before, he had been treading the ways of death.

"The length of my communication admonishes me to close. I must yield; but permit me to say in conclusion, the Rev. J. R. M'Dowall was a remarkable man. He had faults, but they were much fewer than most christians'. He had virtues, and they will shine brighter in his death than they were permitted to in his life. He had enemies,

and may have still: the Lord judge between him and them. He came on the stage when licentiousness was increasing at a fearful rate; when the pulpit was muffled, speech suppressed, and the seventh commandment was a dead letter. He lived to see licentiousness checked, the pulpit to some extent throw off her shackles, speech elevate its voice against impurity, the seventh commandment experience a glorious resurrection, hundreds and thousands respond to his call, 'come up to the help of the Lord and plead for reform.'

"Yours, with respect,

"PHILANDER BARBOUR."

\* \* \* \* \*

In May, 1835, Mr. M'Dowall gave up the house in Mott-street. The girls, by the advice of the Moral Reform Society, were sent to the Benevolent Society, and he removed for a few weeks, to adjust his affairs, expecting to spend most of the summer in traveling.\*

June, 1835.—He wrote the following address to the ladies of the Moral Reform Society, signed by nineteen other gentlemen:

\* One great object in visiting the country, which was much on his mind, was to ascertain as much as possible the extent to which obscene prints had been circulated. His soul abhorred them, as the following bears testimony:

*Rev. W. A. Hallock, Corresponding Secretary American Tract Society.*

DEAR SIR,—As a life member of the American Tract Society, I request that my name may be erased from the list of its life members, provided the Society persevere in publishing and circulating such pictures as those in the recent work of the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet. *If these prints are chaste*, then there is no possibility of defining what prints are not chaste.

Respectfully,

J. R. M'DOWALL.

New-York, June 7th, 1835.

*To the New-York Female Moral Reform Society.*

LADIES,—Our interest in the cause you advocate, and a sense of duty, impel us to express to you, in a respectful manner, in writing, these our sentiments on the subject of missionary labors contemplated by your Society. With prayer to God we have desired that the best plan might be adopted to execute this work. It is not hasty, nor from immature thought, nor from sinister motives, but from facts found in the experience and observation of ourselves and others, particularly of the prophets and apostles, and of every church, we have come to the deliberate conclusion, that, except in peculiar cases, it is highly improper and dangerous for any man, as an exclusive missionary to the abandoned, to visit from house to house alone, or to labor at random and irregularly in a large field. Such desultory and extended efforts can never consummate the work. Besides, it is not a wise and useful way to expend money, time, strength, mind, and moral power.

We would recommend a system of missions that will bring to bear on the vicious population such an amount of influence as to compel them to abandon their evil ways and turn unto the Lord, or to flee away from the city. This result can be obtained only by a direct, daily, uninterrupted, combined missionary effort, bearing exclusively on an isolated spot, and upon spot after spot, each spot having its own separate missionary band, until all the waste places of the city shall be under culture. What Gospel minister, who is wise to save souls of his charge, would expect to see sinners converted from the error of their ways by selecting from all the sinners in his parish a few profligate females to preach to?

Would that be fulfilling Christ's command, to teach and evangelize every creature?

Without further remark, we would beg leave to recommend that you will enter into such an arrangement as will

carry into speedy operation the only plan that can do the blessed work you have undertaken, and that you will instruct your missionaries accordingly.

The plan which we propose is the following : viz. apportion that part of the city bounded north by Leonard-street, east by Orange-street, south by Anthony-street, and west by Centre-street, to not less than two individuals, and let that be the spot upon which they shall, in going from house to house, preaching to and praying for their wretched inmates, bear all their missionary influence in the day-time and in the night.

Also, apportion to another missionary company of not less than two persons, another station, bounded by given streets ; and apportion station after station to missionary bands, each band being of not less than two persons, until you have filled the field with reapers to gather in the harvest.

Also, let there be a missionary house in the centre of the field, where all the missionary bands may meet every morning for prayer and consultation, before they enter on their labors ; and to which house they may direct such erring, penitent women, as may request help at their hands.

Let each missionary band, once every week, give into the Society employing them a copy of their diary.

These diaries may furnish matter for their paper.

With christian salutations, we are, &c.

J. R. M'DOWALL,

P. VAN DYCK,

E. A. LAMBERT,

J. M. DIAMOND,

WILLIAM BROWN,

LEWIS POST,

SIMEON S. JOYCELIN,

J. N. SPRAGUE,

WILLIAM PAGE,

A. M. CLAY,

J. K. COWPERTHWAITTE,

H. R. PIERCY,

JOSIAH P. MARQUAND,

LEWIS TAPPAN,

J. F. ROBINSON,

WILLIAM BURNETT,

CHARLES C. P. CROSLY,

J. K. MOORE,

GEORGE CRAGIN,

S. W. BENEDICT.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Visit to New-Haven and Litchfield—His fortune—Amalgamation and purity—Sail up the Hudson—Obscene Pictures—Journal in Troy.

*July 4th, 1835.*—Visited New-Haven. My stay in this pleasant town, where literature and science, laws and theology are taught, must be very short, as I have taken a seat in a stage for Litchfield, and it goes at three o'clock P. M. The militia are parading in the streets. Thousands of admiring women gaze on the warlike scene. Joyful hearts make the ladies move easily over the plain. They seem to approve of war; but the science of war is the organized system of national murder. If one man may not rise up and take the life of his enemy who has insulted him, or who, by swindling, has deprived him of property justly his own, then, for national insult or plunder, nation may not rise up against nation, and carry sword and fire through the other's country, sacking towns, deflowering wives and daughters, and killing tens of thousands of human beings. Nations have no right to put men to death out of pride, avarice, or malice. Lust is not a justifiable cause for depriving men of liberty, property, limbs, and life. Wo unto those through whom wars come. In this life men may wear a conqueror's crown, and on the page of history secure a hero's name, but in the life to come, if impenitent, be immured in the deepest hell.

O how can women applaud military measures, followed, as they are, by brutality and lust.

I left New-Haven at three o'clock for Litchfield, on the 4th, and arrived at midnight the same day.

This is a small country village. The Rev. Lyman Beecher, President of Lane Seminary, was formerly settled here. The ride from New-Haven was pleasant on the whole, though we had a thunder-shower, and two drunkards on board for several miles—not that their breath or conversation was pleasant.

Two black females entered the stage at New-Haven, and left it about sunset. Uneasiness was manifested by the passengers whose lot it was to sit by the side of the black ladies. I offered to exchange seats with them; they declined, and the stage passed on. The conversation soon turned on the subjects of slavery, colonization, anti-slavery, &c. After a protracted discussion, the temperance cause was introduced by the two male drunkards. On the road we saw many drunkards: it seemed as if the towns on this rout had mustered all their drunkards for an exhibition. At nine o'clock at night the stage drove up to a public-house, where there was a riot—a mob of some twenty or thirty men under the influence of strong drink. Before the stage-driver could demand his fare, one of the drunken passengers, who had showed the driver the fare, but put it in his pocket again, was out of sight.

Fraud is the result of dram-drinking. The man who made it, and the man who sold it, and the man who drank it, are guilty of this swindling of the stage-proprietor out of his just due.

On the Sabbath I heard the Rev. R. M. Chipman, of Harwinton, Connecticut, preach. I passed the evening with him. This gentleman, for a season, kindly aided me in editing the Journal: it was part of the time while he resided in New-York as one of the secretaries of the American Peace Society, and editor of their publication. Our interview was very sweet: the remembrance of many of our mutual trials was revived, and furnished topics for conversation. In mutual friendship our sympa-

thies flowed delightfully till the hour of parting, and then we separated in love.

The stage is now standing at the door, and I must close. It is half-past three in the morning.

*Poughkeepsie, 8th.*—The stage-driver, on the rout between Litchfield and Poughkeepsie, confessed he had been a rake, but now lived virtuously with a wife. He formerly drove a stage between Patterson and New-York, for which he received \$25 per month. The profits he made by carrying little packages and doing errands, paid his board. His \$25 per month was spent principally in the theatres and brothels of the city. Then his gain, though a single man, was less than it now is on \$12 per month. Men seldom reflect that "strange women" bring those that keep them to a morsel of bread.

*New-York, July 9th, 1835.*

#### MY FORTUNE.

I am now, for the first time in four years and nine months, completely released from the cares which have borne me down to the earth. My enemies have accused me of making a fortune by my Journal. In truth, I am worth less to-day than I was in 1830, the time when I began to labor in behalf of Moral Reform. The inventory of my property shows a small remnant of the library which I had in College and in the Theological Seminary; one change of apparel, worn nearly thread-bare; two chairs; my wife's bedding; the stereotype plates of the Journal and of a few Tracts, and a *small* annuity.

I have no funds in any bank on earth, lodged there, either in my own name or the name of any other person. All the money I have on hand, and all I can command as my own, without a lawsuit, is less than thirty dollars. I owe more than thirty dollars. Owe no man, is the doctrine of the New Testament. I must pay my creditors every cent. In my labors in New-York I have not, to my

knowledge, defrauded any man or society, and this reflection consoles my heart. I will go on, taking up my cross to follow Christ, through evil as well as through good report. I deserve no better treatment than my Master received.

*Amalgamation and Purity.*

In theory, many men are violently opposed to the intermarrying of blacks and whites; but these very men make no disturbance about what is infinitely worse, viz. the practical lewdness of white men with black women. Cases in illustration might be multiplied to an almost indefinite number. One in this place shall suffice.

A respectable female member of the colored church in New-Haven states, that recently she had occasion to be in the street about nine o'clock one evening, where she was in a very friendly manner accosted by a professed and reputed gentleman, a member of one of the white churches in the same city. He assured her he had for a long time been desirous of seeing her; that he was much gratified to meet her; that he desired her to act in the capacity of his concubine; and that he would liberally reward her if she would comply. Having rejected his proposals, she called upon a friend, whose advice she sought, saying, "You do not know what temptations, solicitations, and snares are laid by gentlemen in New-Haven, to lure us colored women into licentiousness. They seek to take away our virtue, and what have we left?"

The hypocrisy of those who object to the setting of the "captive free" because they are opposed to the intermarrying of whites and blacks, is most wicked and unrighteous. They can connive at adultery and fornication, but they cannot endure the lawful union of two persons of different colors. Freedom, in their mind, is associated with amalgamation; but they can see no amalgamation growing out of slavery. They see no quad-

rooms; they see no boys and girls, the offspring of black women and white men. Oh! abominable! Away with the hypocrisy and insincerity of the objector. It does seem as if this objection was got up merely to excuse or to justify the licentious intercourse the whites keep up with the blacks.

If the white men must of necessity have the society of colored females, let it be regulated according to the laws of God. Let them marry, for marriage is honorable in all, &c. The unclean and impure shall not inherit the kingdom of God. I am an advocate for chastity. I am not the advocate, but the enemy of amalgamation; and I am opposed to slavery, because slavery produces amalgamation. Yet if there must be an amalgamation of the whites and blacks, every man not a libertine at heart, desires it may not be, as it now is, amalgamation of prostitution.

*New-York, July 13th, 1835.*—Mr. M'Dowall writes: "Poor health. Concluded to go to the Theological Institutions in New-York State, and address the students on the subject of Moral Reform. My brother Ebenezer consented to accompany me. Prepared for the journey; boxed upwards of 400 volumes of the Journal for transportation to Utica."

*Hudson River, July 15th.*—On board the steam-boat for Troy. My brother purposes to call and see an active minister in Albany, to know whether he could not aid him to get up a church among poor boatmen in Albany.

On board the boat had conversation with a young man who exhibited obscene pictures, which he said he obtained from a sailor; that the sailor got them in China, and that he had more such pictures.

This youth lives in the State of Maine, seventy-five miles from the sea-shore, and sailors, natives of the place of his residence, return there occasionally to visit their friends, and bring licentious books back to their native

town, and give them away to the boys and young men. He said a boy in the store in which he was a clerk obtained bad books, and at night would gather around him several youths and read to them from his books.

A Spaniard on board was exceedingly lewd in his conversation. He was thoroughly polluted with the master-sin of sailors—lewdness.

There are about three millions of sailors visiting their native towns at the close of almost every voyage, and carry to and spread through portions of their native places corrupt books, principles, and licentious practices. As the navy and merchantmen of a nation increase, so increases the number of seamen, and of course that nation's morals, by the importation of foreign vices, undergo, in most cases, a change from better to worse. Facts show the importance of the cause advocated by the Seamen's Friend Society—the conversion of sailors. Most of the apostles were once fishermen-sailors.

*Troy, July 17th.*—Was introduced to Mrs. E. Prescott, of Troy, New-York. She is an officer in the Moral Reform Society. The Society is about employing a missionary for one month.

Also called on brother Gilbert, who kindly offered to board us while we remained in Troy.

*Troy, July 18th.*—D. H. Stone, Esq. informed us that there were about twenty houses of ill-fame, and about one hundred public prostitutes in Troy, and perhaps two hundred loose women who consorted with different men, principally servant-girls, and about forty illegitimate births the past year. The population of Troy is about 14,000 persons.

Mrs. Williard's celebrated school for young ladies is in this young city, and has about two hundred pupils.

*Troy, July 19th, (Sunday) 1835.*—Boys were swimming in the river in front of my lodgings, along on the docks and shore; girls and women passing along the streets. This is a very indelicate practice, which the judges

with severity ought to punish. The boys are liable to be fined. The citizens ought to complain of them. How can parents consent to let their daughters walk the streets where such obscene shows are?

In the afternoon Deacon Grant and Mr. Allen took us out to the Poor-house, where we spake the words of truth and righteousness to a moiety of 170 paupers. D. H. Stone, Esq. informed us that many prostitutes had been sent there.

This fact troubles the ladies of the Moral Reform Society. They desire that virtuous paupers and vicious profligates might be kept in different buildings. They have greater anxiety for the children in the Alms-house than for the superannuated poor, lest the vicious corrupt the young by evil communications, and prepare them for future iniquitous conduct.

Well may the benevolent ladies feel an anxiety on this account; for it is a fact, that some of the female children have been at this poor-house prepared, by evil communications, for future lewdness. A reclaimed prostitute told me that she was in her childhood in that alms-house. Her case is an illustration of the above remarks.

In my exhortation I dwelt pointedly on the sin of lewdness. One pauper was much disturbed—raised his hand—stared upon me—got up off his seat, and went farther from me, and sat down again staring at me. I am fully convinced that he is insane—made so by licentiousness.

After tea, it was agreed that we should go out of the city two miles, to a Sunday resort of some of the city profligates. A colored woman by the name of Thompson keeps it. The company, consisting of Deacon Grant, Mr. Allen, and my brother, arrived at the place several minutes before me, and the keeper of the house had succeeded in getting them into the chamber before I arrived. A respectable colored family occupy a part of the building. The rest is used by Mrs. Thompson. On arriving at the

place, I was shown into the apartment where my friends were. It was a small room of some twelve feet square. In one corner stood a bed, in another corner sat an aged black woman, ninety-nine years old. The Deacon knew her when he was a child, and then she was an old woman, and pious. Our company, with one white woman and three black women, almost filled the room. Two black men were at the door. The aged black woman said she had long been praying that God would send some pious people to the house, and now he had granted her petition. Mrs. Thompson has the look of a fiend. The colored women's countenances were very vicious. The white woman was living with one of the black men, to whom she was not married. I plainly told them that they were living in sin—that they ought either to be married or immediately to separate, for such an amalgamation was contrary to the law of God, and punishable by eternal death. She expressed a desire to reform, but the man shook his head and said, "he did not know about that."

Brother Allen saw three men enter the room down stairs, immediately under us. I was requested to invite them up stairs. As I descended, it was with difficulty I could shove open the stair-door, as they pressed against it. At the side of it sat one who, like a turtle, tried to draw his head under the collar of his coat, and to draw his broad-brimmed hat so closely over his face and ears as to conceal his countenance. The other two men walked towards the outer-door, carefully keeping their backs towards me. "Gentlemen," said I, "we have a prayer-meeting up stairs; please to walk up."

"We called for a drink of water," said one.

My brother also began to urge them to walk up, but they excused themselves; so leaving him to continue the conversation, I returned to the chamber, and we knelt down to pray—praying for each person in the house, and also for the young men below. Before prayers were over

these white men with speed made off towards the woods. They were very genteelly dressed. After prayer we returned to the city. In the evening, Deacon Grant, Mr. Allen, my brother and I, called at Swarthout's, and prayed and conversed with him, and with two females there. The reputation of the house is bad. The women were affected, but he seemed to be a universalist in sentiment, and does not fear punishment from God. Several men were about the house, but we could not see the faces of but two or three of them.

*Troy, July 20th, 1835.*—There are about twenty-five physicians in this city. I conversed with one, who told me he had about 150 cases in a year of diseased patients by the sin of lewdness. Country merchants who have visited New-York, sometimes apply to him—has had cases of boys not more than fourteen years old—a due proportion of professors of religion were in the number. About half of the whole number are from the country, a distance of from five to twenty-five miles. One physician told me he always turned away such patients and would have nothing to do with them. Boatmen apply to New-York physicians. Some go to Albany for help. Clerks and apprentices, most of whom were brought up in the country, form a large number of these cases. On a Sabbath-day, as he was passing a notorious house of infamy, he saw nineteen young men go into it in ten minutes by his watch. One half of his patients are married men. He knows a member of a christian church criminal in procuring abortions. What a sad picture this presents for our contemplation! O for a sanctification of the thoughts, desires, and purposes of mankind! Truly, the depravity of human nature is complete. On such iniquity God may justly frown; and respecting its doers, declare that they shall not inherit the kingdom of God. *Hypocrites in the church!*

*Troy, July 21st.*—Called on another physician. He said that young men generally speak disrespectfully of

moral reform. That most young men are lewd—that lewdness is more prevalent among the highest and lowest classes of society—more virtue in the middle class. Some of his patients were from a distance of fifty miles in the country, and that probably one half of such persons apply not to physicians, but to apothecaries. He said that the Irish are more chaste than the native Americans. An Irishman told him that the priests represented lewdness as a sin against the Holy Ghost.

Another physician states, that he is young in the practice of medicine, and considers it difficult to obtain correct information on the subject. Harlots seldom apply to physicians—knows two who took poison to kill themselves. Some physicians are in the habit of advertising for such patients, but knows of none who do it in Troy.

Another physician, who had practiced in a country town, said he had had such patients there, and such in Troy, but was unwilling to state the number—did not wish to state facts, but was willing to give a general statement—had known deaths produced by the disease, and that the practice of the principal house of that kind in the city amounted to \$400 a year.

Another said that such practices had been carried on ever since the fall, and always would be; that it cannot be helped; that if he should say any thing to his son on the subject it would be likely to drive him into the practice. He had preached with as much spirit on the subject as any one, and had found it all nonsense. In spite of us there is no remedy—he has had too much experience to be led into any notions of reform. M'Dowall's Journal had made hundreds of lewd men, by being a directory to bad houses—that men had told him so. He closed by saying, your plan is visionary—you had better let it alone.

This man is not candid. His assertions deserve no credence, and the only reason why I record his remarks,

is that I may give a faithful record, exhibiting facts as they are.

Another physician said that lewd persons were shy of him—had occasionally a solitary case, and that generally in the jail. The licentious ought to be branded. Lewdness ought to be a penal offence and punished by law, on the same principle that counterfeiters, robbers, and pirates, are punished for their offences against the order, peace, property, morals, and lives of citizens. But he thought there was some force in the remark of a distinguished citizen in Troy, viz. that it is dangerous to the purity of youth to tell the number of public prostitutes; such information will make more; that facts ought not to be published; that all efforts to remedy the vice ought to be made in a private way. I replied, that a disease grows worse by concealing it, and that the diseased parts affect the neighboring healthy ones, until the whole system is corrupted, and that what in this respect is true of physics, is also true of morals, that to this all sound reasoners agree. God will sift out and expose to everlasting contempt the workers of iniquity; and say ye to the wicked, it shall be ill with him, for the reward of his hands shall be given him.

*Troy, July 22d.*—A physician told me to-day he had less practice in this disease than some others; has probably 30 in a year; has had professional and married men, in as high standing for moral reputation as any in the community, among his patients. Many employ physicians in Albany and New-York, and many apply to apothecaries. Before he will do any thing for such a patient, he must pay in advance not less than ten dollars. Lewd persons are a faithless set, and not apt to pay at all unless they pay beforehand. Thinks the vice is as common among young men as drunkenness, for nearly every drunkard is lewd; and some are lewd who are not in the habit of using ardent spirit. The highest class of men are the

most licentious; has no doubt but D. H. Stone, Esq. is correct in his statements; and that lewdness is a ruinous and extensive evil, and ought to be put away.

Another physician said that the evil was notorious—is winked at—has no doubt that cases multiply as the population of the city increases. Believes that the whole of the Magdalen Report is founded on fact; is willing to stake his medical character that those editors who oppose moral reform have been or are licentious; and that those ministers who oppose the reform, do it because they are afraid their own former dark deeds may come to the light; to prevent which they oppose the doctrine that facts ought to be published as the remedy. And God gives them up to hardness of heart; and it is a fearful fact, that their affections are undergoing a hardening process. Virtuous women, through ignorance, may be opposed to the publication of facts; but facts must be told—they are the remedy, and the remedy must be applied. It is his candid opinion, that about every young man not a professor of religion, and whose moral principles are not well established, is lewd; and that lewd young men are no more fit to associate with virtuous young women, than Satan is. He pities the women who either ignorantly or willfully associate with such base fellows. He says he has no doubt but some are in the church.

A gentleman being present while the Doctor was speaking, said that one of the reclaimed prostitutes informed the Moral Reform Society that in one night from fifteen to twenty lads, some from the first families in Troy, came to the house where she staid, but that the keeper, through fear of being indicted, did not admit the boys from the first families.

This physician stated further, that men who are lewd before marriage, it is reasonable to suppose, are lewd after marriage. Medical clerks had robbed his drawers, and he believed it was a common thing among clerks to take their employers' money and spend it in licentiousness.

He heard a minister in Troy publicly oppose the course pursued by M'Dowall's Journal, and wonders how he could do it without an utter abandonment of his principles—principles that authorize him to lift up his voice like a trumpet to show the people their sins.

Another physician did not know what to say about M'Dowall's Journal; it was a delicate subject—various opinions respecting it. He has had boys under medical treatment of fifteen years of age. Young men are not so lewd as old men are.

*Troy, July 23d.*—D. H. Stone, Esq. estimates the annual expenses paid by the one hundred lewd women for bail-bonds, and in criminal prosecutions, at \$250. The criminal expenses paid by the public in criminal prosecutions for breaches of the peace and other offences, in which fees are allowed to the Grand Jury, District Attorney, Justices of the Peace, Clerk of the Court, Sheriff, constables, gaoler, and board of arrested persons—of convicts

at	-	-	-	-	-	\$500 00
Increase poor tax at						500 00
						<hr/>
Total,	-	-	-	-	-	\$1250 00

This estimate, twelve hundred and fifty dollars, he says is positively less than the sum expended; and that it is best to state the matter as he gives it, for people would reject the whole as false if the exact truth were published.

*Troy, July 24th.*—To-day a physician told me he thinks the temperance effort has promoted chastity in Troy, and perhaps also moral reform measures. He used to have from four to six patients in a day, and then perhaps not another in a week. The number is now lessened. He believes that a knowledge of facts has a restraining influence upon the inordinate desires of the flesh and mind. To him a prostitute, however beautiful, was a perfectly disgusting object. Mothers ought to take facts, and sedu-

lously teach their children the abominations of the sin, and thus fortify the moral feelings of their children against licentiousness in any and in every shape. He noticed the case of a little girl only seven years old. She had been, by an older female, taught evil words, and made to understand the import of these words. Salutory and wholesome discipline has effectually established that child in decent and chaste conduct.

The effect of lewdness upon the moral feelings is most desolating. Men addicted to that sin soon become perfectly destitute of all moral character—influenced by no principle of integrity or honor, and without even self-respect; governed merely by motives of policy and pecuniary interest, they regard not the rights of others.

*Troy, July 25th.*—Spent the day in reading theology. In the evening, dark and rainy, I walked out, and stopped in the middle of the street, opposite to Mrs. B——’s infamous brothel. A black man came out and offered to show me to a pretty girl for twenty-five cents. A little farther on I saw in the street two prostitutes surrounded by men: their conversation and conduct were indecent. As I am to preach to-morrow to the colored people, I shall make use of these facts.

*Troy, July 26th.*—Preached in the forenoon and evening to the colored people. The subject was the seventh commandment. In the morning I related the fact about the two girls in the circle of men in the street last night, before the church-door where I preached; and that I had another fact to relate, but should reserve that till evening. Mrs. B—— and her daughters were present. In the evening they were present, and I related the story about the black man who came out of her house and made me the offer before mentioned. In all, I spoke about two hours and a half. At night I pointedly addressed the hags, and told them their awful doom. The house was very full. But in the morning and at night I found it necessary to

address the audience on the subject of delicacy. It is needful to show people what delicacy is, and what is its proper office.

Deacon Grant gave me \$3 towards defraying my expenses; Mrs. W ———, 12½ cents; Mr. M ———, 19; total, \$3 31½.

*Troy, July 27th.*—Called on a physician, who told me he had practiced several years in the country, and knows that the country is as corrupt as the city. Once had a deacon of a church and married men, as patients, from the country. Stated some facts that cannot be mentioned. Saw some other physicians, but as their statements coincided with those already given, I shall not record them.

I was received with civility and courtesy by the medical gentlemen on whom I called, with one solitary exception; in this case the physician was on his bed; he let loose a tirade of abuse against M'Dowall's Journal and the American Seventh Commandment Society, and then contemptuously and violently threw himself over on his bed and refused to say any thing more.

In the evening, about 9 o'clock, walked as far as Mrs. B ———. As I came opposite to it, I heard a woman's voice saying, in reference to my sermon and attack on the Troy brothels, "that I could not have known any thing about Mrs. B ———; somebody must have told me." Thus this old hag had her comforters about her, laboring to ease her guilty conscience.

*28th.*—Making preparations to return to New-York. Called on Mrs. Prescott; she told me there was trouble among the brothel-keepers; and the ladies of the Moral Reform Society were blamed for having told me any thing about these poor guilty creatures. Mr. Yates, the lawyer, advised me to call on the Mayor and state to him the facts I had obtained. He accompanied me to his house, but he was not in. We saw the Recorder, and he coincided in opinion with Mr. Yates, that it would be

well to call a select meeting of citizens and lay the facts before them.

*July 30th.*—The state of my business required me to leave the city, and I took passage on board the steam-boat United States, for New-York. Was kindly and hospitably entertained in Troy by Mr. P. Allen, Mr. Gilbert, and Mr. Town.

As to the general appearance of all the harlots I saw, they were filthy in the extreme. I saw but two or three such as are called genteel in New-York.

*Friday, July 31st.*—Arrived in New-York at 4 o'clock, and found my family had left the city; they had gone to Newark; went there and towed down to New-York again. Much profanity and obscenity among the men. On seeing me exhibit a phrenological chart, they gathered around and wished me to describe their characters. I lectured on each man's head on the subject of Moral Reform; several of them needed to refrain from their folly and ruinous sin. A good moral influence was exerted over their minds. One man, who had been outrageously profane and indelicate in all his allusions, would not let me place my hand on his head; but, some time after this, he was standing in the cabin-door, and beckoned me to come to him. He led me into the cabin, and desired me to examine his head. He did not wish the crew to hear what I had to say to him. I had an excellent opportunity to instruct him, and did not fail to improve it. He listened attentively, and during the remainder of the voyage I did not hear a profane or vulgar word drop from his lips. He was sedate.

There is something in phrenology which may be happily adapted to man's best interest. It is not the art of telling fortunes, but of telling what are one's natural abilities. It is based not on conjecture or caprice, but on the observation of facts. Six months ago I ridiculed the science. A friend induced me to examine its merits. I have

done so to some extent. Having carefully read Combe's lectures on it, and Fowler's Chart, and heard Fowler's course of lectures, the result is a full conviction of the truth of phrenological principles. The science is not witchcraft, nor juggling, nor necromancy, in any shape or form whatever. It is a plain system of principles gathered from the careful observation of undoubted facts. Every body has it in his own power to test the truth or falsehood of phrenology. It considers the brain as the instrument the mind uses to acquire knowledge—that each part of the brain, like the body, has a specific office, and that observation alone ascertains what office is performed by the different parts of the brain. But I will not go into a discussion of the subject; I dismiss it for the present, merely adding, I believe it will contribute much towards rendering the science of intellectual and moral philosophy intelligible to ordinary minds."

His visit at Troy was, like himself, thorough in research and minute in detail. He wrote an address to the Moral Reform Society of that place, which has never been published. Some extracts are here made, vividly portraying the horrid sin of licentiousness, and his own abhorrence of its practice.

Should the reader find a sameness in the address with that of his Journal elsewhere, it should not be censured, as the scenes he constantly witnessed were alike in nature and practice, and the thoughts necessarily flowing in the same channel must at times send forth the same language.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

Address to the Ladies of the Troy Female Moral Reform Society—  
Visit to Connecticut for the Seventh Commandment Society—  
Scene at a Tavern.

*To the Ladies of the Troy Female Moral Reform Society.*

“RESPECTED LADIES,—On the 15th of July, 1835, in company with my brother, I arrived in your city. In accordance with your wishes, he engaged to labor for a few weeks under your direction. He left about the 22d of July. At his request, I promised to give you a written statement of the result of our investigations.

“In proceeding in the task before me, I state first, that there are in Troy nineteen houses of prostitution, and a twentieth of dubious character. A list of these houses is in my possession. A copy of this list accompanies this document, for the benefit of your missionary.

“Public sentiment occasionally acts against these houses, and then they are indicted. Rich and influential men afford them less protection than the same class of persons in New-York render to brothels there. Less direct evidence seems to be required here to prove that such a house is a nuisance, than is demanded in that city for a similar purpose. Not that legal evidence will be rejected there, or innocence sacrificed here. Let public sentiment be purified on this subject, and the existence of such a house will be considered a most insufferable evil.

“The only shelter the utterly abandoned finds is in these houses. These habitations facilitate pollution’s hurtful traffic. They are the slave store-ships of the piratical plunderers of female purity, honor, peace, and salvation. These are the hecatombs and graves of all that is lovely in woman. They are the burning, galling, diseasing, outer-workshops of the bottomless pit.

" They are the grand mints in which the stamp and superscription of the old dragon are made, in letters of burning fire, on the heads and hearts of lost men and women. They are the forts of the devil; the mustering place of Satan's armies; the parade-ground of Belzebub's legions; the campaign-country of Lucifer's allies; the pest-house of earth—the abode of blood.

" Over them hover the fallen angels flap their wings of death. Through them shriek the souls of the pit, whose grating teeth, gnawing tongues, glaring eyes, horrify the virtuous spectator. The bursting fires of the nethermost hell light up the features of those in these caverns of despair, and roast the hearts of once doating parents.

" Look at that aged widowed mother. She refuses to be comforted. Her child, a once lovely daughter, is now an inmate of one of these nineteen brothels; is polluted—ruined—and fitted for the society of the abandoned. The child was enticed there, and that mother tried to reclaim her; but the consciousness of a lost character—the love of idleness—the expectation of subsistence from the wages of sin—the persuasion of her paramours—the influence of associates, and the control of her keepers—the despair she feels—the dread of the reproaches of virtuous society, riveted the bands of impurity on her spirit, and chained it to the house of death. But the polluted hag, whose fire is fed with fuel, whose table is supplied with provisions, and whose back is clothed with raiment bought by the price of this child's chastity, pities not that disconsolate mother, but fattens on her groans, and insultingly says—

" 'Poor girl! she has no home. Out of compassion I provide for her. Her friends won't receive her. I wish she would do better; but it is useless for her to try.'

" So talks this imp; and but for this that mother's heart might be light and joyful.

" There are one hundred females in these nineteen houses,

and they are the most unhappy, most miserable beings in existence. Terrified by fear of the police—held by their keepers in vassalage worse than slavery—abused by their associates—despised and shunned by the respectable—banished from decent society—branded with a blot indelible as leprosy—reduced to poverty, and enfeebled by disease—prostrated in intellect—polluted in thought and affection—without hope of future good—deceived—betrayed—and rushing on to future judgment—they daily attempt to drown in strong drink all reflection and solicitude.

“ One said to me—

“ ‘ I can’t be restored to the place whence I fell. All will reproach me ; and if I must be reproached, let it be from those of my own character.’

“ She drank a glass of brandy and sung, a loud, drunkard’s song. She caught a man by the collar of his coat and drew him from the street into a grocery, and then drew him up to the counter, and said—

“ ‘ Treat.’

“ He treated, and before night-fall her face was bloody and bruised, and she was intoxicated. The police magistrate the next morning committed her to prison for stealing from a countryman who lodged with her the preceding night.

“ The children of Israel committed adultery with the women of Moab, and twenty-four thousand died with the plague.

“ If God’s displeasure waxed so hot against the children of Israel, shall we feel no anxiety for the salvation of our country, when we know that about one hundred thousand prostitutes are abroad in our cities and villages ?

“ These public harlots are a nuisance ; they are the bane of ‘ all that is lovely and of good report ;’ it is for the public good that they should be deprived of their natural right to liberty ; they ought to be immediately imprisoned—they are worse than mad dogs—and not for a

few months, and then let loose again to prey upon the public property and morals with invigorated power; nor, as in New-York, where, like herds of swine, they are turned together by forty and by fifty into one single room, whose floor is merely large enough to allow at night a space on it equal to her length and width; but in a proper prison constructed for the express purpose, with separate cells for each woman. The mildest penalty that should be imposed on them is imprisonment for a term of years not less than five.

"The scriptural way was to stone them with stones, and to burn their houses with fire. 'Thus will I cause lewdness to cease out of the land, that all women may be taught not to do after your lewdness, saith the Lord.' Ezek. 23: 44-48.

"There are five hundred licentious men and boys in the city. These lewd men are not exclusively in the walks of humble life; the proud, the rich, and the fashionable furnish a greater proportion.

"As it is not fit and proper that virtuous ladies should associate with the refuse portion of their own sex, so it is not fit and proper that they should mingle in social intercourse with the licentious of the male sex. Chaste females ought to admit no licentious man into their society; there is a blot on his character, and ladies should be cautious lest its stain tinge their reputation.

"The most awful judgment is denounced against these five hundred lewd men. Christ and Paul have said that none such can inherit the kingdom of God; and the Jewish law declared that such should be put to death. Under this awful condemnation, view that mighty army in the United States of five hundred thousand lewd men going down to death and hell!

"There are one hundred children under licentious influence in Troy. Some who keep, and some who reside in the brothels, have children which either live in the

brothels or board in respectable families; of course these youths are under licentious influence. The one hundred public, the two hundred private prostitutes, the five hundred licentious men and boys, are every day in houses in which there are children. Is it then too high an estimate to say that one hundred children in Troy are under the daily polluting influence of lewdness? Would it not be safe to quadruple the number? Each child in the street and in the house associates at least with one other child, to whom it communicates corruption. To what extent, therefore, is the leaven of licentiousness diffused among the youth?

"On the subject of licentiousness, the question is not whether children shall hear any thing; but it is what, when, and by whom shall they hear? Shall it be pollution, such as they now hear? or shall it be such instruction as God gives in his holy word? 2d. When shall they hear? 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' Timothy from a child knew the Scriptures, which are able to make us wise unto salvation. The infants under seven years, by the Mosaic economy, were to be fully instructed in all things contained in the Bible. 'A child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame.' 3d. By whom? By the polluted, as is now extensively done; or by parents appointed by God for that purpose? Parents should give their sympathies to their children, and receive the children's sympathies in return. Thus parents' hearts would become the store-house in which the children would deposit all their secrets.

"Parents, knowing all their children hear, see, and do, could ably guard and defend them.

"How painful the thought, that in large cities and villages more than 100,000 children are growing up to manhood and womanhood under licentious influences!

"Even about the sanctuary, the Sabbath-school, the day-school, the fences of the streets, and on paper, are seen the

polluting characters and shameful evidences of licentiousness—characters made there, and evidence furnished by even young children!

“There is, then, a living, acting, secret process beguiling the minds of children into some form of the sin. Therefore the abomination can never be removed till children are taught the evil consequences of this sin.

“That there are licentious books and prints in the city is evident. I have investigated this subject to some extent. I have a list of more than fifty places where such articles are sold. At several of these fifty places they are manufactured. The collection of different prints, aside from duplicates, amount to about four hundred. They are a shocking outrage on decency. Those police magistrates, aldermen, and judicious friends, who have seen these paraphernalia of damnation, will bear me out in the assertion, that the imagination of the virtuous can have no conception of the variety of lewd designs—the numberless kinds of articles on which these designs are shown—the immense capital vested in their production.

“Men in high places, and men respected in society, are now engaged in this business.

“The necessity of immediate vigilance, and a powerful and extended action on this subject, will appear from the following facts:

“I hired a person, and sent him to Boston and to other places, to ferret out this mystery of secret iniquity.

“In Boston my agent, Mr. H. H. Stockton, prosecuted the investigations in a fearless and praiseworthy manner, and complained of the men engaged in the traffic. Several of these persons were indicted; and obscene articles to the value of not less than fifteen hundred dollars were seized and burnt in the street by order of the court. Persons of high standing in Boston were implicated in this business.

“One of these persons, a few days before his lewd stock was seized, told me he had, during the two weeks previ-

ous, sold to two individuals not less than two hundred dollars' worth, to be retailed by them in remote towns in Maine and New-Hampshire. Another said he had sold such articles through the entire county of Berkshire, Massachusetts, and also through the county adjacent to it. I asked him how he managed to avoid detection?

" 'O,' said he, with a significant look, 'I had them in the bottom of my basket, and took them out only when I was safe.'

" A man in Boston, under whose care were a number of young ladies, as an instructor, had these prints, and exhibited them to some of his pupils. He was imprisoned. One individual told me that not less than 10,000 volumes of a vile book called 'F—— H——,' and often labelled 'Night Thoughts,' 'Garlands of Love,' &c. had been printed and sold in Boston to individuals, who retailed the most of them in different sections of the country.

" A printer in New-York said that two females left his employment, and were hired by another man to fold 'F—— H——.'

" Soon after this they became abandoned harlots.

" This Publisher gave employment to a number of young girls, most of whom were engaged in coloring obscene prints.

" A minister in Connecticut says that a young man, the son of a pious female member of his church, on his dying bed called his mother to him, and said—

" 'Mother, go into my chamber, and from one corner of my trunk take a book and put it into the fire. Don't look into it—that book has ruined me—it brought me to this sick and dying bed. With that book nineteen young men have been polluted.'

" A pastor of a church in Rhode-Island says that a vile book, with exceedingly licentious pictures in it, was taken on a Sabbath day, by a Sabbath-school teacher, out of the pocket of a boy in the teacher's class.

"A gentleman in Oneida county, N. York, says that he found such a book on the table of a family where he spent a short time, and that it was in possession of young females. A pedlar in a steam-boat, between Baltimore and Philadelphia, sold such a book to a student from Ohio. The book is now in my possession.

"A merchant in Otsego county keeps such books for sale. On applying to the Mayor and Police in New-York to seize such articles in that city, they said there was no law authorizing them to issue such warrants for the seizure of such articles; a man might make and keep such vile things, as many as he pleased, and they could not legally touch them; all that could be done was to indict such obscene and immoral publications and things. This is all the protection the laws of New-York render to the public against the immeasurably polluting and ruinous effects of such books and prints, &c. it is time that more wholesome laws were enacted.

"In order to urge the attention of the legislature to the necessity of stronger laws on this subject, petitions ought to be presented to that body at its next session.

"It was my purpose to have investigated this subject throughout the entire country before I made an exposure, but my pecuniary resources have utterly failed and left me minus to a considerable amount. I am obliged to abandon the further prosecution of this branch of the cause.

"There are in the city exhibitions of unclothed persons; public decency is outraged by naked boys bathing along the margin of the Hudson as the steam-boats pass up and down the river. At the north end of the city it is the custom of youths, in a state of absolute nakedness, to run along the wharves in the sight of females in the street. The gross impropriety and evil influence of this shameful practice call loudly for a strong expression of public abhorrence to put it down. Exemplary punishment ought

to be inflicted on those who thus wantonly trespass on public delicacy.

“ Under this head, that practice among some females of letting the neck go bare, and of allowing the gown to fall off the shoulders so as to expose the naked bosom, cannot be too strongly reprobated as a lewd and indecent exposure of parts designed to be clothed. The covering of a female should be modest and decent. The christian direction is ‘that women adorn themselves in modest apparel,’ and not ‘with the attire of a harlot.’

“ That there is ‘pride, fullness of bread, and abundance of idleness in the city,’ is evident. The harlots are idle, and earn not their bread by lawful labor. Behold, says the Lord, in Ezekiel, this was the iniquity of thy sister Sodom; pride, fullness of bread, and abundance of idleness was in her and in her daughters; neither did she strengthen the hand of the poor and needy.

“ Persons having an abundance of good things of this life, usually study to know how to kill time in such a way as to gratify their animal instincts. Hence, their leisure hours are devoted to feasting, and wine, and company, not always of the purest reputation.

“ The daughters of the virtuous poor, unwilling to be the menials and slaves of rich and proud oppressors, refuse to labor as domestics, and engage in trade already overstocked with laborers, consequently in the female trade the price of labor is reduced so low, it is said, that more than ten thousand seamstresses in Boston, New-York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, are unable to earn a comfortable living by their needles. To keep up a fashionable style of dress, and to furnish their tables with food, multitudes of these women yield to the solicitations of rich sensualists, and soon after become abandoned harlots. Thus it is evident that the character of female servants is becoming worse, and that the general complaint, that good female help cannot be had, is to a great extent

true. To reform these evils, let pride and oppression of the poor cease; let domestics be treated according to their moral worth—not as slaves, but as children. Plead not for him, who, by grinding the face of the poor, grows rich on the profits of their toil. Let him be to you as the filth of society.

“Thousands of christian females, regardless of the divine injunction, become the patterns which poor girls often imitate at the price of their character. Certain christian ladies, decked in ‘gold, pearl, and costly array,’ came into the New-York Magdalen Asylum. When they left the asylum, one of the harlots said to the other inmates, ‘I used to dress as these ladies do, and I will dress so again,’ and she left the asylum, and died soon after in the Penitentiary, to which she was carried out of a brothel.

“How long will christian ladies adorn themselves in the attire of harlots? Again, suicide is often committed in the city. The blissful prospects of these guilty women being overhung with portentous clouds, they foolishly welcome death as a messenger of peace. Perhaps the majority of them have tried by poison or intemperance to kill themselves. Infants are often killed. The slumbers of these guilty parents must often be disturbed by innocent blood crying for vengeance.

“Licentiousness shortens life. The number of deaths in the United States is yearly not probably less than 50,000 by licentiousness. The laws of this state do not punish licentiousness as it deserves; indeed, they consider it no crime. A man may be an abandoned rake, and the laws connive at it. He may trespass on the sympathies of parents, brothers, sisters and husbands, and not be molested. Children may be deprived of guardians—domestic peace sacrificed, yet he may go at large, and laugh at the scene. His victim may be immured in a dungeon, and *he* be received into respectable society.

“One fact may illustrate this. A motherless girl in New-York was seduced by a villain while residing with her

sister. She was but sixteen. Her sister sent her to her father in Philadelphia, and he sent her back to New-York. The sister would not receive her, but sent her to the asylum. She became a mother—the child died—the poor girl, broken-hearted, left the asylum without a shelter or a home. Mrs. M'Dowall called on her sister, begging her to have compassion upon her, *and hear the answer!*

“ ‘The young man who seduced her often dines with us, and I do not wish him to see her!’ ”

“ Cases like these might be multiplied. Now, the community have a right to protection against the wrongs lewdness do to it. The scale that graduates the penalty for murder, piracy, and manstealing, should graduate the penalty for adultery. Shed light on its iniquity; darkness is its element. While it can conceal itself against the gaze and frown of the upright, it will continue to live and fatten on the blood of human beings.

“ Sometimes, to hide itself, it takes on a gentle and delicate character; but light is the remedy; let holy light be poured into its lurking places and it will die. The truth used in love will guide the warriors and insure a victory over the devourer of purity.

“ Awake to righteousness. The tocsin of alarm is sounded; the enemy is in the land. Let the spirit of extermination breathe against the merciless monster. Let it be houseless; let it have no resting-place for the sole of its foot. If it flies to the hills, chase it there; if to the mountains, climb them and drive it thence; if to the islands, pursue hard after it and drive it from off the earth. Let the motto be, ‘*Root out the brothels.*’ ”

“ The question is already agitated, whether such houses shall be legalized.

“ Pamphlets, advocating the affirmative answer, have received an extensive circulation in some of the large cities in the United States.

“ Alderman Boyd recently made a motion in the com-

mon council of New-York to license houses in that city for the express purpose of breaking the seventh commandment. Thousands of persons of wide extended influence advocate the measure he proposed: the openly vicious and the secretly lewd are attached to the Alderman's party; but where is the father who will sacrifice his daughter on this altar of filth? where is the mother that will tell her son that marriage is dishonorable, and direct him to the house of the strange woman, whose steps take hold on death?

"Ladies, who with more propriety shall undertake this mighty project of Moral Reform than the ladies in the city of Troy, and of the State?"

"*Thursday, May 13th.*—I left New-York for Bridgeport, Conn.; arrived about half-past twelve. On taking lodgings at a public house I saw an advertisement that the Nimrod would at one o'clock make a trip to New-Haven. I made a vigorous effort, and succeeded in doing my business, and in time was on board for New-Haven, where I arrived at three P.M. of the same day. Called on my old friend Mrs. Barnes; took tea and passed the night with Mr. J——, the instructor of a large and respectable school for boys preparing for college. Facts respecting the lewdness of many of the former scholars of this school come to my knowledge, but as these facts may possibly be recorded for publication, I will not now record any of them.

"*Friday, May 14th.*—This morning I found that no stage left the city for New-Milford, where I had to go on important business respecting the American Seventh Commandment Society. I heard that a farmer from that region was in town; I sought him out, and engaged to give him \$1 50 to carry me where I wanted to go.

"At twelve o'clock we left New-Haven; rode to Derby; where the farmer stopped to bait his horse and avoid a coming shower. The bar-room was full of men idling

away the hours of the afternoon. I chose to walk to the river, but the clouds grew dark, the rain approached, and I entered the tavern for shelter. A dispute arose about some oats that the farmer had taken to town, and it seemed before I entered the room they had bet each one dollar on the affair, and the money was placed in the landlord's hands for the one who should gain. The farmer was urged to leave the decision to any six men, or to me. I shook my head and replied that I was a religious man, and, as such, was opposed to betting, for I held it to be an iniquitous practice: it was by the winner obtaining property without paying a valuable consideration.

"I am opposed to it—it is wickedness, and still it prevails everywhere; for in the city and country men will bet and "lay wagers" about the most trivial things. It is a custom that does immense evil—makes men idle, intemperate, quarrelsome, and vicious.

"The landlady called one or two men to dinner. She asked one of them if he wanted a dram at the table? He nodded assent, and she joyfully went to the bar and fetched a bottle, while the betting was again resumed. I said, that if it should be left to me, they would neither gain the bet, for I would give to each man his own money; or, as a punishment, I would award both dollars to some poor widow in Derby, and appoint a committee to carry it to her. The better left the bar-room, uttering the most indecent language. Finding the bar-room talk to be far from edifying, I took a book from my pocket and began to read, but was disturbed, and put it back: walked to the door; before it was a piazza where persons stood talking about the bet. One of them said,

" 'Let us draw.'

"Being asked for a pack of cards, I replied that I did not play cards. He perceived that I disapproved of gambling, and turned aside. The man who dined said he would "bet" that I had a pack of cards. Again I repeated my

opinion on betting. Again he asserted that I had a pack of cards. I told him I believed it to be a sin to gamble. He then re-affirmed what he before had asserted. I replied, that as he was not sober I would not talk with him. Immediately he said,

“ ‘ Take that word sober back again.’ ”

“ I calmly replied I should take back nothing I had said.

“ He then put me out of the door upon the piazza. I made no resistance, nor did I utter a word, nor put myself in a posture of defence, but stood just where his force put me ; then with violence he seized me by the shoulder and hurled me off the piazza. I came near going over the wall, some six or eight feet to the ground. I deliberately returned to the piazza, not speaking a word nor even looking at the man. Again he came up to me, laid violent hands on me, thrust me backwards against the house, and wrung my nose with as much force as his malevolent will desired. I made no resistance save that of escaping from his ruffian attack, and calling on some one to tell me the name of the assailant. I offered a dollar for his name. The landlord would not answer. At length the man came to me and said his name was R. S. Prescott, of New-Haven. He then gave me much reproachful language, and finally asked me for my name. I walked away, and he could not learn my name, residence, nor profession.

“ At four the farmer entered his wagon and we drove off, and reached the farmer's residence late, and it was two o'clock before we retired.\*

\* There are men who would have escaped much of the trouble which fell upon M'Dowall, for sin with him could not pass unrebuked ; and the wonder well may be that he escaped a violent death from the hands of some adulterer, thief, or drunkard, to die a more lingering martyrdom by the more plausible but not less effectual bitterness of the church.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

New-Milford—Journal at Connecticut—Return to New-York—Journey to the West—Journal while on the Canal—Rochester—Doings there.

*“Saturday, August 15th.*—Called on Rev. Mr. Rood, of New-Milford, to engage him to become an Agent for the Seventh Commandment Society. After this interview had a private conveyance to New-Canaan. At nine o'clock at night, fatigued and impeded on our way, we stopped in Pitfordshire.

*“Sabbath, August 16th.*—Early we arrived at Mr. Stephen's to breakfast. I hesitated to travel, though it was but a short distance; but as I could do no apparent good in Pitfordshire, not having an appointment for a meeting there, and being dependent on French for a passage to my destined place, where I might be useful, I concluded to go on. If I erred in this matter, the Lord forgive me, for I would not by my example do evil that good may come.

“At eleven o'clock held a meeting at Mr. Finch's, and showed that men ought in religion to act on the same common principles that govern them in their worldly business. It was a precious season to my soul.

“At half-past one o'clock went to hear Rev. Mr. Fuller; had given out a psalm. He insisted on my preaching. I selected my text from the psalm he gave out to the choir, and showed that if christians would be faithful and oppose reigning sins, that men, cruel, and bloody, and unrighteous, would persecute them. Illustrated it by the case of R. S. Prescott's assault on me at Derby. Noticed the prevailing practice of betting at elections, horse-races, &c.; also the practice of using drinks that make men drunk; and also

the lewdness of the licentious. Urged them to defend the truth though they die for it. At seven o'clock held a meeting at Mr. Finch's.

" *Monday, August 17th.*—Am greatly wearied by the efforts of yesterday. My rest was very poor last night.

" Worked a little in fixing a press to make cider. I worked to gain my health, not because I wish to help my friend to make a drink that has made many drunkards. Cider has made many drunk, and must be given up.

" *Tuesday, 18th.*—Visited Mrs. Bonney's school; talked to the children about forming a Temperance Society among them.

" On Sabbath, one man who heard me speak against lewdness, said it was too delicate a subject to be named in a promiscuous assembly. I am informed by a credible person that he is a seducer. Doubtless it was too delicate a subject for those possessed of devils in our Savior's time to be reprov'd, for they too cried out,

" 'Let us alone. Why hast thou come to torment us before the time?'

" Kindred spirits have kindred feelings which give utterance to the same sentiments. The keepers of brothels in New-York used to tell me to let them alone, and not trouble them with my religion; that such houses were no places for praying and preaching. This man in New-Stamford seems to acquiesce with these vile women. Doubtless he is tormented before the time.

" *Wednesday, 19th.*—Worked all day, and was very weary at night. Wrote to Mrs. Barns respecting the rumors in New-Haven circulated by the Benevolent Society, as it seems needful explanations should be made.

" *Thursday, 20th.*—Was so fatigued by the labor performed yesterday that I could not work long to-day, and devoted the day to writing.

" *Friday, 21st.*—Labored all day. Lying is a peculiar characteristic of our race: "We go astray as soon as we

are born, speaking lies." A boy, perhaps fourteen years old, now in this family, is a reputed and most notorious liar, and always has been. His acquisitiveness is large, his conscientiousness is small, and his firmness is full; hence we have in him one who perseveres in asserting the truth of a lie, and also one who is prone to steal. The lad is active and strong. There is a very peculiar government needed over him to keep him in the right way. Day after day should he hear instruction on the nature of stealing. This kind of instruction should fall on his ear in "line upon line, precept upon precept." In this way his conscientiousness, by exercise, would grow; and being habituated to reveal all his private schemes to some confidential friend, would have a tendency to make him an upright and virtuous man.

"*New-York, Sept. 1st.*—Arrived yesterday from Connecticut. Intended to have left for Whitesborough this day.

"*Sept. 2d.*—Delayed—not yet off.

"*Sept. 3d.*—Again was disappointed—boat left me: another boat at 7.

*On board Hudson River.*

"Several ladies from New-Haven, Connecticut, are on the boat. Mrs. Barnes is among them. She introduced me also to a gentleman. He kindly came to me, sitting in a private place on the boat, and begged me to accept a bill, folded up so that I could not see its value while he held it in his hand. Grateful for the unexpected favor, I took the bill, and found it was the exact price of my passage. I did not so soon expect an evidence that God would supply my wants, though I had but a few moments before assured Mrs. Barnes that the Lord would supply my wants, and that I would confide in him. Rev. Dr. Nott, of Union College, was on the boat. He told me that he had, since the Journal was published, instituted a series of investigations respecting the extent of licentiousness in this country, and that he was perfectly convinced that the

truth had not been exaggerated by the reports made on the subject.

"A circumstance occurred which illustrated the import of that Scripture which saith: that "Many believed on Jesus, but did not confess him openly for shame." The incident was this: some of my friends were on the boat, saw me, knew me, spoke kindly of me, but were ashamed to be seen conversing with me. The Lord help me to bear this patiently. If I am despised for righteousness' sake, as was my Master, great will be my reward. I will rejoice in it. But, O God, hold me in thy hand, and let me never fall, so that my friends may never be ashamed of me, as they would be of an adulterer, and for the same reason.

"*Schenectady, Sept. 3d.*—Arrived about 9 P. M. on the rail-road from Albany—took a berth in the canal-boat.

"*Friday, Erie Canal, Sept. 4th, 1835.*—Circulated the Advocate of Moral Reform, and loaned the 1st Annual Report of the Society.

"One young lady said to an old lady, that the ladies who issued the Report despised M'Dowall. She expressed surprise at the number of members belonging to the several auxiliaries of the Moral Reform Society. Poor young lady, she did not know that M'Dowall heard her speech, and knew that she meant the New-York Female Benevolent Society despised me. To be despised—to know that one's-self is despised—to hear this from people respected for their virtues and wealth—I say, to be present and hear all this, and be yourself the unknown person who is despised, is to be in a situation that may on some accounts be very desirable, though exceedingly unpleasant. Jesus was despised—his name was cast out as evil, and that, too, by the church. Christ had no worse enemies than those who had once taken sweet counsel with him.

"I am tempted to seek an indictment against several individuals connected with the New-York Female Benevo-

lent Society. They merit it—have long merited it; but there comes that Scripture, “Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.”

“*Whitesborough, Sept. 5th.*—It was about 11 o'clock last night when I left the boat, twenty-eight miles below Utica, and took the packet for Whitesborough. In passing by the Little Falls, a poor profligate told me that there were not less than fifty harlots in the village and its immediate vicinity—hid sometimes in the caves of the mountains; that he knew a cave where six harlots were, and no man could find them; that the Magistrates of the village routed the girls whenever they could, and imprisoned them in the jail when they were arrested. This was his story. But it does no good to send them to jail at the public expense: they are only cured of disease and fitted for a more successful trade. They should be imprisoned for a term of years, not less than five, each woman having a separate room, and the Gospel preached to them.

“At 8 o'clock I arrived at Whitesborough.

“*Rome, N. Y. Sept. 6th, 1835.*—Rev. Mr. Wells, from Cincinnati, Ohio, preached in the morning and afternoon—presented the cause of abolition—he labors without a salary. He was one of the members of Lane Seminary at the time the students left on account of anti-slavery movements. In the evening I delivered an address on the subject of Moral Reform. Many young persons were present; I felt the need of divine aid, and fervently implored it. The Lord blessed me. There was good attention. I spoke about one hour and three quarters. The subject was the liabilities of youth to actual corruption. After service, a gentleman informed me that his little son of two years old went to his mother and informed her what the servant girl had done in his sight. The father believed the child would never forget the circumstance. The girl was from the House of Refuge in New-York. The House of

Refuge is a noble institution, doing much for the rescue and salvation of juvenile delinquents. Its founders, and overseers, and officers, deserve credit for doing much to prevent crime; and it is always unfortunate when such a case as this occurs. It ought not to discourage them, but induce them to seek the conversion to God of each child under their care before they are sent out to service places.

"This fact shows how easily the young infant in the nursery may be polluted by domestics. Parents ought never to take it for granted that their children are ignorant and out of danger, and therefore omit to give them proper instruction. O how watchful they ought to be, and not suffer little boys and girls to sleep together in the same bed. Brothers and sisters are often put in the same bed till they are of considerable age. This is wrong.

"*Rome, 7th.*—The records of some, if not of all the churches in this village, will show, that out of the world licentious persons have united themselves to the church; but their iniquity could not be hid. It is said that some of these wicked deceivers have cast off all shame, and are now openly abandoned, some of them on the town, in the city of New-York. O for a purifying of the church! that the wickedness of the wicked may find them out.

"Public prostitutes often come into this village and take up their abode with men as vile as themselves. There are at the least two public brothels in the town, and an old barn in the vicinity of the village might be added to the number, which is used as a rendezvous for profligates. Several harlots have been imprisoned, but being liberated, they returned again to their vicious habits. This shows the importance of a State Asylum for them, on the principle and plan of a State Prison at Auburn, and of making their conduct a criminal offence.

"The canal is a source of great corruption. The Sabbath is polluted. There are professors of religion who own boats which work on the Sabbath. This is just as

the devil would have it. Such professors of religion are building up the kingdom of Satan—they are destroying the kingdom of Christ as much as in them lies—they shall receive the reward of their hands. Chastity is violated on the canal. Of the boats on the canal, it is by some intelligent persons supposed that there are between one thousand and fifteen hundred prostitutes on boats, and perhaps five hundred virtuous women, in the character of cooks, cabin-girls, &c. Also, there are brothels on the canal between Rome and Whitesborough; and between Whitesborough and Utica there is, or recently was, one brothel near the canal. It was a public house.

“Went to the Synod; was invited to sit as a corresponding member from the Synod of New-York. Asked for liberty to make some statements on the subject of Moral Reform. *Monday* next, at two o'clock, was assigned. B. P. Johnson, Esq. accompanied me, who wished to know the truth in reference to certain charges preferred against me by the New-York Female Benevolent Society. Persons connected with that Society had been in Rome, and had there circulated slanderous reports against me. Staid at the Rev. Mr. Sedgwick's, in Rome.

“*Monday, 2d, P. M.*—Met the Synod of Utica, and addressed them—spoke about one hour. The lower part of the brick church was nearly filled with gentlemen and several ladies. The Lord helped me to speak with ease to myself, so as to secure close attention from the audience.

“A physician in this region was indicted some years since for procuring an abortion, and escapes punishment merely because the character of a witness was esteemed to be impure. He still lives and practices medicine in this country, though his awful crime is publicly known. O how many a wicked man escapes punishment in this world! There is a judgment to come, when the wicked will be arraigned, and to their indictment will plead guilty;

for so clear, positive, convincing, and powerful will be the evidence of their criminality, that they will cry out, "I have destroyed myself."

"In the fall, when the canal is closed and the boats are laid up, about ten thousand persons are thrown out of the canal into the country until the canal is opened in the following spring. Of these ten thousand, about two thousand are females, the majority of whom are reputed harlots; about three thousand are boys who drive teams, and they are reputed to be full of all manner of vice; and about five thousand navigate the boats, and most of them, probably, find employment among the farmers or mechanics.

"There are respectable, pious persons on the canal; there are also moral persons. Allowing there are two thousand virtuous persons, (which is more than the opinions of those with whom I converse justify me in supposing,) then consider the immoral influence of four thousand wicked, lewd, profane Sabbath-breakers let loose upon the population in the northern and western parts of the state of New-York. The number must exceed eight thousand, if the northern canal be taken into the account. Who but God can measure the pernicious extent of the lewd, profane influence which the three thousand boys must exert over the boys with whom they associate in the towns within sixty or seventy miles? Who can calculate the pestilential influence of about one thousand harlots? Who can compute the amount of corruption which thousands of licentious boatmen will scatter? Surely there is good cause why the virtuous in this region should awake in sober earnest to the cause of Moral Reform, Sabbath-keeping and temperance.

"*September 7th.*—Was sick: confined to my bed at Dr. Clark's. *10th.* Received a letter from my brother Ebenezer respecting the Report for the Troy Female Moral Reform Society. Intended to have gone to Fabius, Scott,

Auburn, Middlesex, Greenville, Clarksville, and Rochester, to attend associations of Baptist ministers in those places; but shall only be able to attend the Rochester association, as my time will be otherwise occupied.

*"September 12th, Whitesborough.*—President Greentook me to where I preached on the subject of chastity: some sensitiveness on the subject. The house is owned by different denominations. A Methodist class-teacher left the house, and was followed by two or three other men. What an abomination! A teacher in God's house to frown on God's truth! Horrible!

*"September 20th.*—Preached for the Rev. Mr. Pettibone, the Presbyterian minister, on the subject of licentiousness. Heard that some females went to the Baptist meeting to avoid hearing the subject discussed: said certain young men, we now know enough to excite our suspicions of certain females. Perhaps this insinuation is cruel—perhaps it is well-founded. As to the discourse, it was apparently well received. In my discourse, I stated the results of investigations in the town to be—

"1st. That about one dozen houses in Whitesborough had been recently occupied at intervals, and for short periods, as brothels.

"2d. That sometimes one, two, or more females, tenanted each house, till public opinion banished them from that town into the next; then public sentiment in the neighboring town banished out of itself its own vile women, who came into Whitesborough; and that this was an illustration of the state of things in most or all the towns on the canal.

"3d. That on the borders of the canal, between Buffalo and Albany, judging from the facts obtained in Whitesborough, there are more than four hundred temporary brothels, and more than eight hundred straggling harlots.

"4th. That, according to the estimate of some intelligent people, there were on the canal not less than two thousand

boats of ten thousand persons, two thousand of whom were females, probably not five hundred of them were chaste, and not probably five hundred men and boys were moral, making in all eleven thousand six hundred licentious persons who are continually upon the canal navigating the boats on it. This statement may be too high or too low ; I merely give the result of facts which have been stated to me by intelligent persons.

"To the above I added that one hundred persons or more, laboring under the disease attendant on lewdness, had applied to physicians in Whitesborough the year past, and many others in like condition apply only to persons who, having had the disease, prescribe for the complaint. Most of these diseased ones are from the canal.

"Supposing the canal to be three hundred and seventy miles long, and Whitestown ten miles long, and that each ten miles on the Erie canal, on an average, including the cities and large villages on its borders, is equally infected, it follows that there are on the Erie canal and on its borders three thousand seven hundred persons diseased by licentiousness.

"*September 23d.*—Sent my Report to Troy, New-York, to my brother, and left for Rochester, one hundred and sixty miles from this place.

"O. R. Parker, of Oneida Institute, states that a common school teacher in Jefferson county, presented before a young lady, a member of his school, a book of a vile character, and opened at one of its licentious plates in school hours.

"Rev. Mr. Pettibone, of Whitesborough, said that a boy about fourteen years old had an obscene book while a student in his school ; that the boy, on coming to manhood, became an abandoned wretch.

"Dr. Clark states, that a young man in his office was polluted by an obscene snuff-box ; was led into the company of bad women, and ruined. He was a professor of religion.

“ About four weeks since, three prostitutes were arrested in a house near the east end of the town, and imprisoned in the county jail in this village. Two days after their imprisonment, two children were the only occupants of the house. One child was three years old, the other five. During these two days, these two children had no food except what they begged. The mother had an infant, and took it to the prison. Some months before, her husband was arrested and put in prison for stealing.

“ Five merchants were on the boat on the Erie canal. At Lockport they took a harlot on the boat, and discharged her after she had gone twenty-four miles with them.

“ They became diseased before they reached Utica, and employed a physician. One stopped till he was restored to health; the others went on, and suffered, and some came nigh to the gate of death.

“ In Whitesborough, several boys, some only about fourteen years old, and others more aged, have been under medical treatment by this sinful disease, in 1835; also more aged persons. Probably not less than fifty cases have occurred in the village this year. The canal is the grand corrupter. Utica, too, exerts a polluting influence on the place. Some Orishany and Utica boys call on physicians in this village; also persons from a greater distance.

“ There is a young man now diseased in this town. He went to Buffalo, and ignorant of the arts and the end of the lewd, he fell under their influence, and is now at his father's, a diseased, emaciated, and miserable wretch; a bitterness to her that bore him—a shame to his father—and burden to himself.

“ A doctor of divinity told me that nearly a dozen ministers of the Gospel (of different denominations) had been deposed from the ministry for their licentiousness, in the counties of Albany, Rensselaer, and Schenectady. He

repeated the names of these licentious ministers, and told me he knew the men.\*

"An agent for my Journal told me that he called at a certain place, to ask permission to hold a meeting in the house of worship there. The chief man refused to let him have the house, adding, there is none of the vice of licentiousness in this place.

"The agent passed on, and learned at the next place at which he stopped, that the brother of the man who told him that there was no vice in the place, was an elder in that church, and that this elder had seduced a minister's daughter; that this elder was allowed to retain his standing without being disciplined; that the church was groaning under the influence of his sin, and dwindling away; and that the wicked scoffed at religion. This church is in Western New-York. The case I record as correctly as my memory enables me to relate it. Perhaps I have added or omitted some important part: if so, I have not knowingly done it.

#### *Erie Canal.*

"*September 24th.*—Conversed with the helmsman on the boat. He confessed that he was lewd; and he expressed his opinion that most of those who navigated boats were licentious. Several years since he went with a number of youths to New-York; that they took him into a brothel. All except one were soon after diseased.

"*Sept. 26th, Rochester, New-York.*—Arrived at 6 A. M. put up at the Clinton House. Common fame says, that about four miles from Rochester there is a house where certain lewd persons of the baser sort, though at the very top of society, associate for impure purposes. Ladies of unquestionable reputation visit the place. There are

\* Probably the Editor of the New-York Observer had not heard of this when he stated, since Mr. M'Dowall's death, that more ministers had become licentious since the publication of Mr. M'Dowall's Journal than had been known to be for many years preceding,

springs near the house, and medicinal properties attributed to the waters.

"A stage driver kept girls in Rochester for lewd men. He boarded the females in virtuous families. He had several women in his custody. He stole from one of them, and fled for safety. It was his custom to seek out men for these women. At one of the hotels in this city, a waiter used to receive money from strangers putting up at that hotel to furnish them with women. A root doctor was indicted for procuring abortions in this city. He boasted of having procured sixty-six in a few months. The trial never came on. It was suppressed, but known to those who managed the public prosecution.

"A physician said that he believed one half of Rochester was guilty of licentiousness.

"At the High School in Rochester an obscene box was passed round among the scholars and young ladies. One young man saw it and frowned upon it. A price was asked for a sight of such things, and children asked their parents for money to see the lewd sight. *Children* kept the show; children bought those articles in Rochester, of one who kept them for sale. A pastor said it was difficult to get discipline enforced against licentious church members. I have heard of one church in this place that has one or more members undoubtedly of lewd character, and still the guilty member retains a standing in the church. I saw a man in Rochester who was recently deposed from the ministry for riding about the country with a woman (as his wife,) though he was not married to her. All these facts admonish us of the frailty of human nature, and should serve as beacons to warn us to beware of tampering with lewd thoughts, and to convince us of the necessity of being pure—entirely holy. Lord, surround me with such circumstances, and impress my mind with such a dread, and fear, and hate of sin, as effectually to protect me at all times from the commission of iniquity.

"*Sept. 27th, Rochester, New-York*—Preached in the Second Baptist church, and visited the jail—did not preach in it. It has a more clean and respectable appearance than many other jails which I have seen. Attended evening prayer-meeting in the First Presbyterian church, and took no part.

"*28th.*—Saw a few friends. No Female Moral Reform Society here—'afraid to cast licentious men out,' said a leading lady, 'lest these licentious men should go into the company of licentious women.'

"*Sept. 29th.*—Monroe Baptist Association met here. Saw the prudential committee—appointment to address the Association to-morrow, at 11 o'clock.

"*Sept. 30th.*—At half-past 11 o'clock addressed the Association, which passed the following resolutions:

"Whereas, in proportion as licentiousness abounds, it exposes our youthful population to disgrace and ruin:

"*Resolved*, That a more decided stand ought to be taken by all the friends of virtue and social happiness in favor of the cause of Moral Reform; and that every person who tramples on the rules of chastity, or violates the seventh commandment, ought to be looked upon by our insulted community with a more withering frown of indignation than the thief or midnight assassin; and that legal enactments ought to be obtained for the just punishment of the crime of licentiousness; and also of all persons engaged in making, importing, or vending licentious books and prints, to corrupt and destroy the youth of our land—and that we recommend the "*Advocate of Moral Reform*," published by the New-York Female Moral Religious Society, to the patronage of the community.'

"The above resolution was passed by the Monroe Baptist Association, met in Rochester, September 30th, 1835.

"Philander Kilsey, Clerk of Association, circulated about one hundred numbers of the *Advocate*, and some twenty or thirty of the first annual report of the Society.

"A lady said I ought to have borne down on licentious men; for how, said she, shall we protect ourselves? We are degraded, and feel so; now let the men be so too. How just her remarks! I thanked her.

"A lady invited me to dine with her—the teacher in the High School. She found four licentious books (one of them was F—— H——) in the hands of scholars in the school. Boys had them. Aided by a gentleman, she took the four books from the school and burnt them. Obscene snuff-boxes were in the possession of boys in the school. Boys bought these vile things in Rochester, at a place where they were kept for sale.

"Now this High School is just as respectable as if these wicked boys had not been so vile, for the vile books were not circulated in the school by the teachers, nor with the teachers' consent; and the female teacher, with most christian and commendable vigilance and rule, exercised a salutary discipline over these scholars. The circulation of these books is not confined to this school—other schools share in the common cause of the circulation of such noxious work.

"In the afternoon I received the following letter from a pastor present at, and a member of the Association.

*"Rochester, September 30th, 1835.*

*"Rev. J. R. M'Dowall.*

"Dear Sir,—Your statements before the Association, in reference to obscene prints, forcibly impressed my mind of a fact under my own observation.

"A young man who attends my ministry, a few months ago was under powerful conviction. He labored hard, in connection with the prayers of the pastor and the church, for the evidence of the remission of sins. In a few days he came to me and desired my confidence, which he gained. He then presented me with an obscene book, stating, 'Take care of it—do with it what you please; that book,'

said he, 'has been more trouble to my conscience than all my sins beside.' He is now rejoicing in hope of the glory of God.

"Yours in christian purity,

"NORMAN BENTLEY."

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## CHAPTER XXIX.

Journal continued while onward to the West—Return to New-York—  
Preparing his Defence—Brought before the Presbytery.

"Left Rochester at about seven P. M. for Wyoming, N. York, to attend the Baptist Association at Genessee, held at Wyoming village, distant about fifty miles south of Buffalo, on Lake Erie. Brother Warren gave me a ride with him in his wagon. Brother George A. Avery's wife provided in a kind manner for my wants in Rochester, by furnishing me a room, food, and washing. The Lord reward that family. The Female Benevolent Society of New-York city exerts an influence in this place; but I am tired of hearing their slang; so good bye to the New-York Female Benevolent Society. The Lord's will be done in reference to them. Amen and amen.

"*October 1st, 1835.*—Middle of the afternoon reached Wyoming, and preferred my request to be heard before the body on Moral Reform. At seven P. M. met the prudential committee.

"Saw the Advocate of Moral Reform in a lawyer's office at Le Roy, N. York, and another on the subject of the slander of the New-York Female Benevolent Society against me; not time to read it.

"The village of Batavia in Genessee county is reported to be a very licentious place.

"*October 2d, 1835.*—In the afternoon presented the subject of Moral Reform to the Baptist Association of Genessee county, New-York. The Association passed the same resolutions which were passed at Rochester, New-York, on the 30th September."

*Painful!!!*

"M—— W——, of Catskill, New-York: her uncle thanked me for what I had done for her—she ran off again. A captain of a sloop enticed her away: said to have died in Philadelphia.

"Left Wyoming in the evening with elder Elliott's brother, a Baptist minister, who told me that the thick and black reports from the Female Benevolent Society induced him not to send me \$5, which he had designed to inclose for and send to me in a letter, and that he believed the same thing was true of other individuals who designed to send money to me. He left me at the Methodist meeting-house, where Mr. J. Andrews lectured on moral reform. After the lecture Mr. Andrews carried me to his residence in the village of Perry, New-York, where we arrived at twelve o'clock at night.

"*October 3d, 1835.*—Am very dull and stupid to-day; no mental or physical energy. Long to see my *little family, wife and child*. The Lord take care of them, and provide for their temporal comfort and spiritual edification, and sanctification especially.

"At brother J. Andrews' comfortably provided for. Brother Phœnix writes to the Presbyterian minister, inviting him and his flock to my contemplated lecture on the evils of licentiousness to-morrow (Sabbath) evening; J. Andrews writes to Warsaw, New-York, on the same subject.

"A young man, a clerk in a store, about six years ago had a licentious book. He married a respectable female about two or three years since. Since his marriage he

went to New-York city, and by illicit connection with a harlot became diseased. He is a grief to her he had sworn to love, and to whom he vowed to be faithful: he is profane, and very wicked.

*"Sabbath, October 4th, Perry, New-York.*—Am better in health. It rains, and has rained most of the time since Thursday. Preached about one hour in the Baptist house (Rev. Mr. Arthur's) in the morning to a very respectable audience, though it was said about one third of the regular audience was detained at home on account of rain and muddy roads. Subject of the sermon—duty to expose sin.

"Dined with the pastor. Afternoon, preached on the education of children in reference to licentiousness. Had a larger audience. Evening, went to Mr. Phœnix; was hospitably entertained; rested in bed about two hours, being overcome by my labors.

"Had five hundred perhaps as an audience; most of the village, including most of the loose fellows of the baser sort, among the auditors. Also several ministers, (two Presbyterians)—a most intelligent and respectable house. Preached about two hours. God helped me.

"Gave me a collection to aid me in the prosecution of my labors. Brother Andrews gave me a donation; also Mrs. Phœnix, and mother, and sister, and brother, and son. In quite good health to-night. Want to see my little family. O God, be merciful to them!

"Brother Andrews tells me that vile youngsters threatened on Saturday night to mob me if I preached on moral reform. Not a dog moved his tongue.\*

\* Mr. Andrews says of Mr. M'Dowall, "On his excursions into that section of the country in October, 1835, he tarried with me three nights and two days, and preached on the Sabbath, upon the subject for which he was especially devoted and set apart, in the Baptist meeting-house in this place, two sermons in the day-time to many attentive hearers, and in the evening to an overflowing audience. After the services of the evening he retired to my dwelling, and seemed overwhelmed with gratitude to God for the privilege he assured me he had

"*October 5th.*—Left Perry this morning; arrived early in the evening. Went to monthly concert—Rev. Mr. Eddy's church (formerly)—prayed for the slave.

"At the hotel where I put up there is a reading-room, the walls of which have pictures on them of various kinds.\*

"After Mr. M'Dowall has described these in full, he adds, such is the reading-room of the principal stage-house in Canandaigua.

"Left Canandaigua early in the morning. At about 12 o'clock arrived at Ithaca. Took but one meal to-day.

"I long to be home, yet want to attend the Anti-Slavery Convention at Utica on the 21st.

"*Oct. 7th, 1835—Ithaca, New-York.*—The classis of Cayuga, New-York, (Reformed Dutch Church,) fourteen churches under its charge, met here on Tuesday.

"Rev. Mr. Mandeville, (who was two classis in Union College before me,) being a member of classis, preferred my request to address the body. At about ten o'clock A. M. that classis had voted permission, and I addressed them.

"A committee of Rev. Dr. A. Yates, Rev. A. Mandeville, and a physician, was appointed to draft resolutions on Moral Reform. They presented their report, and a discussion ensued, in which I was permitted to take a part.

never enjoyed before. He passed the most of the night (as a member of my family, who overheard him, afterwards informed me) in prayer and praise to God. Notwithstanding the incessant and exciting labors of the day, and the sleeplessness of the night, he was ready, at an early hour the following morning, to take the stage for the east, which he did with many a heartfelt prayer for blessings on his head, from hearts deeply impressed and truly grateful for his visit and labor of love among us.

"JOSIAH ANDREWS."

\* These pictures are so abominably obscene, that though they are minutely described in Mr. M'Dowall's Journal, yet a delineation of them here must be omitted. Is it so, that in the country where literature has so much advanced as to establish a reading-room, that the eye of the traveler must be met with such shocking indecencies!!

I spoke about one hour in the morning, and perhaps half an hour on the resolutions.

*Objections by some.*

- " 1st. Details forbidden.
- " 2d. Exposure is like theatrical exhibitions.
- " 3d. The Moral Reform papers have done injury.
- " 4th. Bible details do not corrupt, because God sanctioned those details.
- " 5th. I answered these objections at length.

*Analysis of my first address.*

" Divorces,	-	-	-	\$ 4,000 a year.
" Seductions,	-	-	-	40,000
" Lewd women,	-	-	-	100,000
" Lewd men,	-	-	-	500,000
" Brothels,	-	-	-	10,000
" Children,	-	-	-	100,000
" Books,	-	-	-	
" Deaths,	-	-	-	50,000
" Expenses,	-	-	-	150,000,000

" Classis passed the following resolutions :

" " In view of facts tending to show the extent of licentiousness in its various forms throughout our own land, but particularly in our cities ; and believing that too little attention has been given to this painful but delicate subject by the community and by the church—Therefore

" " Resolved, That, as a classis, we regard the efforts which have been made by benevolent individuals and Moral Reform Societies to throw light on the hitherto unexplored path of the debauchee, though in some respects unwise, and as such to be regretted, yet, on the whole, as fitted to operate in a salutary way on public opinion ; and on this

account deserving the prayers and co-operation of all good men.

“ ‘ Resolved, That it be recommended and earnestly urged, and hereby is recommended and urged on the ministers and christians in our communion, to put forth all the prayerful efforts which shall be deemed prudent to storm the current of pollution which threatens to deluge our favored land.’ ”

“ ‘ H. MANDEVILLE,  
Stated Clerk of Cayuga Classis.

“ ‘ October 8th, 1835.’ ”

“ *Ithaca, Tompkins County, New-York.*—Staid at the Clinton stage-house. Left for Oswego, New-York, twenty-nine miles south, on the Oswego rail-road. At about twelve o’clock arrived at Oswego. Synod was closing, and I could not be introduced to synod and be heard. Returned to Ithaca. A meeting in the session-room. I was urged to preach, and accepted. One of the elders invited me to pass the night. Declined, and staid at the tavern.

“ *Ithaca, Oct. 9th.*—At 6 A. M. left for Cayuga Bridge, forty-two miles north. Took the packet for Montezuma—took a line-boat for Westport. At Westport took the packet for Whitesborough. At Montezuma there were two abandoned women, and young lewd men manifesting the corruption of their morals by joking about these fallen daughters.

“ At Cayuga Bridge, a gentleman, and stranger to me, asked me to take charge of a young lady he brought to the packet, and to see her safely to Westport. After he left, I ascertained that he was minister of a church at Cayuga Bridge. This circumstance amazed me, viz. that a stranger should address me with so much confidence, and place a young lady under a stranger’s care.

“ *Whitesborough, New-York, Oct. 10th.*—Saturday—arrived here—received the hospitality of Dr. Clark and

Rev. Mr. Pettibone, and others. Received a letter from my companion, long looked for. New-York Mills, one mile and a half from Whitesborough. Preached in the evening, in Rev. Mr. Lass' church, to a crowded house. Wearied in body, and more wearied in mind, was not fitted to preach; found it no easy or satisfactory task. Staid at brother Wells'; Brother Lass stated that the fathers held a meeting last week in the village, to inquire into the state of morals among the boys of the place, and that he was petrified at the disclosures. Little boys had learned obscene songs and polluted language. These boys go down to the canal and meet the drivers, with whom they associate, and from whom probably they learn their pollution. A committee of twelve was appointed over the boys—a committee of vigilance. The agents of the factory are pious men, and energetic in promoting morals. The next day after, a boy was reported for stealing and profanity. His case was reported to his parents. It is said that this factory village has better morals than any like village in the region; that the other factory villages have loose morals, licentiousness in abundance, the agents being from Europe, and of loose morals.

" Many different creeds abound in these places, in some of which it is said that the agents, and as many as they can prevail upon, actually labor on the Lord's day.

" *Whitesborough, New-York, Oct. 12th.*—Left in a little wagon for Utica, and at Utica took the stage for Schenectady—took a line-boat for Troy.

" The cloak of Rev. Mr. Crane's sent back to brother Foote at the seminary, to be sent to Mr. Crane.\* Arrived at Albany, and put up at the Temperance House.

" *Albany, New-York, Wednesday.*—Last night at synod; requested to address the synod. Committee of overtures took it into consideration and reported to day, that synod

\* 2 Tim. 4: 13.

had expressed an opinion on Moral Reform, and that it was not advisable to take up the subject at this time, and that my request be not granted. This was a decent way to get over the matter.

"Took the West Chester for New York, and got aground about two or three miles from the city. Obtained a place on three chairs covered with the slides of the table—disturbed all night. In the morning, I tried to get up a debate that might interest and instruct the passengers. A committee of five was chosen to select a subject. The committee retired and brought the subject of slavery for discussion; but was soon dismissed by the noise of rude and ill-natured men making an outcry.

"Is it morally right to take life under any circumstances?"

"This question was fully discussed and settled in the affirmative. I argued, that it was right in the case of murder. Reasoned it from the fact that God delegated the right to man, not that the man had right *per se*, to take, or to delegate the right to take life; that this delegated right had never been taken away; that death was the strongest penalty that could be inflicted on a criminal, and consequently the strongest motive to obedience; and men need the strongest motives to obedience, to protect them from evil, and to protect them against the malice of men.

"Ought the liberty of speech and the liberty of the press to be restricted by law! i. e. ought free discussion to be restricted by law on any subject?"

"A unanimous vote settled the question that free discussion ought not to be restricted by law.

"The slavery question then came up. Mobocracy in spirit was up—stamping of feet, whistling, &c.&c. and the captain was called, and ordered the dispute to be terminated. At near nine o'clock came up to the dock; found my little family at 327 Pearl-street, comfortably provided for by the New-York Female Moral Reform Society. This was unexpected.\*

*" Sabbath, 4 o'clock.—*Preached on the tow-boat at the foot of Broad-street. Feel as though I should follow it up. With Father Brown I commenced preaching to boatmen this spring on the East River side, near the Washington market.

*" Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and to Saturday* getting ready to study anatomy.

This he pursued for some time, attending the annual lectures given to students in the medical college. He was shocked at the principles he there heard promulgated to the students; and often said, no inducements could prevail on him to send a son to such a place for instruction. The levity over the dead bodies carried there for dissection, was calculated to harden the heart of the inexperienced youth, and fit him for any work of barbarity. But the *principles* were what most filled him with horror. One fact may illustrate.

A lady who kept a boarding-house in New-York, received into her family a youth of nineteen to board, and soon found he was under medical treatment in consequence of lewdness. She inquired of the gentleman who introduced him to her house, if he knew his situation when he initiated him into her family. The answer was, he did. He had been well acquainted with his father, who was a plain, honest farmer, on the Green Mountains in Vermont; that this son had had little or no opportunities of knowing the snares of the wicked, and had come to New-York a few months since, and was taken unwell. He consulted a physician, and the physician told him he must visit a

\* The most of Mr. M'Dowall's tour to the west is copied for the benefit of country readers, that they may see the danger the country is in from its own internal resources; and that the cities are not the only evil-doers in the work of pollution. Did cities have no supplies from the country, their stock would soon fail. Were there no country merchants to visit the cities, and purchase their lewd prints and books, and visit the houses of infamy, the inducement to traffic in the chastity of women would be greatly lessened.

brothel as the remedy, and best remedy. He did so, and the result was sickness, repentance, and shame. The lady went to Mr. M'Dowall to ask advice, saying, the youth had confessed his folly with tears, and wished to stay, because he felt friendless, and the house was a religious one, and he dreaded temptation. But do you believe, she insisted, that a physician in the city, however depraved, would dare give such advice? M'Dowall answered with his usual decision, "Yes, *I know it*. I will tell you a fact. I last year attended part of a course of medical lectures by the first physicians in New-York, and students from various parts of the country attended. I heard these intelligent physicians in their lectures recommend the same to youth from all parts of our land, and pretend to base their assertions on physiological principles. I withstood them warmly, and incurred their displeasure."

He now felt it his duty to place before the public his situation in regard to Messrs. Wheelwright and Starr, and the Benevolent Society. He writes thus: "It is time for me to speak for myself. Moral reform is greatly suffering by rumors afloat through the country of my dishonesty: I have heard much in my travels, the summer and autumn, which has been truly painful. Some are highly incensed at me, and some are demanding the money to be refunded which the Benevolent Society have claimed, and *all* are in ignorance of the real truth."

Here a difficulty arose, though not new, yet not the less difficult to surmount. He had no money. The religious papers in the city refused to open their columns to publish his communications, and the penny papers were his only alternative. And these would not publish them except as advertisements, which was very expensive. In this dilemma, what could he do? His companion said,

"Pray, and see what the Lord will do; if it is right you should do it, money will be sent."

In a day or two from this, he found in the Post Office a letter from a missionary in China, the Rev. Mr. —,\* with a draft on a bank of the city of fifty dollars.

He unhesitatingly commenced, and from time to time, as he needed, donations were sent in. The Moral Reform Society did something for his support, a widow did something, and a quakeress lady did not neglect to supply a little aid, so that he struggled on till the seventh number of his defence called forth the attention of the third presbytery, and he soon found himself a criminal at their bar.

The details of that trial could not be interesting to the public in this place, but should any feel anxious to examine the merits of that case, the trial is already in print in a pamphlet by itself. These were dark days—*days* which the few solitary friends† who dared to stand by him will not soon forget. Said one,

"I could do nothing but thank God that I had not been left to be among his persecutors."

Another remarked, "I could think of nothing but Christ before Pilate's bar."

A third, "I envy M'Dowall his crown."

And a fourth, who looked on his care-worn dejected countenance, "I wish that his martyrdom would be speedily finished, and he be spared these lingering, relentless tortures!"

Reader, you have read the story of Gethsemane; you have heard the Savior pray, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done." Then follow M'Dowall to his loved altar of fa-

\* The letter containing the draft has been lost, and the name forgotten.

† These friends were the Rev. Mr. Leavitt, Esquire Brown, and two or three others, and a few women who attended the trial. Mr. Leavitt staid in the assembly till he found it in vain to maintain the contest any longer, and retired. Esquire Brown was his faithful adviser and assistant through all his litigated contests, ably and boldly defending him in the face of all his gainsayers; and this without any reward.

mily prayer, and hear him repeat the same words; hear him, while his soul is "exceeding sorrowful," say, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

He retired from the assembly; he waited his sentence in his family, little doubting the result, for he had seen the bitter sneer, he had heard the "revilings of many," and felt they were determined not "to let him go." It came; he bowed in prayerful submission, and seemed, as the rolling thunder passed by, to smile through his tears; to gather up his soul and say, Lord, I am ready, assign me my work, and, however humble, I will not be idle in thy vineyard.

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## CHAPTER XXX.

### The result and Appeal.

It is hoped that his Appeal, which follows, will be attentively read, because the story is there told, by his own pen, better than any biographer could do it. The facts there stated cannot be refuted; and though to some they may appear dry, yet they are awfully momentous. Though they tell you not his sufferings, yet they tell you the cause of his sufferings. They tell you some of the "strange acts" of those who sat in dignified state in that sanhedrim, and why they found it in their hearts to depose him from the ministry. They tell you in essence, if not the same words, that it was not in the power of *their* court to "show mercy to a criminal." They tell you in essence, that the spirit of persecution is the same in all ages, whether in a Popish Inquisition, a Presbyterian Assembly, a Baptist Association, or a Methodist Conference; and they tell you, too, the dangerous influence of woman,

when her influence is not on the side of truth and justice.

Again, it is requested, read this Appeal—read it for the sake of him who sleeps in the dust, and has carried his cause to the court of heaven, where he will have a fair and impartial hearing

Read it, because in distant parts of the land many were induced to believe that so many great and good men and women would not be liable to err in judgment or in practice in a matter of so much moment.

Read it, because you may there be taught that “it is better to trust in God than put confidence in man, yea, in princes; and that *there* may be found practical demonstration that great men are not always wise.

## PROTEST, COMPLAINT AND APPEAL,

*Of the Rev. John Robert M'Dowall, of the Third Presbytery of New-York—against that Presbytery—to the Synod of New-York.*

### (CHAPTER I.)

Circular Letter—newspapers containing my “Defence” laid on the table—Mr. Wheelwright and two or three ladies of the Female Bible Society requested the Presbytery to meet and act on my “Defence”—Mr. Wheelwright offers to prosecute me—Presbytery prevents him, and then they prosecute me on the ground of Common Fame—Rev. Mr. White's objections to Common Fame—my opposition to Common Fame—Committee of Inquiry appointed—the newspapers referred to them—this committee reports the four charges contained in the Long Island Farmer of July 29, 1835—Rev. Messrs. Ebenezer Mason and H. G. Ludlow, committee of prosecution—charges in the Long Island Farmer omitted in the indictment—private complaints of Wheelwright and associates tabled, wrongfully, as the complaints of Common Fame.

FATHERS AND BRETHREN: The Third Presbytery of New-York were convened on the 23d day of February last past, by virtue of the following circular letter:

" *New-York, Feb. 9th, 1836.*—Dear Sir,—You are requested to attend a meeting of the Third Presbytery of New-York, on Tuesday, 23d inst. at 3 o'clock P. M. in the lecture-room of the Bleecker-street church, to consider and act as shall be necessary on the following items of business, viz. (among others) \* \* \* \* *certain articles* in the public papers, purporting to have been written by Rev. J. R. M'Dowall." \* \* \* \*

" CHAS. HALL, *Moderator.*"

" After attending to other business, the moderator called the notice of the Presbytery to the "*certain articles* in the public papers purporting to have been written by Rev. J. R. M'Dowall." Hereupon Mr. John Wheelwright, an elder from the Bowery church, and a member of the presbytery, laid upon the table the several newspapers said to contain those "*certain articles*" now to be considered and acted upon. In these newspapers were several "*articles*" which I had addressed to the christian public, for the purpose of vindicating myself from several grievous calumnies, supposed to be put forth by Charles Starr and John Wheelwright, or others, in connection with the Female Benevolent Society of New-York. These calumnies related mostly and primarily to transactions in my *public character*, as the General Agent of all charitable societies and individuals engaged in the cause of Moral Reform, and aiding me, during the years 1822 and 1833. These *public transactions* brought me into contact, and ultimately into collision with the said Starr and Wheelwright, and the Female Benevolent Society.

In making my said "*DEFENCE*" to the christian public, by whom I had been fostered and supported, and to whom I was accountable as their General Agent, and to whom the integrity of my character was important, I was necessarily led to speak of such PUBLIC conduct and money transactions of the said Starr and Wheelwright, and of the said Female Benevolent Society as related to me; and to disclose "*sayings and doings*" of those persons, in some measure derogatory to their character. At the same time I pledged myself to them and to the public, that in case it should appear that I had made any mistake in my statements, either as to fact,

or circumstance, I would, on their pointing it out, "most cheerfully and *publicly* correct the error."

Previous to my said *defence*, the public had been harassed by this unhappy contention between those who professed to be the friends of Moral Reform;—and they demanded explanations. My patrons and friends had been grieved and mortified, whilst listening to rumors and charges against my moral and christian character put forth by the aforesaid individuals; and they demanded of me an explanation, and, if possible, a vindication. This call was long and loud, and could not be refused.

In the latter part of November last I commenced my *defence*; eight numbers of which were now on the table of the Presbytery. Mr. John Wheelwright, an Elder from the Bowery church, and a member of the Presbytery, rose from his seat and stated that he and some two or three ladies of the Female Benevolent Society had requested that the Presbytery might be convened for the express purpose of considering and doing what was thought best on these certain articles, by which he and his associates were aggrieved; and that he was then ready, if the Presbytery thought best, to table charges against the Rev. J. R. M'Dowall.

This course of proceeding offered by Mr. Wheelwright, on behalf of himself and his associates, seemed fair and reasonable. It was in accordance with the particular business stated in the circular; it was placing himself and associates before the Judicatory on equal terms with myself; it was leaving the Tribunal impartial between us, and uncommitted to either party; it was leaving the parties to their own several resources, and rights, and responsibilities. Proceeding on this *offer*, the parties would have been WHEELWRIGHT AND OTHERS, complainants, against JOHN ROBERT M'DOWALL, defendant. The subject matter would have been the contents of the "certain articles;" and both parties would have been restricted to lawful and *disinterested* witnesses.

But this prospect of fairness and equity soon vanished. Mr. Wheelwright was discouraged by the Presbytery from tabling his charges: he was informed, in open Presbytery, by the Rev. Absolom Peters, D. D. that it might be an impru-

dent step, as he would, in case of failing to make out his charges, be exposed to severe censure. The Presbytery now seemed to be at a loss what course to pursue. Rev. Doctor Skinner stated that he had been informed that Doctor Peters had been previously applied to, to digest some plan to conduct this business, and he believed he had got a plan; and recommended that the Presbytery wait till Doctor Peters should come in. When Doctor Peters came in, he expressed his opinion at large; and finally, after considerable discrepancy of opinion, the Presbytery decided to take the prosecution into their *own hands*, and proceed against me upon the *broad ground of COMMON FAME*. The "certain articles" lay upon the table unread and unconsidered.

Whereupon a motion was made by Rev. H. G. Ludlow, for the appointment of a committee, on the ground of Common Fame, to bring in the charges of Common Fame against me, and that the "certain articles" be referred to this committee. This motion was opposed by the Rev. Mr. White, upon the ground that for the Presbytery to proceed against me upon the broad ground of Common Fame, would be a complete departure from the "particular business" specified in the Circular: and secondly, that the complaints uttered against me by known authors, were not the voice of Common Fame, but the voice of those authors.

I also protested against this course of proceeding as being altogether irregular and unconstitutional—and as being a surprise upon the Presbytery and the parties: and informed the Presbytery that I should take a firm stand against it.

The motion of Mr. Ludlow was carried; and a committee of five appointed, to wit: Rev. Messrs. Peters, Patton, White, Skinner, and Mr. Holbrook. This committee reported as follows, to wit:

"The committee to whom were referred sundry papers said to refer to the Rev. J. R. M'Dowall, report that they have read several of the said papers, and find that they contain charges widely circulated, and often repeated against Mr. M'Dowall, which, if true, are highly injurious to his ministerial and christian character. The substance of these charges is contained in the 'Long Island Farmer' of July 29th, 1835. *The charges* have been copied in several other papers in this

city, and in different parts of the country, and have been answered by Mr. M'Dowall, in the *Long Island Farmer*, in a series of letters over his own signature, which answers also have been published in some of the penny papers of this city and elsewhere. Injurious reports have, by these means, been widely extended; and amount, in the opinion of your committee, to *Common Fame* against Mr. M'Dowall, and call the investigation of this Presbytery."

The Rev. A. Peters, D. D. chairman of the committee, followed up this report by reading to the Presbytery, out of the *Long Island Farmer* THE FOUR SPECIFIED CHARGES, and the Editor's comments thereupon. The report was accepted, and the committee discharged.

These offences, as stated in the *Long Island Farmer* of July 29th, 1835, are as follows:

(1.) "That he inhumanly caused one Mahala Lake, a penitent female, while she was sick and destitute of necessary clothing, and living in his family, to go about the streets of New-York, during the last severe snow storm of last winter, to sell papers for him; whereby she caught her death cold, of which she died in May last. (2.) That he has defrauded the Female Benevolent Society of money. (3.) That he has defrauded the Female *Moral Reform* Society of sundry articles of clothing. (4.) That he has done other scandalous things, too bad to name."

The Presbytery having now ascertained by this Committee of Examination that *Common Fame* charged me with *four offences*, contained in the *Long Island Farmer*—"Thereupon *Resolved*, That a committee be appointed for the purpose of ascertaining and tabling the charges of *Common Fame* against the said M'Dowall, according to the fourth section of the General Rules:" Messrs. Ebenezer Mason and H. G. Ludlow were this committee; the special business of their appointment was plain and obvious from the resolution.

But this committee, wholly overlooking the charges of *Common Fame*, as stated in the *Long Island Farmer*, and as ascertained by the preceding committee—wholly forgetting their commission "to table *the* charges of *Common Fame* against the said M'Dowall"—passing by the whole subject

matter referred to them, they in fact *volunteered* to return back, without orders or authority, to the "certain articles," and, on behalf of Wheelwright and his associates, extract from those "certain articles" their *private complaints* against me, almost in their very words. They wrongfully impute these complaints of Wheelwright and others to Common Fame. Common Fame never heard of them: they were confined to the Female Benevolent Society, and within their narrow circle of friends, managers, and advisers. "Common Fame," say they, "charges the Rev. J. R. M'Dowall with," &c. This was unfounded in truth and in fact. Common Fame, it is admitted, charged him *with the Long Island offences*, as found by their first committee of inquiry; but not with unchristian conduct—nor with intentional misrepresentation—not with slander *in defending himself against those charges*. On this subject Common Fame actually acquitted me, and charged the *wrong* home upon Starr and Wheelwright and the Female Benevolent Society. My character was now cleared, and theirs was implicated. They felt that the public voice applauded me, and cried aloud against them. In fact, at the time of the convening of the Presbytery, the current of public opinion was changed, and Common Fame charged me with no offence. And yet to give to the Presbytery the color of jurisdiction over the private complaints of individuals—complaints which the complainants will not venture to table, Common Fame is brought in to take the place of real complainants.

I pray the Synod to look especially at the *caption* of this indictment: "charges preferred by the Third Presbytery of New-York, upon the ground of COMMON FAME, against the Rev. John R. M'Dowall:" and then bearing this in mind, to read the twenty specifications in the *tabled* charges, all relative to the controverted points between myself and my opponents; and all, *prima facie*, capable of explanation and defence.

## CHAPTER II.

Bad spirit imputed to me—parties changed to protect Wheelwright and to use him as a witness—assuming my case as one of gross wrong—notice to the Presbytery that I should complain to Synod: Reason 1st, departure from the particular business specified in the circular. 2d, neglect and refusal to table and investigate the four charges named in the Long Island Farmer. 3d, tabling on the ground of Common Fame a new set of charges not recognized by Common Fame. 4th, the Presbytery has no jurisdiction, on the ground of Common Fame, over statements in my “Defence” alleged, by the party implicated, to contain a bad spirit, intentional misrepresentation and slander—these offences not being of that description of offences proper for the cognizance of a judicatory on the ground of Common Fame. 5th, The alleged Common Fame on which they prosecuted me is only a general rumor among the friends of Wheelwright and his associates.

As to the bad spirit said to be manifested by me in that “DEFENCE,” I say nothing—the imputation is gratuitous; and if the statements and disclosures in my “DEFENCE” be substantially correct, as I do solemnly aver they are, then the imputation is undeserved.

The Synod will perceive that the Presbytery, by assuming the position of PROSECUTORS under the name of Common Fame, instead of permitting Mr. Wheelwright to take the responsibility of tabling his own charges, *have wholly changed* the scene—and the parties—and the mode of attack and defence. Hitherto the contest had been carried on by the *real* parties, in their own names, without mask or disguise—it was JOHN WHEELWRIGHT and others against John R. M'Dowall. But now the real complainants are, by the Presbytery, prudently withdrawn, lest they might incur censure, and for other purposes, as it subsequently appears; and the Tribunal take it upon themselves to *assume*, that in this contest with my opponents, mine is a notorious case of gross wrong, every where bruited by Common Fame. But supposing this Tribunal had been *partial* to me, (I put it as a

mere supposition,) suppose they had been partial to ME, and had assumed that Wheelwright and his associates had, in fact, been guilty of slandering and defrauding me, and that they were so charged by Common Fame—and suppose this Tribunal had placed THEM in the culprit's box, and me on the judge's bench and witness' stand—how wonderfully this would have “altered the case!” And how justly and righteously would Wheelwright and his associates have complained of that *partiality*! And how differently would the two parties have now stood before the public!

Such being the facts in this case, and such the course of proceedings adopted against me by the said Presbytery, I gave them notice of my intention to complain and appeal to this Synod. I do hereby protest and complain against all the aforesaid doings of the said Presbytery, and do hereby appeal from them to this Synod; and I do specify the following reasons (among others) for my said complaint and appeal:

I. When the Presbytery decided to prosecute me upon the broad ground of Common Fame, and sent out their committee with directions to ascertain what charges Common Fame had made against me; and when the said Presbytery accepted the Report of that Committee, as above stated, *they wholly departed from the particular business specified in the circular letter*—contrary to the principles of righteousness and the Book of Discipline.

I surely need not argue to this Synod that when a *pro re nata* Presbytery are called to consider and act upon one single, tangible performance of an individual, (as the printed Articles mentioned in the Circular,) they have no right to take cognisance of all the actions and offences of his whole life: I need not say that they have no right to call upon Common Fame to open her monstrous jaws, and speak with her thousand tongues. What judicatory would be equal to an investigation of her calumnies? or what party would submit, or endure the Herculean labor of an *universal defence*?

Against this gross *departure* of the Presbytery from their specified business I protest and complain. But again—

II. The Presbytery having decided to prosecute me themselves, upon the ground of Common Fame, and having accepted the report of their committee, which specified the

four charges named in the *Long Island Farmer*, and recommended that the Presbytery investigate those charges—the Presbytery, notwithstanding this, did wholly neglect and refuse to investigate or table those charges of Common Fame: leaving them (so far as their influence extended) to stand upon their records in full force against me in the view of a Christian and Infidel public!

I will not undertake to assign the reasons for this strange procedure: but I will state to you the substance of what was said on this subject in open Presbytery, by one of their members, the Rev. A. D. Smith. Speaking of the charges in the *Long Island Farmer*, then laid before the Presbytery, Mr. Smith said: "This is not what they want: (referring to Wheelwright and associates.) To be tried on these charges of Common Fame, *is the every thing* Brother M'Dowall wants. This will not answer their purpose—they complain of his DEFENCE." How far this reason given by Mr. Smith actuated the Presbytery I know not; but I do know, that after the aforesaid grievous charges were actually before the Presbytery, by their own procuring, they left them uninvestigated, to stand against me in full force and effect. Did this show a Christian spirit? Was this ministerial conduct?

Against this, as irregular, and unconstitutional, and unchristian, I protest and complain.

III. After the Presbytery had decided to become themselves my prosecutors, upon the ground of *Common Fame*, and had before them Common Fame's charges, I complain that they proceeded, by their prosecuting committee, to table against me a *new set* of charges, about which Common Fame KNEW NOTHING and said NOTHING.

When the Presbytery met, I was in the act of publishing my "DEFENCE." Against this defence the persons implicated said nothing to the public. Among their private friends, and their managers and advisers, and husbands in the Presbytery, they raised a clamor. The public knew little or nothing of this clamor. But the Presbytery perfectly understood it: and they proceeded to embody, in their charges and specifications, the *private* griefs and complaints of their wives and other members, officers, and managers of the Female Benevolent Society—the very griefs and complaints that

Mr. Wheelwright offered to write down with his own hand. Having so embodied these private complaints, they gratuitously and untruly imputed them to "Common Fame." "Common Fame," say they, "charges the Rev. J. R. M'Dowall with" &c. This grand FICTION of the Presbytery lies at the foundation of all their subsequent errors. I say *fiction*; because this assertion about Common Fame is wholly destitute of reality, or truth, or proof. How could Common Fame know that the *statements* made in my defence were incorrect? No one had denied or questioned them: *prima facie*, they were true: they were supported by references to documents and to notorious facts: I had staked my veracity and character upon the truth of those statements—my opponents chose not to hazard theirs by a public denial: they preferred to suffer judgment to go against them by default. Public opinion was evidently setting strong in my favor, and *against them*. Common Fame had already begun to open her mouth against them in all parts of the country; and to cry aloud against the wrongs which they had done me, commanding them to restore what they had taken from me by mistake, and now unjustly retained, after knowledge of their mistake had been brought home to them.

Such, in fact, was the voice, and verdict, and recorded judgment of Common Fame, at the time when the Presbytery embodied the Society's private complaints against me. Indeed, it was the consciousness that public opinion was against them, that drove them to the desperate expedient of calling in the aid of the Presbytery to relieve them from their agony.

I complain, therefore, against the Presbytery for their assuming and taking for granted a palpable untruth—a sheer *fiction* of my opponents, that *Common Fame* was my accuser.

IV. I affirm that the *offences* detailed in the said twenty specifications (allowing them to be truly stated, which I by no means grant) are of such a character as that they cannot come under the cognizance of the Presbytery, *upon the ground of Common Fame*.

Now what are these *offences*?—With one exception of a small consequence, they consist in making certain *statements* in my public "DEFENCE," alleged to be done with a bad

spirit, and to contain slanderous charges and intentional misrepresentations. Now I need not inform this Synod that the fact of slander or no slander, of good or bad intention, depends upon the question, *whether my statements are substantially true*. If they are, and I aver they are, then they contain no *slander* or intentional misrepresentation. To *assume* they are false, would be gratuitous, and indicate gross *partiality*. But admitting, for a moment, that they do contain both slander and intentional misrepresentation, and do manifest an unchristian spirit; still I maintain that this offence does not come under the description of those which a Presbytery may prosecute, upon the ground of *Common Fame*.

The Synod will allow me to observe that this proceeding against individuals upon the ground of *common fame*, although allowed in our Book of Discipline, in certain notorious and scandalous cases, is of very questionable equity, and should be resorted to "with great caution;" and only in cases of obvious necessity. Indeed Presbyterianism looks upon this proceeding with a jealous eye; and allows it only

"Where an offence is so notorious and scandalous as that no private steps would obviate its injurious effects; or where the private steps have failed, and there is *obviously no other way of removing* the offence but by means of a judicial process." Chap. 3, sec. 2. "Taking up charges on this ground, of course requires great caution." *Idem*. sec. 5th.

Will it be said here, that there was obviously no other way of removing the alleged offences, unless by a proceeding on the ground of Common Fame? I answer: Can it be denied that Mr. Wheelwright, a member of Presbytery, could have taken upon himself the responsibility of tabling these very charges? Let it not be forgotten that he actually *offered* to do it.

Again: "In order to render an offence proper for the recognizance of a Judicatory on the ground of general rumor or common fame, the rumor must specify some particular sin or sins; it must be general, or widely spread; it must not be transient, but permanent, and rather gaining strength than declining. Taking up charges on this ground, requires great

caution and the exercise of much Christian prudence." Chap. 3, sec. 5.

Again: "Scandalous charges against a minister ought not to be received by any Judicatory on slight grounds; nor unless common fame *so loudly* proclaims the scandal, that the Presbytery find it necessary for the honor of religion to investigate the charge." Chap. 5, sec. 1 and 5.

Lastly: Offences proper to be prosecuted upon the ground of Common Fame, must be "notorious and scandalous;" transactions which are *prima facie*, and in their own nature *offences*: not such performances as may, or may not be unlawful; according as the motives may, or may not be correct—they must be "*scandalous*—not merely improper acts done in a passion, or from a bad spirit, or through strong prejudice, or jealousy; but acts "*shameful and flagitious*, such as drunkenness, uncleanness, or crimes of a higher nature."

Now, compare for a moment the alleged offences contained in the Indictment, with the above *characteristics* of offences, proper for the cognizance of a judicatory on the ground of Common Fame.

My great *offence*, which comprises most of the specifications, *is the printing of a "DEFENCE"* of my PUBLIC CHARACTER and TRANSACTIONS, against sundry insinuations and charges of a public character, by which I had been prostrated.

Now admitting, for argument sake, that in performing this difficult task I may have manifested an uncharitable spirit, and in some instances overstated matters of fact; or made erroneous calculations; or expressed unjust suspicions; or drawn incorrect conclusions from uncertain and doubtful premises—suppose all this, and much more of the same kind—still, is the making and publishing of that "*DEFENCE*," in *itself*, and *prima facie*, a "*notorious and scandalous offence*?" Is it a crime, *base and flagitious*, "like drunkenness and uncleanness?" And was there obviously no other way of removing the offence or obviating its injurious effects? Could not the parties aggrieved by my representations have dealt privately with me, and shown me my errors, both as to fact and argument? And might I not, as I pledged myself

to do, have done away all the evil effects, by publicly correcting and retracting my errors? See No. 6 of my Defence, as follows :

"I would fain have kept silence and hid my wrongs in my own bosom ; but my enemies prevent me : they compel me to speak out in my own vindication. What I have done, I have done more in grief than anger. *And should it appear that I have set down aught in mistake*, either as to fact or circumstance, I will most cheerfully and *publicly* correct the error."

This pledge, in all sincerity and truth, I do now renew.

Having now (examined and ascertained what description of officers is proper for the cognizance of a judicatory, on the ground of *Common Fame*, and) shown, as I trust, that those which are tabled against me are *not* of that description, I must beg the patience of the Synod, while I remark,

V. That the course of the Presbytery in this prosecution is irregular and unconstitutional, because *the Common Fame* on which they have based their proceedings, is clearly, by their own showing, nothing but that *General Rumor* mentioned in sec. 3d, Chap. iv. and described as follows :

"Common Fame is the accuser. Yet a *general rumor* may be raised by the rashness, censoriousness, or malice, of ONE OR MORE INDIVIDUALS. When this appears to have been the case, such individuals ought to be censured in proportion," &c. &c.

*Not* the party who is the subject of their rashness, censoriousness, and malice.

Now, *whose* complaints are those contained in the "tabled charges?" They are those of Wheelwright and his associates. *Who* alone are cognizant of the several things objected against me in the several specifications—*who* say that my representations of the doings of Starr and Wheelwright, and of the Female Benevolent Society under them, are false and slanderous?—Wheelwright and his associates. *Here* is the source, and the only source, of the noise and *general rumor* about the slander and intentional misrepresentation contained in my "DEFENCE." Out of this circle and that of their friends, no man complains of my statements and disclosures. Ought not, then, John Wheelwright, a member of this Presbytery, and a known author of this *spurious Common Fame*

and "*public rumor*," on which the Presbytery have based this proceeding, "to be censured for his rashness and censoriousness," instead of being seated on high, as his own witness, and my JUDGE ?!

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(CHAPTER III.)

(6.) Wheelwright, the prosecutor, acting as judge, and with his associates, testifying to their own innocence.—(7.) Tried a second time on the same subject matter, now constitutionally beyond their jurisdiction.



VI. This course of the Presbytery, in voluntarily thrusting themselves into this trial as a party, when the party himself was ready and willing to table these same charges, was not only irregular and unconstitutional, but, in its necessary results, was inequitable, partial, and oppressive.

Its first *result* was, to degrade me from a fair *level* with my opponents, Mr. Wheelwright and his associates. It was now no longer a question to be settled which of the contending parties was to blame—but I was singled out as a culprit, notoriously guilty of a scandalous offence, placed in the culprit's box—while this tribunal *assumed* that Wheelwright and his associates were innocent, and gave him an elevated seat upon the Judge's bench, from which I was thrust down. In short, instead of trying *us both*, they set Mr. Wheelwright *to try me* ! And his influence on the bench was in fact effective and commanding. He interfered in all cases where his interest might be promoted—he made motions and speeches, furnished documents, hints, and insinuations ; and was every where present where his interest might be promoted, and my downfall effected. This degradation of the one party and the exaltation of the other was the *first result*.

The *second* result was that it made Mr. Wheelwright and his associates all witnesses in their own case. The Presbytery having excused them from being *a party*, they could see

no reason why they should not be witnesses! They had no interest in the cause—not they. They only wished to see justice done, and M'Dowall punished. Of course the Presbytery gave me regular notice that, in opposition to my charges and statements put forth in my “DEFENCE,” they should prove the innocence of John Wheelwright, Esq. by—John Wheelwright, Esq. and his wife; and the innocence of the officers and members of the Female Benevolent Society by—the officers and members of the Female Benevolent Society: and the *husbands* of several of the officers of the said society, and all the officers, managers, and members and matrons of the Female Benevolent Society of New-York, *en masse*.

But it is not the *number* merely that is so appalling—it is the fact that these witnesses are *the party complainant*, all deeply interested in their own cause, and in support of their own characters and interests testifying, under all the prejudices excited by a three years' warfare, against a man whom, of all others, they most fear and hate; whose character they *must* destroy, or suffer in their own: a man whom, of all others, they have most injured—and of course, the last whom they will forget or forgive.

VII. I complain of the Presbytery, because it is known to them that a great part of the subject matter for which I am now called in question a SECOND time, was in fact laid before them at their June sessions in 1834 by Mr. Charles Starr, in his twenty-five specifications; and that it was taken up and considered as a part of the great *money question* between us; and was all passed upon by the said Presbytery, except the single question, whether I was the hired and accountable agent of the Female Benevolent Society. A formal decision of this point was then waved by the Presbytery, on the ground that some of its members were absent when it was discussed; and that its decision, by them, might have influence upon an expected lawsuit. But this point was in fact virtually decided by that Presbytery, when they unanimously declared that  “THEY HAVE SEEN NO REASON TO IMPEACH THE MORAL CHARACTER OF MR. M'DOWALL IN THE MANAGEMENT OF THE PECUNIARY INTERESTS OF THE CAUSE IN WHICH HE IS ENGAGED.” 

But this is not all; the said Presbytery do also know that this same subject matter for which I have now been tried a *second* time, is of more than one year's standing—and of course they know that it is beyond their jurisdiction. I advise the Synod of this grievance, not so much to avail myself of it as a plea in bar, but to show the temper and spirit by which this whole prosecution has been characterized.

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(CHAPTER IV.)

(8.) The tribunal's partiality—Wheelwright a member of the court—patrons, endorsers, advisers, pastors, and husbands of officers and members of the Female Benevolent Society members of the court—(9.) Denial of a reasonable time to procure my testimony, and to prepare for trial—Request for time, and for Wm. Brown, Esq. to aid me—Speeches on the request—the Presbytery's answer to this request—exception to the decision and notice of appeal to Synod—inalienable right of each freeman to judge for himself what witnesses he needs to maintain his own cause.

VIII. I am compelled to add that the respectable Presbytery, of which I was a member, and at whose bar I have been arraigned to answer for the statements and disclosures respecting the Female Benevolent Society, made in my published *defence*, are not, and from the nature of things cannot be, an IMPARTIAL TRIBUNAL between the parties.

Look first at the component parts of this Presbytery; and then at their connections with the complaining party. In the first place, my active and powerful antagonist, Mr. John Wheelwright, the head and leader of the complainants, and the man the most interested in my conviction, is a member of the Judicatory. (2.) Many of the pastors and elders composing this Presbytery are the patrons and endorsers, and some of them are the official advisers, of this same Female Benevolent Society—their leading female church members are members of this Society; and the Society's difficulties and

wants are laid before their several pastors and elders for advice; so that no man contends with this Society, without, in fact, contending with the ministers and elders with whom they are so intimately connected.

But the strongest circumstance in the case—a circumstance which shows the impossibility that this Judicatory can be *impartial* in the cause before them, is the fact, that several of the ministers and elders are connected with the Society by the closest of all human ties—that of husband and wife. Their wives, in part, compose the Female Benevolent Society—and some of the husbands of these wives sit as my judges. In an important case between me and the wife of the Moderator—the wife is the party, and the husband is the judge! Can you find such a *spectacle* in any civilized nation? Here is an *ecclesiastical* tribunal\* sitting as Judges between their own wives and a third person! To look for impartiality here, you must believe these ministers and elders to be more or less than *men*.

I have been speaking of the respected *moderator*—but what is true of him, is true of the temporary clerk, and of older and leading ministers and elders in the Presbytery—their *wives are officers and members of the Female Benevolent Society*. Look at the case. Strip it of the drapery thrown around it by the title of COMMON FAME. And suppose the wife of the Moderator, or of the Clerk, or of John Wheelwright, comes into the Presbytery and complains of John R. M'Dowall, for that the said M'Dowall, in his public Defence against certain calumnies supposed to be put forth by her and others, did “publish, through the newspapers, sundry charges highly injurious to her christian character,” and thereof she prays judgment against the said M'Dowall, &c. Now suppose that the said Moderator, or the said Clerk, or the said John Wheelwright, should gravely sit, and hear, and try this cause between his said *wife* and the said M'Dowall, and should pronounce judgment against the said M'Dowall, and in favor of his said wife—what would the Christian—what would the Heathen, and the Infidel Public say to such a transaction?

\* Part of it.

The Synod will observe that the above complaint and appeal relate to the errors of the Presbytery in the commencement and early progress of this prosecution. But I am now grieved to say that their subsequent proceedings are characterized by the same irregularity and injustice : and that I am compelled to protest, and do hereby protest against the following unjust, irregular and oppressive acts and doings of the said Presbytery, in addition to those already specified ; and do complain of and appeal from the same to the Synod, viz.

IX. After the cause was at issue, and after commissioners were appointed, at my request, to take the testimony of my witnesses living at a distance, the Presbytery refused to give me any reasonable time to procure my testimony and to prepare for trial ; and insisted that the trial should immediately commence.

This unjust refusal took place under the following circumstances. On the 22d of March they essayed to commence the trial without asking me whether I was ready : I made my objections ; they persisted for a short period and adjourned to the next day. On the next day, immediately after the opening of the Presbytery, I presented the following paper, which was read, and put on the files, to wit :

“ To the Third Presbytery of New-York :—Yesterday I informed you that I was unprepared for trial on the cause pending before you upon the ground of Common Fame—that I could not go to trial at all, without my witnesses, or obtaining their testimony : that many of them (being about sixty in number) lived without the boundaries of this Presbytery ; scattered from Providence, Rhode Island, to Buffalo, New-York, and that I should need commissioners appointed to take the testimony of my witnesses in those distant places.

“ I now further inform you, that I cannot and shall not go to trial in this cause till I have had a reasonable time, considering the distance, the number of witnesses to be examined, and the badness of the roads, to prepare for trial. I therefore ask for eight weeks to procure my testimony and prepare for trial, as the shortest term in which I can accomplish it. And also, I again ask a special favor, that the Presbytery will allow me the assistance of William Brown, Esq. a member

of a church under the care of this Presbytery, and formerly Elder of Cayuga Presbytery, to aid me on my trial; as I have *IN VAIN* made all reasonable efforts to procure assistance in the Presbytery. March 23d, 1836.

"J. R. M'DOWALL."



As to the assistance of the gentleman requested, the Presbytery thought proper to refuse my request. I had previously stated to them the fact, which they well knew that I had *IN VAIN* made all reasonable efforts to procure assistance in the Presbytery; and asked as a favor that they would assign me some one member of their body to aid me. This was advocated by some of the Presbytery as a reasonable request, under the peculiar circumstances of the case.

Mr. Smith said, "In the civil courts, the parties are never without counsel—I think, Moderator, we ought not be less clement than civil courts. As he has tried *in vain* to obtain assistance, I think that clemency and kindness require that something should be done."

In reply to this, Doctor Peters, the gentleman who, on application of my opponents, digested the plans of this prosecution, and moved in it as the master spirit, made, among others, the following striking and *characteristic* remarks: "I am opposed to the request: too much has already been granted to Mr. M'Dowall; besides, our Book gives us no power to appoint or request any one to be his counsel; and I would not transcend our powers to gratify him in his unreasonable requests, &c. &c. In conclusion, I must say that I am not in favor of brother Smith's remark about *clemency*. It is not in the power of a court to *SHOW MERCY TO A CRIMINAL!*"

The Presbytery having refused my request for the aid of Mr. Brown, took up the question, whether they would grant my request for reasonable time to procure testimony and prepare for trial.

Whilst this request was under consideration, Dr. Peters opposed it upon the ground that *he* could not see any use in my sending at a distance for witnesses, when he believed I had enough near at hand—besides, the reasons I had given might be all a *pretence*; and again, it was premature to pro-

cure witnesses *till* I should come to the place in the trial *where* I wanted them! I had no call for testimony yet: I ought to have advised them what witnesses I wanted, *when they put the charges into my hand* [and before I had read them:] he said the proper way was, that when witnesses were wanted on any one specification, Mr. M'Dowall should tell us what he expects to prove by those witnesses, and where they reside; and the  Presbytery will judge  whether it is important that he should have this testimony; and if *they* judged it important, then time should be allowed! The Rev. Mr. White said he thought with brother Peters, &c. &c.

Whereupon Dr. Peters drew up and read the following Resolution, which was passed, as an answer to my request for reasonable time:

*"Resolved, That Mr. M'Dowall's request for eight weeks' delay for procuring testimony be not granted: but that the Presbytery will consider his requests for time to obtain needed testimony on each specification in order."*

Situated as I was before the Presbytery—and such a Presbytery, connected and commingled as the leading members were with my accusers and opponents—and being without counsel, without preparation for trial, without witnesses, and without time to procure them—having no reason to expect “clemency or mercy,” having already received “too much,” I was compelled to give to the Presbytery the following *notice*, and to retire:

*"To the Third Presbytery of New-York,*

“Please to take notice that I except to your decision, denying me a reasonable time to procure testimony and to prepare for trial. I now give you notice, that I protest against this decision as unreasonable, inequitable, and unconstitutional; and that it is my intention to appeal from it to the Synod of New-York at the next meeting thereof.

“J. R. M'DOWALL.

*"March 23d, 1836."*

I retired with an intention of abandoning all further defence, and to rely, for a redress of the above-mentioned grievances, upon this Reverend Synod. To this resolution

I have adhered, upon the ground, that no man can be compelled to stake his character and dearest rights upon an *imperfect defence*, made without counsel, without preparation, and without his necessary witnesses: nor is he bound to submit to the discretion and judgment of a questionable tribunal what witnesses he shall call, or what evidence is "necessary and proper for him." On this subject every freeman claims the right to judge for himself: nor can he suffer himself to be robbed of his rights by any tribunal, civil or ecclesiastical, without treason to his country.

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(CHAPTER V.)

**Trial on one side only—Incompetency, &c. of my Counsel—Refusal to examine my witnesses—Interested witnesses excused from telling the whole truth—Testimony suppressed.**

X. I complain of the Presbytery, for that they should carry on against me an *ex parte* trial, after they had by their own act made it impossible for me to defend myself, and compelled me to leave their tribunal. The Synod will see at once the injustice which this proceeding must necessarily do me.

First, by assigning incompetent counsel. The Presbytery appointed a young man, the Rev. Mr. Barrows, to take charge of my interests, whose ignorance of all the rules of evidence, whose inexperience in the management of a difficult and litigated cause, and whose ignorance of all the facts, and explanations, and arguments necessary for my defence, wholly disqualified him for this duty. Mr. Barrows begged to be excused on this ground of his *incompetency*, saying that it was a Herculean task: that he did not at all understand the case. At his request the Rev. Mr. Lewis was desired to sit with him. This accession of Mr. Lewis was but little

calculated to benefit my cause, as he could supply none of the deficiencies under which Mr. Barrows labored. The result was, that this defence was but a *sham defence*, immeasurably worse than none; because it was calculated to impose a belief upon the public that I was favored with a defence, and because for me, and in my name, Mr. Barrows ignorantly or intentionally made false *concessions*, ruinous to my cause, and calculated to mislead the unprejudiced part of the Presbytery and the public.

In addition to this, while the Rev. J. Leavitt was cross-questioning Mr. Wheelwright, the standing witness for the prosecution, with a view to draw out from the witness facts which made in my favor, this same Mr. Lewis, pretending to act as my counsel, rose in Presbytery and made the following speech against the right of cross-examining this witness:—

“I rise to order. It does seem to me that this course (of Mr. Leavitt) is entirely out of order. There seems to be an evident design of entrapping the witness, (Wheelwright,) by leading him to contradict his own testimony. It is not allowed even in civil courts. If the most captious pettifogger should commence such a course, the court would certainly stop him. It does appear to me that *that* (the cross-examining of a witness to draw out of him what he wants to keep back) should not be allowed in a christian court. I have been stationed in three different towns, and have been called to officiate as chaplain in different courts, (of course must understand law,) and have been present at different trials, and I have never heard such a thing. It is altogether unprecedented.”

The Synod will feel at a loss whether this speech were the effect of his ignorance, or of an intention to betray the cause of his client.

Such is the counsel which the Presbytery appointed to see that my character and interests suffered no wrong.

But this counsel was not only incompetent, but they accepted their appointment upon the express condition that they were not bound to introduce or examine any of my witnesses. They were to see that my character and interests suffered no wrong, by—leaving all the witnesses who were

willing, and offered to testify in my favor, OUT OF COURT. To this the Presbytery assented!

And in pursuance of this conspiracy and agreement between the contracting parties, every offer made by my friends to produce and bring into court, without any trouble to the counsel, witnesses who would voluntarily testify in my favor, was uniformly slighted and rejected by Messrs. Barrows and Lewis.

Indeed, their *right* to suffer my witnesses to testify voluntarily in my favor, was seriously questioned and debated in Presbytery, and I believe was never decided. The Presbytery seemed afraid to say expressly, that such witnesses should not be heard; but they manifested an invincible reluctance to hear them.

Mr. Lewis put the question whether such witnesses would be heard if they voluntarily came forward.



Mr. Barrows: "I thought we were excused from that. I had no expectation of examining witnesses. I never should have accepted the appointment upon that condition. This transcends the powers and condition of my appointment."

Dr. Peters thought the witnesses, if they came, might be heard, but that the counsel need not bring them. Mr. Owen said, "My opinion is, that if the witnesses should voluntarily appear, it would seem strange *out of doors* not to hear them." Moderator [Peters] expressed his opinion officially that the witnesses might be heard. Mr. Barrows said, "I appeal from the decision of the Moderator." Hereupon the house was cleared and the doors shut. What was then done is not fully known; but rumor says that the question was still discussed whether they should PERMIT witnesses in my behalf to testify before them: and that the prevailing objection made to it was, that the testimony of my witnesses would so completely nullify theirs, that when the case came before the Synod I should be cleared, and this would come abroad, and the Female Benevolent Society would be every where condemned.

After the doors were opened, Mr. Barrows presented a paper which he wished might be put on the files, giving the reasons why they did not present the witnesses who were

willing to testify on my behalf.\* On the question whether this paper should be filed, Doctor Peters, the Moderator, said, "If we should say that we reject evidence, which it seems to me we do by having this paper on the files—we could not be protected before the Synod." The decision was that the *paper should go on the files*: and so it seemed to the Moderator; what was the fact in the case. That it was thenceforth considered that the evidence of witnesses in my behalf should be rejected.

One thing is certain, that nothing more was said or done about hearing these witnesses, either by the Presbytery or the counsel to whom they had committed the care of my character and interests. I will only add to the strange case, the fact, that the aforesaid paper was at a subsequent day ordered *off the files*.

It will occur to the Synod that when the Presbytery had *assumed* upon themselves the responsibility of managing my defence *for me*, they were bound in honor and honesty to do it *in good faith*, without favor to, or collision with the other party. Of course, instead of debating whether they would  *permit*  voluntary witnesses to testify in my favor, they were under the strongest obligations to CITE and BRING before them such persons as they had reason to know would testify in my favor. To neglect this was to violate wilfully a trust which they had voluntarily assumed.

But *secondly*, in prosecuting this exparte trial against me, the Presbytery did me injustice by admitting witnesses known to be deeply interested. Their character and interests depended on destroying mine. We were before the public presenting opposing claims and opposing statements. If my statements and claims were established, then were their characters seriously impeached. If they would establish *their* claims and statements, then was my character equally impeached. The grand question which this Presbytery had to settle was, which of these two opposing parties was in the

\* A friend of mine presented to the counsel a long list of witnesses for me, and offered to bring those witnesses into Presbytery, without any trouble to the counsel or to the Presbytery.

right. What would have been the fair and equitable way of settling this grand question? Every voice will exclaim, "Let the two parties stand on equal ground before an impartial tribunal, and let each party produce such disinterested and legal witnesses as they are able."—What was the way which this Presbytery adopted? They called in one party to clear themselves from guilt and to swear it upon the other! I leave the Synod to give this transaction a *name*. I know an intelligent public will look upon it with disgust.

Thirdly, this Presbytery did me injustice by their mode of examining these interested witnesses. Every person at all acquainted with courts, knows the difficulty of drawing from an interested witness facts making against himself and in favor of his opponent. It requires all the skill and experience of the most able advocate. But in this case, while these interested witnesses were telling their own one-sided story, all the skill of the prosecuting committee was put in requisition to prevent their going *too far*, and telling what would make *for me*. This was so visible as to fill the minds of several persons present in the Presbytery with grief and disgust. But this was not all: I affirm that when these interested witnesses by any accident or cross-examination were led to say that which was in my favor, and the clerk had honestly placed it upon the minutes, those minutes were subsequently altered by the Presbytery, and the testimony favorable to me was stricken out. I refer you to the original and to the *altered* minutes of the Presbytery. I refer you to the Rev. Joshua Leavitt,\* then a member of the Presbytery. The question he put to the aforesaid John Wheelwright touching the question of *my pretended agency*, and Mr. Wheelwright's answer to that question taken down by the clerk, was of *vital* importance to my cause, *conclusive* in my favor.

But before the answer, which was a long one, was fairly out of Mr. Wheelwright's mouth, Doctor Peters stopped him short, saying,

"It seems to me that this testimony is wholly unnecessary in this place, and irrelevant. It seems to me the object of

\* I take the responsibility of this reference without consulting Mr. Leavitt. The written notes of my reporter and others guide me.

this member of the court (Mr. Leavitt) is to elicit something for an editorial remark, rather than to enlighten us on the subject before us. I think I have reason to fear that these remarks will ere long come before the public. I move that the question be stricken out, and ALL THE TESTIMONY GIVEN IN ANSWER TO IT."

Mr. Leavitt, disregarding the personal reflections of Doctor Peters, earnestly objected to the expunging from the minutes of such testimony as made in my favor; but while speaking, he was interrupted and put down by murmurings from different quarters of the court, and complaints that he was consuming their precious time. The question to the witness was *expunged* from the minutes, together with all the testimony given in answer to it! I give this to the Synod as a sample of the feelings and doings of the Presbytery on the subject. I will only add, that on the next day, while Mr. Leavitt was putting a question to the witness, Doctor Peters, then acting as moderator, broke in upon him with the following offensive insinuations:

"That is an improper question; Mr. Leavitt has no right to come here and ask such questions as may elicit answers to make up some editorial article." "I am here as a member of this court," (replied Mr. Leavitt, with power and pathos;) "I REPEL before the WORLD these insinuations; I have no object but to fulfill my office as a member of the Presbytery"—repelling and scorning the uncourteous insinuations of the moderator, seconded by Mr. White in a speech still more personal and offensive. The effect, however, of this brow-beating and overbearing course was to drive Mr. Leavitt\* and other members out of the house; and to leave the management and decision of the cause in the hands of *the* gentleman who "*digested the plan*" of this prosecution, and to his few adherents.

\* For other reasons, Mr. Leavitt has taken his dismissal from the Presbytery.

## (CHAPTER VI.)

Seven applications made in vain for a copy of all the proceedings in my case--Inconclusive, improper, and illegal testimony--The unjust judgment passed by nine members of a judicatory, consisting of more than forty persons--Violation of the 18th chapter of Matthew--The sentence itself.











XI. I complain that in making up this complaint and appeal I have been denied a copy of the documents, the testimony of witnesses and other papers (except of the minutes) used and filed in this cause.

I am allowed by the Book of Discipline but ten days, after the rising of the Judicatory, to make up and deliver to the Moderator a copy of the reasons of my complaint and appeal. This is now the ninth day since the Presbytery rose, and I have made, by my agent and by myself, seven applications to the stated clerk for the privilege of taking a copy at my own expense, and the most satisfactory answer I have received is that the said stated clerk knows not where those documents and papers are. This refusal of common justice guaranteed to me by the Book of Discipline and constitution of the Presbyterian Church, has put me to great inconvenience and considerable expense. I have been compelled to rely upon the written notes of my reporter (a minister of the Gospel) and of other respectable persons, without the privilege of comparing those notes with the minutes of testimony taken by the clerk; and as to the documentary evidence used in the cause; except what is printed, I am not permitted to know any thing." \*

XII. I complain that the Presbytery, in making up their judgment against me, have relied upon testimony in itself *wholly inconclusive* as well as improper and illegal.

In the principal point in which it was important for them to prove, to wit: that I was the hired and accountable agent of the Society. The Synod will find that, instead of documentary or other appropriate evidence of my appointment to and acceptance of such agency, the Presbytery have relied

\* I do not censure the stated clerk.

solely upon the "*opinions*" and "*impressions*" of the witnesses. "I always  CONSIDERED  he was our agent." "There was not any regular vote of the Society appointing him our agent, but it was my  IMPRESSION  that he was our agent." "I always  CONSIDERED  him as our agent, and felt as much assured that he was such, as I am that you are a clergyman. Whether he were appointed by a vote I do not know—I was not then a member of the Board." "I  CONSIDER  chaplain, missionary instructor of Magdalens, and *agent*, as synonymous in this case."—[This was said by a merchant!] "He acted as our agent when he went for us to present our memorial to the General Assembly—and he calls himself our agent in his Journal." "I don't know of any appointment or acceptance, but I always  CONSIDERED  him as our agent." "I do not recollect that he ever accepted the agency."

Such was the substance of the testimony on which the Presbytery relied in deciding this grave question—as the Synod will find on examining the minutes of testimony, *should they be found and sent up*. To say nothing of the incompetency of *interested* witnesses, still some of the evidence taken from *them* was improper and unfair—for instance, they suffered the aforesaid John Wheelwright to read in evidence such extracts from his and my private correspondence *as he chose to make*; while the original letters were kept back and no certified copies placed on file; thus preventing the tribunal from seeing and knowing that part of the correspondence which made *against* the witness and party, and in *my favor*. And when the letter, or a copy, was demanded by a member, he was refused, with the approbation of the Presbytery,—Doctor Peters, the Moderator,—saying that the demand was out of order.



This is also but a sample of the taking of unfair and illegal testimony.

XIII. I complain against the judgment and sentence of the Presbytery as being unjust and unrighteous. The "*digested plan*" upon which the whole prosecution was conducted was founded in error. It departed from the special business specified in the Circular. It assumed a *sheer fiction* for its basis,

totally destitute of truth and reality, viz. that Common Fame charged me with the three specified offences. It falsely assumed that those offences were of such a scandalous and flagitious character as to render them proper for the cognizance of the Presbytery upon the ground of *Common Fame*. It made an inequitable and unrighteous distinction between the two parties before the Presbytery, degrading the one and exalting the other. It introduced one of the parties as witnesses in their own cause, and shut the mouth of the other. It necessarily made the tribunal which should have been impartial between the parties, accusers and prosecutors, when the party aggrieved offered to leave the judge's bench and become accuser and prosecutor himself. And it was calculated to elicit and call into action all that partiality for the Female Benevolent Society which a portion of the Presbytery must necessarily feel from their intimate connections with that Society.

Such being the errors, and real, if not designed results of the "*digested plan*," its prosecution was accompanied by errors equally unjust and oppressive. I was refused any reasonable time to procure testimony and prepare for trial. In vain I had asked for counsel in the Presbytery, nor would they consent that I should have one from without. By these oppressive acts of the Presbytery I was compelled to abandon my defence. My cause was thereafter compromised by a pretended unreal *exparte* trial, accompanied by a sham defence, set up for me by incompetent counsel, neither willing nor able properly to present my testimony, or the grounds of my defence.

I may add to the evils already enumerated, that the necessary abandonment of my defence before the Presbytery, made necessary by their own acts, is by their judgment declared to be *contumacious*! But, finally, the last evil arising out of this course which I shall enumerate, is the fact that my cause has not been heard and tried by the Presbytery consisting of more than THIRTY MINISTERS and more than TWENTY ELDERS—nor by a majority of the Presbytery—nor by the elders of the churches; but mostly by that portion of the *ministers* who are known to be closely connected with the Female Benevolent Society. Many of

the members of the Presbytery were early grieved and disgusted with the "*digested plan*," and with the spirit with which it was followed; and they absented themselves from the house.\* Rarely were there present more than two or three elders, besides the aforesaid John Wheelwright. And  ON THE FINAL VOTE  according to the best evidence I can obtain, none of the ministers voted in the affirmative, except the following NINE, to wit: Messrs. Peters, Skinner, White, Hall, Porter, Owen, Slocum, Mines, and Adams; and of the elders of the churches only—none—no, not one!"

XIV. In conclusion, I complain "of a most unwarrantable and unchristian use of the Public Press" by the Presbytery, in publishing their unjust and unrighteous sentence against me, while an appeal is taken to the higher tribunal against their "*digested plan*," comprising the very foundation and basis of their subsequent proceedings.

If the *fiction* about *Common Fame* shall turn out to be a *fiction*—if the charges be not in their nature cognizable upon the ground of *Common Fame*—if the witnesses were *interested*—if my trial were a sham and *exparte* trial—*then* was the Prosecution wholly illegal and baseless. And yet this Presbytery (I should say these nine individuals) have publicly "impeached and censured my individual conduct and character to a total disregard of the law of Christ"—in Matthew, 18th chapter—one of the very alleged offences for which they have suspended me from the gospel ministry. And may it not be said, and said truly, that "*Common Fame* charges" these nine gentlemen "with unchristian and unministerial conduct," and a bad spirit?

The sentence of which I complain, and against which I appeal, is in the following words, extracted from the New-York Observer of the 30th of April, 1836, to wit:

\* The moderator (Mr. Hall) rose one day in the Presbytery, and spoke nearly as follows: "Brethren, you wonder why so few attend our meetings. I will tell you. Members have come privately to me and told me that there was such a spirit here that they could not attend."

P. S. If I have misrepresented any individual, on being convicted of the fact, I will do him justice. As to the Rev. Mr. Lewis, I am happy to add, that on one or two occasions he manfully advocated my interest.

*"Third Presbytery of New-York, April 20, 1836.*

"The Presbytery, before proceeding to express their ultimate decision in this case, deem it proper to record their regret that they were laid under the necessity of proceeding in the trial in the absence of the accused ; but this necessity having been imposed by himself, the Presbytery think that he has no cause for complaint. And further, they do judge and determine, that his conduct, *first*, in abruptly leaving the court ; *secondly*, in twice refusing to accept the Presbytery's invitation to him to return, together with his reasons for refusal ; and *thirdly*, in prosecuting his defence in the public papers, while the Presbytery were engaged in investigating charges against him on matters contained in the previous part of that defence, is in a high degree contumacious.

"The Presbytery also judge, that notwithstanding the absence of Mr. M'Dowall, the evidence being in a great part documentary, and derived from his own publications, and the witnesses being well known as christians of established reputation, and their testimony perfectly concurring in all material points, the merits of the case have been, on the whole, fairly exhibited.

"Therefore, on the ground of the preceding decisions, and of the charges which have been sustained against him, the Presbytery

*"Resolved*, That the said John R. M'Dowall be, and hereby is, suspended from the exercise of all the functions of the gospel ministry, until he shall give satisfactory evidence of repentance, in the particulars of which he has been convicted.

"The Presbytery, in connection with their decision, in the case of the Rev. John R. M'Dowall, deem it proper to pass the following Resolutions :

"1. *Resolved*, That in the judgment of this Presbytery, a most unwarrantable and unchristian use is made of the public press, in impeaching and censuring individual conduct and character, to a total disregard of the law of Christ respecting the manner of dealing with those who have offended ; and that this great and crying evil should receive the universal reprehension of the friends and followers of Christ.

"2. *Resolved*, That this Presbytery has painful evidence

that the sin of lewdness is lamentably prevalent in our country. And in view of the influx of foreigners from countries where popular education and the standard of morals are low, the great facilities for intercourse between the cities and the country, by which the corruptions of the former are diffused through the latter—the existence and circulation of obscene and immodest prints, of novels and other works, adapted to break down the barriers of natural delicacy and a chaste education, and the direct agency for seduction, which there is reason to apprehend is carried on in the country by emissaries from the city : This Presbytery earnestly recommend to the members of their churches, and to all others throughout our land with whom their opinion may have influence, carefully to guard the associations and reading of the youth ; to exercise caution in the formation of intimacies with persons of whom they have little or no knowledge ; to procure the judicious and solemn testimony of the pulpit against licentiousness, and those customs and amusements which lead to it.

“ And finally, to exercise great wisdom and caution, lest the very efforts to prevent this vice should themselves become the occasions of its spread, by rendering the mind too familiar with indelicate facts and associations.

“ A true extract from the minutes,

“ ERSKINE MASON, *Stated Clerk.*”

All of which is respectfully submitted,

J. R. M'DOWALL.

New-York, April 30, 1836.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

Difficulty of obtaining a copy of the doings of Presbytery—Sympathies of friends—Meeting and result of the Synod.

By referring to the Appeal it will be seen that Mr. M'Dowall stated he had been denied a copy of the documents, and by his agent and himself had made seven ap

plications to the stated clerk for the privilege of taking a copy at his own expense. July 8th. The following letter is found among his papers, directed to the Rev. Erskine Mason.

APRIL 19th, 1836.

"DEAR SIR,—I wrote a note to the clerk of the Third Presbytery, New-York, requesting, at my expense, a copy of the proceedings 'of the whole process' of said Presbytery against me, according to Book of Discipline, page 378. April 20th, Rev. Dr. Skinner read said request before Presbytery, and recognized it as a constitutional right, and the written note was returned, with the understanding that such a copy could be obtained by applying to the stated clerk, who was then absent. On the 21st, an application was accordingly made to the stated clerk for a copy of the said 'proceedings,' and an answer was returned that 'the papers were not in proper order for copying.' Another call was made the same week, and the applicant was informed the 'papers were not ready.'

"On Monday of the succeeding week, another application was made for a copy of the said 'proceedings,' but the 'papers were not ready.' On Tuesday the original minutes were obtained and copied, but the files, &c. were yet invisible. 'The clerk did not know where they were.' On Wednesday the applicant called, and found the clerk not at home; called again, found him at home, but unable to give any definite information respecting the said papers, and the applicant, spending several hours in vain efforts to find them, returned, and reported to Mr. M'Dowall the result of his enterprise. April 27th, I myself called twice at the clerk's residence. He was not in when I called the first time; the second time, I saw him. Immediately on leaving his house I made the following minute of my interview with him:—'I saw Mr. Mason. He told me he did not know where the documents were. Did not know whether

the clerks pro tem. had transcribed them. His brother had called for them. He was under no obligation to give me a copy till transcribed. Had favored me with a copy of minutes before transcribed, and was liable to censure for his kindness in that respect. Did not know whether they were in session-house or not.' And the question 'Well, its not certain that I can have a copy these three months?' He replied, 'he did not know.'

"April 30th, 1836.—Noticed the above withholding of a copy of the whole proceedings as a denial.

"June 27th, 1836.—I wrote to the stated clerk of the said Presbytery requesting, at my expense, a copy of the whole proceedings in my case; and the applicant, after calling at the house of the Rev. E. Mason eight times, gives me the result in the following words of the stated clerk:

"'Be good enough to say to Mr. M'Dowall, that after mature deliberation, I cannot allow the testimony in file to go out of my possession to be copied, without an order from the Presbytery to that effect. The Presbytery will meet in a few days, and I will lay the subject before them.'

"Since the Presbytery condemned me, I have, by my agents and by myself, called fifteen times at the residence of the said clerk, for a copy of all the papers and proceedings used in my trial before the said Presbytery, at an expense of not less than ten dollars; and I was willing to *pay* for a *copy*. I never wished for the original, but for a certified *copy* of the original. The last answer is not a reply to my question. I am not anxious that the person whom I employ should make the copy. Let the stated clerk pay some proper person to do the work, and then certify it, and charge me with the cost. I am *poor*—absolutely unable to expend another cent to pay a person to be in waiting to know when I can have a copy. Besides, I am about leaving the city, and desire to settle the question at once, whether I can have a copy or not.

"J. R. M'DOWALL."

*To the Stated Clerk of the Third Presbytery, New-York.*

NEW-YORK, August 10th, 1836.

"SIR,—The Constitution of the Presbyterian church says, 'The parties shall be allowed copies of the whole proceedings, at their own expense, if they demand them.' I have, in mild form, and by way of request, repeatedly demanded a certified copy of the whole proceedings in my case. I have expended about ten dollars in the employment of persons who have in vain repeatedly called upon you for a copy. I am unable to keep a person in daily attendance waiting. Wherefore the bearer will call at your residence, No. 104 Amity-street, in one week from this time, i. e. on the 17th instant, and pay you for a copy of the whole proceedings, which I hereby do most formally and urgently demand as my constitutional right.

"J. R. M'DOWALL.

"P. S.—The bearer of the above letter was informed that Mr. Mason was in the country, and would not return till 1st of September.

*Copy of a Letter from Mr. Mason to Mr. M'Dowall,  
dated September 3d, 1836.*

"NEW-YORK, Sept. 3d, 1836.

"SIR—After several ineffectual attempts to hand you personally the foregoing decision of the Presbytery.\* I enclose the same to you through the post-office, assuring you at the same time of the *deep* sympathy of the Presbytery with you in your present situation, and that their decision is meant not for your destruction, but for your salvation.

"I should like to have a personal interview with you. I have called several times at your lodgings, but have not been able to find you at home. Some of your statements

\* Mr. M'Dowall did not want a copy of the decision, but the whole proceedings.

in public, as well as in a note, I found at my house on my return from the country, need correction. You are laboring under wrong impressions; and though the statements to which I allude militate against myself personally, yet I wish as a friend to correct them, not because I fear their effect upon me, for in this relation they are perfectly harmless, but for your own sake.

“Yours, &c.

“ERSKINE MASON.”

*The following is the statement of Mr. Darker.*

“NEW-YORK, Sept. 10th, 1836.

“On the night of yesterday, Friday, 9th instant, I waited on Mr. Erskine Mason, at his house, No. 104 Amity-street, by direction of Mr. M'Dowall, to request a copy of the whole proceedings of Presbytery in April last, according to the tenor of Mr. M'Dowall's letter to Mr. Mason, dated 10th August, 1836.

“I saw Mr. Mason, and told him that I called on him, at Mr. M'Dowall's request, for an answer to that letter, 10th August. Mr. Mason said he had sent Mr. M'Dowall an answer; to which I replied, that the answer did not apply to Mr. M'Dowall's request, which was for a copy of the *whole* proceedings of Presbytery in Mr. M'Dowall's case; that what Mr. Mason had sent him was the decision of the Presbytery, which he had already. Mr. Mason said, that Mr. M'Dowall had the proceedings of Presbytery, taken down at his own instance, at the time of the occurrence; to which I replied, I could not say as to that matter, but that I had now to request, for Mr. M'Dowall, a copy of the whole proceedings, or that he might be allowed to take a copy personally or by his clerk. Mr. Mason said yes—that he had long ago told him, *in his ears*, that he might take a copy of the proceedings, but that Mr. M'Dowall wanted to have the papers away, which he, Mr. Mason, could not

consent to—he could not let the papers go out of his possession. I said that Mr. Mason must, on that point, be mistaken; that he, Mr. M'Dowall, did not want the papers out of his possession—that he merely wanted to obtain a copy. Mr. Mason said, that Mr. M'Dowall had already gotten every thing that could be given him except the testimony. To which I replied, it was the testimony and whole proceedings that he required; and asked, if Mr. M'Dowall would send a person to take a copy of the proceedings, if Mr. Mason would permit him to do so? Mr. Mason said yes; and I replied, that it was probable he would send a person at nine o'clock on Saturday or Monday morning next, say 10th or 12th instant, just to take the required copy. Mr. Mason said that ten o'clock would be more convenient. A lady who was present, (I suppose Mrs. Mason,) said Mr. Mason could not have any person in his study on Saturday, for some reason which I do not recollect; but the objection was overruled by Mr. Mason, and I came away with an understanding that Mr. M'Dowall would be permitted this day, Saturday 10th, or Monday 12th instant, to have access to the papers, and be allowed to take from them a copy of the whole proceedings of Presbytery in Mr. M'Dowall's case, as they were noted in April, 1836.

“WM. DARKER.”

On the day appointed a man was sent, and admission granted to the papers, and a mutilated copy was obtained.

When the Presbytery had finished the work which was given them to do, they dissolved their long and tedious sitting, in the meantime assuring Mr. M'Dowall they had “done whatt hey had done, *for his salvation.*” Though the heart of M'Dowall was deeply smitten, he seemed more cheerful, more intent (if possible) on the work of his Master, devising some plan whereby he might still be an active laborer in that vineyard “where he had borne the

burden and heat of the day." He went to the docks and ships and preached Christ to sailors; he exhorted all whom he could to read the Scriptures, and seemed less disposed to converse on the subject of his trials than did the few sympathizing friends who had never deserted him. A friend, who saw him a few days after his sentence, asked, And what have your brethren done with you? "Done," he answered, "they have taken a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, whom *he* has called to preach, and told him he shall speak no more. *But mark*, there is a righteous God, and a righteous tribunal."

His family in a few weeks left the city, and he remained to make preparation for the meeting of the Synod, which in the following October was to assemble in the city. To that he had given the Presbytery timely notice he should appeal, when he hoped a more impartial hearing would be granted him.

He was now without his family and without a home, though not wholly destitute of friends, who pitied and relieved when they ascertained his wants; yet his retiring modesty concealed from them his most pressing needs. Many who have wept over his grave in New-York, would gladly call back the year 1836, that they might administer more to the wants of one who died unpitied and unknown by most of the great and noble of the earth.

But he was ripening fast for glory; his last work was before him, and he did it with all his might. The Bible was his companion; from that he drew his supplies, and his soul seemed, to all who conversed with him, like a "well-watered garden."

On a little scrap of paper is found written, at this time, "Who art thou that thou shouldst be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man that shall be made as grass?"

"Fear ye not the reproach of men, neither be ye afraid of their revilings."

His father, who is now a clergyman in Canada, had understood from the beginning that his son was not in danger of the wo, when all men should speak well of him; he had sympathized in his trials and given him much salutary counsel, as his letters abundantly testify.

July 28th, 1836, he wrote the following:

"DEAR JOHN,—We truly sympathize with you. Your trials are great and many. God's children must be tried and purified. 'These are they who have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.' Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake. All who live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution. Persecution has been the lot of every great reformer of moral corruption. But those who continue faithful to the end shall sit near the blessed Savior, on a high throne of immortal bliss, in the presence of countless millions of holy and happy beings. Take courage, then; if the Lord be for you, you will be more than conqueror.

"You have drawn your bow with giant strength, and drove sharp arrows deep into the hearts of your opposers. They cannot pluck them out. There they remain, rankling in the vital parts. The consequence must be either repentance and reformation, or hatred and opposition.

"The third Presbytery seem to have acted unscripturally, and from deep-rooted enmity, and in such a manner as to inflict on themselves an indelible stain. Keep plain truth on your side, and you will—you must triumph. The devil and libertines will, in the nature of things, oppose your work, and they will rejoice and be strengthened in their opposition by the aid they receive from professed disciples of Jesus. Indeed, the devil got hold of David's heart, and dwelt in the heart of Judas. A caution, this, to keep him out of our heart."

Many such like testimonies he received from clergy-

men and friends in the country; and many, very many, who had been his advocates, stood aloof, "wondering whereunto this thing would grow;" and many who had said, go on and I will stand by you, echoed the taunt of the clergyman, on the trial of 1834, who asserted he was ashamed when the name of M'Dowall was mentioned, especially in the presence of ladies.

None but M'Dowall knew the bitterness of those dregs his soul was tasting the few last weeks before the sitting of the synod. He well knew the body that were about to convene were men in high standing—men whose influence was felt as far as their name was known. They had heard that M'Dowall had been deposed; and deposed, too, by men whose names were among the excellent of the earth. He had fallen once without being heard, and why not again?

It is easy to talk fearlessly of "perils by sea, and perils by land, and perils among false brethren," when safely sheltered from the rage of persecution: but let the storm gather—let the powers of darkness muster their allies—let those who have spoken kindly "pass by on the other side," then let the thunderbolt exhaust its full fury—and this courageous heart may then say, "See if there was ever sorrow like unto my sorrow," and add with M'Dowall, that though the "spirit is willing, the flesh is weak."

It was in the month of August, before the return of Mr. M'Dowall's family to the city, that he called at the house of a friend, and asked, may I lie down upon the sofa a few moments—I am nearly exhausted. The lady of the house was absent: when she returned, a caution was given not to enter the parlor, for Mr. M'Dowall had come in, and had fallen asleep upon the sofa; and *do let him sleep*, for he looks like a dying man. She looked carefully in, and exclaimed, "*He is dead.*" Approaching nearer, she found he was breathing. His cloak was about him, and concealed some part of his face. On removing it, his "marred visage" strikingly testified that the canker-worm had made

its nest within. She awoke him, and said, "Mr. M'Dowall, are you sick?" "Yes, *sick—sick* at my heart." "O," said she, as she left the room, "that his enemies would cut short their work, and send him immediately to his heavenly Father. These lingering tortures are *too much*. Could the bitterest of his brethren see him now—could they see his haggard cheek and colorless lip—could they see the quivering tear looking out at the windows of the seared soul, would not they say it is *enough*?"

But M'Dowall had not quite done, and suffered all the will of God. A few more throbbings of his frenzied brain—a few more bowings down of his soul, that the oppressor might "pass over" before the convoy of angels would alight at his door.

His exertions in preparing for the Synod had much exhausted both body and mind, so that when the time arrived he was illy fitted for that event. But he appeared before them, and spoke impromptu, and that body can say whether he spoke like a man of understanding. Some who were his warm friends before that day would not have dared to pledge themselves that Mr. M'Dowall could have spoken so ably, even with the longest premeditation. He was asked on the morning of that day, should he be permitted to speak, if he then felt himself prepared? His answer was—"I have not a sentence in my mind to say, but shall speak what the Lord gives me to utter when called to do it."

His defence was long, but not tedious to those who wished to judge impartially. He said what *all* did not like to hear, and what few expected to hear. He summed up his doings, and the reason of those doings. He spoke of trials which he had suffered in the cause, and trials which must, and probably did, make the "ears of some to tingle." Candor was certainly exercised by the majority of that body—the potency of truth was felt. He retired much overcome. The energies of body and mind were

greatly prostrated. His work on this subject was evidently done. He went into the assembly once more, and made an effort to speak again, but it seemed almost a failure.

He was acquitted. But that moment to Mr. M'Dowall seemed of less importance than his friends supposed it would: he never alluded to it himself; and when others did, he changed the subject as soon as possible.

He seemed wholly absorbed in higher and nobler pursuits. The value of the Bible was a subject of greater magnitude in his estimation than all others. The Sabbath after his acquittal he spent at Sand Lake, New-York, the place where his brother was preaching.

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## CHAPTER XXXII.

Last labors and writings—Sickness and death—Testimony of Dr. Brown.

His brother speaks thus of him when there:

"Some weeks before his death he preached three times in this place on the Sabbath, to the great satisfaction of this people. Some observed that he was too heavenly-minded for earth, and should not wonder if God soon removed him from earth to heaven."

"He returned to New-York, and went into his office and arranged all his books and papers; and when asked what he was doing? his answer was—'I must put every thing in order, for I know not what my Master has for me to do.' He then went from place to place—visiting schools—persuading children to read the Bible. He passed three Sabbaths at Williamsburgh—went into Sabbath-schools, there enforcing the same subject, and ob-

taining pledges from those who would give them, to read the Bible through.

"He preached in Mr. Wright's church, and there in the most pungent manner enforced on the congregation the importance of reading the Scriptures. As late as November 29th, a collection of facts is found of adults and children who had read the Bible through in so many months or years; and one statement, which he makes with much surprise, is—that he found a clergyman who acknowledged to him he had never read the Bible through in course.

"He passed a night at the house of a friend a short time before his sickness, and expressed his full and free opinions on his favorite subject—the Bible; and added his belief, that societies had done much evil in this one thing, being made a substitute for the Bible, and bearing the heart away from it to a more easy and less self-denying way of serving God than is contained in that book. He insisted a new state of things *must* take place, or the dark ages would return upon us in a two-fold degree. He became so engaged on the subject, that his friend remonstrated, saying, 'M'Dowall, you are wild: what new notions are now filling your head?' 'No new notions,' was the answer. 'My mind, for a long time, has been greatly exercised on this subject, but never till within a few months have I been led into a clear and full belief of its importance. Christians must return to the apostolic practices, if they would have an apostolic church. They must cease this rage of money-making as the best means of building up the church; Christ has no where enjoined it; he instituted no such practice for his disciples; and the apostles built no church on such a foundation.'

#### LAST WRITINGS.

After the rising of the Synod, Mr. M'Dowall seemed to be "setting his house in order," not knowing, as he ex-

pressed it, what his Master might call him to do. After having adjusted the papers in his office, he applied himself to the Bible, exhorting others to do the same, and visited different places in the vicinity of New-York, to persuade men, women, and children, to read the Bible.

His mind, for some time previous, had been exercised on the plan of preaching the Gospel to every creature—comparing the present mode of sending it abroad into “all the earth,” and the injunction of the Savior, to provide neither “gold nor scrip.” He finally came to the result, that, until Christians read the Bible more, and were baptized with the Holy Ghost, all the gold and silver in the earth could never effect this great work; and when this should be understood aright, and Christians should take the Bible for the only standard, and be baptized with this baptism, then the Gospel would be preached without the aid of missionary societies, or depending solely on the funds collected by them.

Among the items of his last writings were found his views on this subject, together with his renunciation of Presbyterianism, and a little collection of facts on his favorite subject—reading the Bible, bearing date, November 29th, 1836.

\* \* \* \* \*

“The circumstances of my case are peculiar. The recent sentence of suspension has been reversed. The Presbytery have given notice of their intention to appeal. If they appeal, that appeal cannot be issued until May, 1837. If the sentence of the Synod be sustained, then the prosecution ordered by the Synod must be commenced, and it may not be terminated, in Presbytery, in 1838.

“Again, an appeal may be made, first to Synod, and then to the General Assembly, in 1839, and all these years I must remain in doubt, be harassed, and live as I can. This is, to my mind, a gloomy picture; and on the can-

was I seem to see myself 'hunted as a partridge upon the mountains,' all along the road to my grave."

"How shall I employ my time? Engage in what I will, the Presbytery may arrest my labors at any moment they please, whether the Presbytery appeal or not, this evil must exist as a formidable barrier in my way.

"It will be recollected, that in 1834, by the advice of the Third Presbytery, I withdrew from the management of the publication of my Journal, which I transferred to the New-York Female Moral Reform Society. The Presbytery disapproved of my laboring in the cause. Probably they will not object to my reading the Bible, and that I may both search the Scriptures and labor to induce others to do the same.

"I have passed through years of toil; been supported some part of the time by alms; and often these alms have been scanty for the support of my family, into which I had taken many a forlorn and motherless child.

"To labor with my hands, and earn my bread by the sweat of my brow, is honorable business, and, like Paul, I am not averse to it, but desirous, if not of making tents, at least of making something that shall be useful to mankind, and provide something for my family. But I am not a mechanic, nor was I educated for a merchant's counting-room. Still, agriculture opens a wide field for labor, and here I may yet find a quiet retreat from the 'strife of tongues.'

"It is good to trust in the Lord at all times. He that putteth his trust in God shall never be confounded. Take no thought, saying, what shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall ye be clothed: for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things. When the children of Israel were going up out of Egypt, their clothes waxed not old, and manna was their daily bread. The widow's barrel of meal and cruse of oil failed not during the famine; and ravens fed the prophet in the wilderness.

"Till heaven and earth pass, not one jot or tittle of his word shall fail. The hearts of all are in the hands of the Lord, and it is easy for him to dispose them to execute his will.

"During my warfare I have found comfort in reading the Holy Scriptures, and their value has been enhanced in my estimation.

#### RENUNCIATION OF PRESBYTERIANISM.

"1st. I believe the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament to be the word of God; the only infallible rule of faith and practice.

"2d. I do sincerely receive and adopt the system of doctrines taught by the inspiration of God in the Holy Scriptures.

"3d. I approve of the discipline of the church as stated in the New Testament.

"4th. I promise scriptural subjection to my brethren in the Lord.

"5th. I believe that Jesus Christ has called, and commissioned me to preach his Gospel.

"6th. I renounce all human creeds, and confessions of faith and practice.

"7th. I do not approve of the government and discipline of the Presbyterian church; and the recent decision of the Synod of New-York declares, in these words, that in the judgment of this Synod, no man can be lawfully a minister (or ruling elder) in the Presbyterian church, who has not approved and does not approve of her government and discipline.

"8th. I must stand in judgment before Jesus Christ, and render to him a strict account. Who art thou that condemnest another man's servant? To his own master he shall stand or fall. Yea, he shall be holden up, for God is able to make him stand.

" 9th. I have but one life to live, and that life God gave not to be harassed by mock trials, by prosecuting an appeal from *an unrighteous sentence, illy sustained*, even by **FALSE WITNESSES**, *garbled extracts*, and *suppressed testimony*. Besides, in 1834 the third Presbytery, after a long and patient investigation of my pecuniary matters, declared unanimously that they saw no reason to impeach me in the management of my pecuniary affairs; and Rev. D. C. Lansing, Rev. J. Leavitt, Wm. Green, Jun. Lewis Tappan, and James F. Robinson, Esq. members of the same third Presbytery, a committee appointed by my donors to investigate the difficulties existing between me and Messrs. Wheelwright and Starr, and the New-York Female Benevolent Society; and to audit my accounts, and report thereon to the public; discharged the duties assigned them, and fully exonerated me from all censure, as will appear on examination of their published Report, on the 90th and 97th pages of my Journal for 1834. These two verdicts, and the recent decision of the Synod, justify me in refusing to be unrighteously harassed any longer by a *prosecuting and persecuting Presbytery—at once the party, THE WITNESSES, the Judges, and the EXECUTIONERS*.

" 10th. In renouncing Presbyterianism, I deem it proper to tender to God, and to the Synod of New-York, my sincere gratitude for the Synod's candor and impartiality in trial of my appeal.

" I believe the Synod's opinion is right, and that the Presbytery ought not to have appealed from it. The Presbytery refuse to grant me a new trial; and, as the Synod and Presbytery have become parties in the case, and intend to argue it in Philadelphia, in May, 1837, before the General Assembly; and as the Assembly will probably sustain the Synod, and order the Presbytery to institute a new trial; and as, from the issue of a new trial, the dissatisfied party will probably appeal to the Synod, and afterward to the Assembly in 1838; and, as this series

of trials will harass the parties, and agitate the church for years, as in the case of Mr. Barnes; and as the Presbyterian church can find better employment than the issuing of such appeals; and as prior to 1838 my Master may possibly call me home to heaven, where I shall rest from the strife of tongues; and as poverty may compel me to abandon the wearisome pursuit after justice; and as it is better for me to be about my Master's business—

“Therefore, from the further prosecution of my case before ecclesiastical courts, I **APPEAL TO THE FINAL TRIBUNAL OF JESUS CHRIST**, who shall render to every man according to his works.

*“I hereby publicly declare myself to be a Minister of Jesus Christ, separated from the government and discipline of the Presbyterian church.*

#### MISSIONARY BOARDS AS CONNECTED WITH THE CONVERSION OF THE WORLD.

“Suppose the apostles had organized at Jerusalem Foreign and Domestic Missionary Boards; and that Paul had seated himself at the head of one, and Peter of the other, and the other apostles had acted as secretaries and agents; and instead of the apostles going forth themselves as missionaries, they had raced through the churches to collect funds to supply the tables of those who actually became missionaries, and to pay themselves, individually, salaries of some \$1,500, or \$2,000 a-year, how soon would christianity have spread through the world?!? Instead of this, the poor disciples and apostles of the Nazarene, staff in hand, and with no assurance of support from missionary societies, went forth “every where preaching the word”—the church mightily increased—multitudes became obedient to the faith.

“They sought, first, the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and found that all these things, ‘What shall we

eat, and wherewithal shall we be clothed,' were added unto them.

"The barrel of meal and the cruse of oil were often replenished.

"How simple the gospel plan of missions: 'Go preach my Gospel, saith the Lord;' not go and form societies to support missionaries; but go ye who would form societies; go ye, also, and preach my Gospel—go *all* and preach: tell the story of a Savior's dying love. Bid rebel man his rebellion cease. Tell him there is mercy—mercy for the chief of sinners.

"Should the secretaries and agents of the missionary societies go forth as missionaries to foreign lands, and to the destitute at home, and through the periodical press make known the wants of the people in their several stations, more laborers would be added to those already in the field. Pious merchants, individually, might be missionary societies, sending in their ships men, and money, and materials to carry forward the cause of the Redeemer. And if there must be societies, let deacons and laymen, full of the Holy Ghost, be chosen to manage them.

"When the Spirit of God descends upon the church, as at the Pentecost, men unsent and unsustained by human organization will run to and fro, and knowledge will increase. Strong faith in God, and willingness to suffer for Christ and souls, will characterize the saints, and they will not wait to be sent to preach—they will go, unsent by man. The utter insufficiency of missionary boards is demonstrated by two facts: *1st.* The apostolic church had none; and *2d.* To sustain 500,000 missionaries would require an organization and a revenue equal to that of the United States government or the British empire.

**"THE GENIUS OF THE GOSPEL IS OPPOSED TO SUCH A PECUNIARY ECCLESIASTICAL ESTABLISHMENT."**

These are the last dates among his writings, and the next work was to die.

## SICKNESS AND DEATH.

Come hither, you who have scoffed, and you who have pitied; you who have oppressed, and you who have succored, see the good man and the martyr die. Come, gather around his bed, and catch the burning, dying accents from his heaven-touched lips. Ye who have comforted, bless God that you did so; but remember, would you die the death of this conqueror, your life, like his, must be that of the untiring soldier. Ye who have derided, pray God to fit you for that baptism with which he was baptized, and thus prepare you for so happy a death.

The last effort which M'Dowall made, was to go to Newark to persuade as many as he could to read the Bible. He said to a friend,

"I came for the purpose of visiting families and schools, but know not that the Lord has any thing for me to do here."

He stopped at his friend Mr. Dougherty's, and was there taken with a pain in the knee. Mr. Dougherty remarks of him, that his conversation was in heaven—he seemed to have no concern about earth; and the friends who passed the evening with him observed the same. They alluded to his trials, but he turned the conversation to the glories of the upper world. God was evidently filling him with himself, and preparing him for that baptism of the Holy Ghost which in a few days after he so abundantly received. When the time for retiring arrived, he said to his friend,

"I do not wish a bed; let me have a blanket, and, if I wish it, will lay down upon the settee. My knee is quite painful. I cannot sleep much, and I want to read the Bible."

A lamp was placed by him, and in the morning he was found in the same position, sitting by the table with the Bible in his hand, saying he had slept but little, but had

passed the night reading that precious volume. This was his last earthly visit. That day he went home in much pain; walked from the landing to his house upon two crutches. When he entered his family were surprised, and his companion asked,

“Why did you not take a hack?”

“You know,” said he, “I have but little money.”

He lay down to die. The arrows of persecution had long since well nigh dried up the life-blood of his veins; the few remaining drops were concentrating about his heart as their last citadel, refusing any longer aid to that spirit which was fast ebbing to the fountain from which it sprung.

The next morning, which was Thursday, a physician was called, but no fears were excited in the minds of his friends that his life was in danger.

Friday night he expressed great anxiety to see a friend, and called for a pencil to write a note, but was not able to finish it. In the morning early the friend was called, who went, and found him agonizing in much pain in his knee. He said, as she entered,

“You have come. I have been very anxious to see you—have a few things I want to say to you. I want to be baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire, and I want Christians to read the Bible more. I have thought of asking you this favor, should the Lord raise me from this bed of sickness, to allow me to meet a few christian friends in your back parlor, and with them spend an hour in reading the Scriptures, and praying for a blessing and a descent of the Holy Spirit, *and to read the Bible without note or comment*. I have selected that room because of its retirement and the many Christians who resort there. Does it meet your approbation?”

Being answered in the affirmative, he said,

“What day will be most convenient?”

“It is immaterial,” was the answer.

"One week from next Sabbath, between the hours of church, or after church."

He then turned to the subject of this baptism of the Holy Ghost, dwelling with much emphasis on it.

"I must be baptized with the Holy Ghost. Pray, pray that I may be. Christ, and him crucified, must be all and in all. I go to church, I hear a didactic discourse, but Christ is not in it. I come home, take my Bible, and there I find him. O! Christians must read the Bible."

Though now "standing on the isthmus between two worlds," he was still intent on doing more in his Master's vineyard; and though the shadows of death were fast gathering over him, and his "feet were stumbling upon the dark mountains of the grave," he perceived it not, neither did his friends perceive it. Swallowed and lost in the all-absorbing theme of being baptized with the Holy Ghost, that he might be completely purified from the dross of this world, he could dwell on no other subject. For this he struggled till the blessing came.

The following Wednesday he said to a friend,

"When I look on my past life I feel that I have done nothing. I want to be stripped entirely, wholly of self-righteousness, and cling to the righteousness of Christ. *Lead me to the cross.*"

He was led to the righteousness of Christ, and baptized with the Holy Ghost indeed. After requesting his friends to pray that body and soul might be at peace, he fell into a sweet sleep. This merciful quietus seemed to be granted to strengthen him for the glories about to be revealed. When he awoke, he said,

"Am I deceived, or have I been wafted to heaven and rested on Christ!"

His soul, ere he was aware, "made him like the chariots of Aminadab." The electric penetrating fire of the Holy Ghost had darted athwart his soul, and seemed to have dried up every pollution. *M'Dowall was free.* He

had struggled through the maddening current, and like the shipwrecked mariner, safe upon a rock, he calmly looked on the foaming billows beneath his feet, and sweetly sung of victory.

In this happy frame he continued asking his friends to pray that he might constantly be stayed on Christ, and enjoining all to read the Bible.

"Let it be the constant guide," he said.

It was a pleasure to his friends to attend him—he constantly manifested such a meek, quiet, and child-like frame of mind.

In the kindest manner he thanked his friends for the least favor, and whenever he asked for water, he looked upon the one near him, and if not of the family, would ask, "Are you a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ?" If answered in the affirmative, "Will you then give a poor disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple? Give me pure water, wash me in pure water."

Though it might always be said of M'Dowall that his "conversation was in heaven," and he lived as "seeing him who is invisible," yet after this baptism his views were so lucid, and his conversation so unearthly, his attendants said it seemed like walking on holy ground to approach his bed. He seemed like Paul, who had been "caught up to the third heavens;" and one observed, he talked like one who had been familiar with heavenly spirits, and had learned the dialect of the upper world.

When a christian called, and M'Dowall was asked if he wished prayer?

"If he has been baptized with the Holy Ghost, and can come to the point."

Saturday night, the friend who was with him on Wednesday called, when he said, "I am glad you have come; there has been a friend here to-day, with his leg tied to the law. I want Christ and his righteousness. I have

been looking on my former robe, and it is all filth. I abhor it; but O! the beautiful robe of Christ's righteousness, pure and spotless he has put it on me. The cause, in which I am engaged, I *know* was of the Lord; but I have not been holy enough. Should God raise me, I hope I could enter into the work with renewed zeal to be more holy. Nothing can be done without the Bible and holiness. Societies can do but little without they take the Bible: it will be all scum. It must be Christ and the Bible."

Sabbath morning he said,

"O! I want my soul like a seraph." The swelling in his knee was opened that day, the physician encouraging him that he would recover; but his reply was,

"This will baffle the skill of physicians."

He remained calm through the day.

[ Sabbath night he said to his watcher,

"I have longed to be baptized with the Holy Ghost, and I have been baptized."

A hymn was sung, when he said,

"Glory! glory! all is well."

At twelve he called for his wife. When he saw her he said,

"I am glad to see you. I feared I should not see you again. I am going; my Master has sent for me; my Master calls me," raising his hand, his eye intent upward, "Don't you hear?"

"I hear no noise," was the answer. "How does it sound?"

"Like the noise of many waters. Don't you hear?"

"I hear nothing."

"Don't you see the *angels* waiting to take me home? They beckon me to come, and I am going."

"How does death appear to you?"

"O! that is all fixed

"Are you not afraid?"

"Afraid! No. Legions of angels have made a path to the throne of God, and Jesus will go with me!"

The doctor was called, and told him he was not dying.

"O! you disappoint me. Must I come back again to this polluted city? O the abominations!"

At another time he said, "I could spue these abominations out of my mouth."

He prayed for his enemies, and said to his companion, "Send for a friend, ———, that I may make my will: I must settle all my business, that all may be made right before the world. Will you see that my business is settled? I must leave you with the Lord, and hope you will not be forgotten. You have stood by me in days of trial, and may the Lord sustain you. Tell my mother I died happy in the Lord. I want to see dear brother Greene; he has stood by me in dark hours, and been a faithful friend. I want to see brother Leavitt, and tell him to urge, through his Evangelist, upon the world to read the Bible more. Those dear brethren have been my friends in all my afflictions; may the Lord reward them."

To his step-daughter he said,

"Do not be ensnared by the vanities of the world; you have been a kind child to me, but I cannot reward you."

As some friends were sitting by the bed, he looked upon them and said,

"Take care of that aged saint (alluding to his wife;) she has stood by me in days of trial; and speak comforting words to her when I am gone."\*

A friend asked him,

"Do you not think you have fought with carnal weapons?" (alluding to his trials in the Presbytery.)

His answer was, "Show me where I have done wrong, and I will confess it; but my brethren have done me great injury."

\* John, 19: 26, 27.

"Could you get down and wash the feet of your enemies with tears?"

"If the Lord require it, I could."

Through his sickness he seemed to have lost all concern about his trials, never alluding to them unless the subject were mentioned, then he manifested the kindest feelings of forgiveness to his enemies; and in the last of his sickness enjoined his friends to pray for his enemies to the ends of the earth.

Monday night, he was, at intervals, in spasms, and insane; but when composed, he repeated his horror at the corruptions of the city, and said,

"O, its pollutions ascend up like smoke."

He prayed most earnestly for his enemies, crying,

"Help, Lord, who shall come to help? Christ shall come to deliver; he shall rule from the rivers to the ends of the earth."

Singing would often compose him when his spasms were upon him, and sometimes he would sing himself. He spake no more after Tuesday morning, but was calm till a quarter past 3 o'clock, when he fell asleep in Jesus.

A friend who heard that M'Dowall was dying, hastened to the house, and all was still. The spirit had fled. She looked around the room—the undertaker was there, and a solitary youth sat by his side.

The few women who had stood by, had retired with the stricken widow and daughter to a secret chamber, to weep together. No ministering brother was near; but ministering angels had been there, and as they triumphantly bore away the emancipated spirit, they waved their golden wings and brushed every vestige of care and sorrow from the brow of M'Dowall. The impress of death was not there, but the bloom of immortal youth and vigor sat smiling on his face. As the new-come infant who looks out upon this dreary world, and weeping closes its tearful eye for ever, so looked the cheek and brow of M'Dowall.

She stood as if waiting when the broad portals of heaven should be opened to hear the echo of the new anthem, when the "crown of the martyr" should be placed on his head. It is done—he is safe—he is out of the paws of the "lion and the bear"—the battlements of the New Jerusalem are too high for the enemy to scale.

She found the room where the women had gathered, and inquired who were here when he died?—who stood round the cross? "A few women stood by to wet his lips and wipe the sweat from his face," answered the bereaved widow. Yes; woman was there, and she had before anointed him for his burial, and now was devising where he should be laid.

He was asked where he would wish to be buried; his answer was, *that* is of no consequence,

"Put me in the sea, and let the fishes eat me up. I have given my soul to God, and you may do what you please with my body."

The women of the Moral Reform Society, together with Mr. Cragin the Agent, had told Mrs. M'Dowall a place should be provided to put him, but *where* was the question. His brethren in the Presbyterian church had not found it in their hearts to offer him a burial, for few had heard that he needed one, and *none* had inquired. A methodist brother kindly offered them a place to put him, without any charges. The next day, Daniel Fanshaw, of the Dutch Reformed church, in the city of New-York, went and "begged his body" to lay in his own sepulchre. "This man had not consented to the counsel and deed of *them*."

His remains were carried to the Tabernacle, followed by the faithful women and some few men who had been his friends in life. Many of the colored people had assembled at an early hour, for they loved the man who had so often spoke comforting words to them. They were seen in groups rehearsing to each other his acts of kind-

ness to them, and one in tears exclaimed, "Only think ; nothing but bread and water was a great part of his living, when he had done so much for the poor, and done "*so much for us.*"

*Let this be told as a memorial of M'Dowall for ever.*

A sermon was preached by Mr. Leavitt, from the seventh chapter of Acts, fifty-fifth verse, "But he being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God."

The sermon is now before the public, and needs no commendation. The glorious manifestations of the upper world which were made to M'Dowall when about to depart, are there portrayed, not as the illusions of a disordered imagination, but as manifestations of God's special favor, which he has been wont to make to his children in all ages of the world. Stephen was thus favored, and why should it be thought incredible that M'Dowall should be? Had his life been one even thread of loving and trusting ; had he been known to the world only as a good and quiet Christian, he might have passed silently away into the shadow of death, and emerged thence into glory, leaving no other memorial than "He fell asleep." But the life of M'Dowall was a life of warfare ; he was a son of thunder to all the ungodly wherever he went ; he had drawn on himself every opprobrious epithet, not only from the profane, but from many of the professed disciples of Christ, and been denounced an impostor, and a disgrace to the ministry ; he died on the "battle field," when the contending powers had not yet ceased their hostility, and he died a victor, and it was like a God to reveal to M'Dowall the glories that awaited him, and while yet in the flesh to show to his enraptured vision the convoy of angels which should conduct him home, that every mouth might be stopped, and none have occasion to inquire, "Do you think M'Dowall was a Christian?"

*Last Hours of the Rev. J. R. M'Dowall.\**

This champion of moral reform died on Tuesday, the 13th inst. after an illness of twelve days. As it may be gratifying to his many friends to know the circumstances of the last illness and death of this lamented good man, we will endeavor to give a concise account of the same.

When about sixteen years of age, Mr. M'Dowall had an affection of the right knee, which well nigh cost him his life. It was a carious ulcer, involving the ends of the bones forming the cavity of the joint. After great suffering for more than eighteen months, it was finally healed; and although the flexibility of the knee was in a great measure restored, it was always quite weak, so that he generally used a cane when walking, and was at times laid by, from the irritating effects of much exercise upon the knee. A short time previous to his illness, he walked an unusual distance without his cane, and wearied his knee. Soon after this, inflammation supervened, attended with great pain and much swelling in the joint. The swelling extended from the upper part of the thigh to the extremity of the foot. Connected with this was a regular febrile excitement, and great prostration of the strength and powers of the system, attended with wakefulness, great anxiety of mind, and nervous irritability. His fever assumed the *typhoid type*, and on Thursday, the 10th day from his attack, that part of the swelling of his leg near the knee-joint fluctuated, and the matter appeared very near the surface. It was thought proper to give exit to the same. A much more copious discharge of matter followed the opening than was previously expected; extensive accumulation of matter had been formed above and below the knee to a considerable extent, rendering it manifest that great prostration of the powers of the system had existed previous to the attack of this disease, and that his system was in a fit

\* This testimony is from Dr. Brown, his attending physician.

condition for diseased action to take devastating hold of the body, which now rapidly gave way, and he died within two days after, with all the symptoms of an exceedingly corrupted condition of the fluids.

The great trials of feeling, the anguished state of his mind, owing to sore, and as he thought, cruel persecutions, which he had been called upon to encounter from those who ought to have been his friends and coadjutors in the great moral enterprise in which he had been engaged, can be satisfactorily looked to as the cause of this weakened and broken state of the constitution, which was thus manifestly so inadequate to bear up under the attack of disease.

Whatever contrary opinion may have been excited in the breast of any one, from fortuitous circumstances, Mr. M'Dowall was, beyond all question, a most conscientious and honest man. He was moreover a faithful servant of his Master. We have known him from the time he first came to New-York, then a student of divinity at Princeton. He came on an errand of love during the vacation, and his first object was to labor among the poor, particularly in bringing their children under the influence of Sabbath-school instruction. While engaged in this way in the neighborhood of the Five Points, where he was instrumental in establishing a Sunday-school, he was brought under the painful observation of some of the hideous developments of the sin of impurity. As he was led into some of the houses of prostitution in this famed part of our modern Sodom, and learned more of the extent and wide-spread ruin, to soul and body, of this great evil in our city, his soul seemed to sink under the sickening spectacle, of which he had previously no opportunity to form any adequate idea; and he soon decided in his own mind, that this opened a field which should, under God, be the one for his future labors. He was elected chaplain to the late Magdalen Society, and labored for one year, in conjunction with others, in endeavoring to rescue unfortunate

females from their dens of iniquity, and restore them to virtuous habits and happiness. After a fair trial he was satisfied that very little good could be done in this way alone, as little success crowned their efforts; it was but severing here and there a twig, while the root of this deadly Upas of immoral influence was taking deeper and firmer hold of our community, and extending its branches of fatal poison through all classes of society. The only hope he had was in prevention. The public mind must be enlightened—the christian public must be awakened to a sense of the extent and nature of this (in a great degree) *hidden prostrating* influence, sitting, as it were, like the night-mare, upon all the avenues of virtue, of purity, and good morals—an evil more fraught with wide-spread desolation than perhaps all other prominent evils in our land. Under this impression, through the countenance and aid of his friends, he established his Journal; and from the management of this he has suffered more and bitterer persecution than, perhaps, any saint on the earth, for the same time; not only from the enemies of religion, and of course to moral reform, but from those in the church, who ought to have been his abettors and coadjutors in this great and important part of christian warfare. His persecutions from the wicked out of the church gave him very little trouble; but his recent trial by his Presbytery, and suspension from the ministry, was a source of great and indescribable anguish of mind; he looked upon it as not only cruel to his feelings, but in a high degree unjust, and of course unrighteous. It prostrated his spirits—and while he lay under the foul, though undeserved stigma, he felt that his influence was gone, and he could do nothing to promote the cause which he had so ardently espoused; and in this state of mind so long continued, his body, in accordance with the laws of our nature, continually received an impression unfavorable to health—the nervous system became more and more weakened—the

liver torpid, the blood and circulating fluids corrupted, and the whole mortal fabric became susceptible of the ravages of disease whenever exciting causes brought it into action; and when it came, the body at once became prostrate, and rapidly sunk under its assailing influence.

M'Dowall is gone from this world to his home.\* But he yet lives in the cherished remembrance of those friends of moral reform who knew enough of him to be able duly to appreciate his worth. Though dead, he still speaks, will continue to speak, and be heard, until the sin of impurity shall be wiped from our city—from our land—and from the face of the earth. B.

#### HIS CHARACTER.

It seems almost superfluous to say any thing to throw light on a picture like this. His character has been drawn again and again in the preceding pages. Every day of his private life, from his first consecration to his Master, his early vows, and conscientious adherence to those vows; his ardent breathings after more holiness, and the deep anguish of his soul when he felt he had wandered from his God, plainly demonstrated that the law of love was written upon his heart as with the point of a diamond. His public life, filled as it was at every step with sorrow and toil, drew out every latent propensity of the heart, and gathered into one prominent focus the whole man. Yet there are touches in his character which, when more minutely presented, may be both interesting and profitable.

\* As the close of life was drawing near, his mind appeared clear and tranquil. The day previous to his death, as I was standing by his bedside, he looked me in the face, and with a countenance peculiarly expressive, though hardly able to speak, said, "O, how I detest the wickedness of this city." (Having reference to the subject of licentiousness.) He attempted further to speak, "I could—I could"—and here he appeared utterly at a loss for language at all adequate to express those feelings which his countenance clearly portrayed.

1st. He was a man of unyielding firmness. He would not be diverted from accomplishing an object, if that object was attainable, and a righteous one. Place before him crosses, threats, poverty, and disgrace, he heeded them not. "My record is on high." "I must work the work of Him that sent me," was often his reply to worldly prudent friends. He was daring and bold, almost to presumption. Often at the midnight hour has he rushed amidst a band of lawless thieves and desperadoes armed with knives and dirks, contending about booty, and quelled their riots and quietly dispersed them, when even a company of watchmen would have hesitated.

He was tender and compassionate in the highest degree. Justice and mercy were the two extremes which formed an equilibrium in his character.

When the incorrigible sinner dared to condemn the Almighty, he dealt out the terrors of the law without weight or measure; he held him trembling over the yawning pit, and poured out the thunders of Sinai, like burning lava, upon his guilty head. "Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do," was applied to the culprit, till he often made him feel he stood single-handed and alone in an awfully unequal contest with his Maker. But when he saw the tear of contrition, his heart dissolved like wax. His severity was lost in the sweet meltings of mercy, while he kindly led the trembling suppliant to the Lamb of God, saying, "Come, for all things are now ready."

Many of his friends had thought him too credulous. This probably was so, when he first entered on his untried labors in the city; but when he became more accustomed to the "moveable ways" of the "strange woman," he emphatically knew when to wound, and when to heal.

A kind philanthropist had brought, as he supposed, a broken-hearted penitent to his house for reform. He look-

ed upon her with an earnest pause, and turned to the man and sternly said,

"Begone, she will seduce you; she is a devil."

This truth she verified a few days after, by leaping a fence and returning to her former habits.

His enemies accused him of being criminally suspicious, particularly the last years of his life. But let the bitterness and scorn, the cold neglect, the cruel oppression of these *last dark years*, testify whether his own familiar friend had not "lifted up his heel against him;" and whether he had not a right to say, "Trust not in any brother." To a friend, on whom he called a few months before his death, who asked where he lived, he said,

"I have no home. I am 'hunted like a partridge upon the mountains.' I think, sometimes, my enemies would like to drive me from the earth."

He could literally adopt the words of the Savior: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but he had not where to lay his head." He had accompanied his companion into the country soon after the decision of the Presbytery in the spring; had left her there, and returned to the city from necessity, but had not money to provide a home, and felt like a *houseless, dejected wanderer*, in a cold, unfeeling world.

To his friends whom he had proved, he was ardently attached. The names of Wm. Greene, Wm. Goodell, Joshua Leavitt, Daniel Fanshaw, and three or four others, he mentions in the tenderest and most affectionate manner, in his private writings.

"These," he said, "have stood by me in my darkest hours. *May God reward them.*" And when the cold sweat of death was upon him, he turned his imploring eyes upon his weeping companion and asked,

"Where is Wm. Greene, that friend who has never forsaken me? and the dear Joshua Leavitt, can I see him?"

When answered he was not in the city,

"Then I shall see him no more."

With his friends he counseled, and in them he confided. His words were few, when the sensibilities of his heart were the keenest; but the glistening tear or the warm grasp of the hand told you the story.

*He was grateful.* The smallest favor was never forgotten. The reader has been told that M'Dowall, like his Master, was poor—that he often walked the streets of New-York weary and faint; and *faint*, because he had not a penny to buy him a piece of bread. And, as is the nature of true modesty, when he was suffering most, he was the most retiring. On one occasion he called on a familiar friend, and for the first time, in the overflowing of his soul, he said,

"I am hungry—will you give me a piece of bread, and a place to lie down?—I am weary."

The tear trembled in his eye as he met a warm reception; and the incoherent utterance,

"How good to have friends!" showed it was the tear of gratitude.

A lady observed, who had been in the habit of gathering donations for missionary purposes, and soliciting charity for the poor, that she had spent days in collecting for this suffering man what might be bought at a grocer's for a few shillings; but when this little was presented, it was received with feelings too full for utterance.

The Rev. Daniel A. Clarke, who was preaching at Amherst at the time M'Dowall was a student in that Academy, says of him, "It was painful to witness the bestowment of a favor on him, he received it with such overwhelming gratitude."

*He was conscientious.* This was a prominent trait in his character. His firmness might, in a good degree, be attributed to this; for what conscience said was duty, must be obeyed. It led him to be scrupulous in the smallest matters. Mrs. Clarke, the wife of the Rev. Daniel A. Clarke, observes,

"While at Amherst, he was a beneficiary, and roomed one year in her house. Often have I entered his room in a cold day and found him intent on study over a few coals, and said to him, Mr. M'Dowall, you suffer; do make yourself a better fire."

His answer was, "I can use myself to it."

The wood was provided for students gratuitously; and while others, with little or no scruples of conscience, were enjoying the unlimited luxury of a good fire, *he* must be a faithful steward with his Lord's money. He likewise instructed her two sons, and his faithfulness as a teacher far excelled what she had ever known. Her sons remember him with the warmest affection.

His receipts testify what would make the donors blush, should their names be published, and his expenditures show that he felt himself a steward, bound to be faithful in that which is least. The whole world may safely be challenged to produce an instance when M'Dowall spent *one* dollar for the "lust of the eye or the pride of life." And this he might have done for a season in New-York, when the public were sending from various parts of the Union their donations, saying, "use this for yourself, &c."

He had the strictest regard to truth; he allowed no prevarication, no intrigue in himself, and he abhorred it in others. When his friends, during his long, fiery trial, were collecting facts and producing evidence in his favor, he often cautioned them to state facts just as they are; "Truth, naked truth, is all I want."

*He was benevolent.* Can this be doubted, or need it be said? Let the suffering outcast tell the story. When but one dollar was at his command, that dollar was cheerfully given at the cry of distress. And was not this benevolence disinterested? Had he the praise of men in view? Why

\*At the time an agent was wanted for the Seventh Commandment Society. M'Dowall was selected as a proper one, and a salary was proposed of six hundred dollars. This he refused, declaring he could

then did he not desert, when not only the ungodly, but brethren of the ministry frankly told him he was a disgrace to their holy calling, and finally forbade his speaking in the name of his Master any more? What did he do? did he sit down in sullen silence, reproaching his brethren, and finding fault with his Maker, that he had left him in the hands of men? No; The day on which the Presbytery issued their edict that M'Dowall shall fall, he was at home, oppressed with grief, and sinking for want of rest. He had lain down and fallen asleep; his faithful companion, anticipating the result of that day's sitting, was preparing her frugal meal, and when the reporter came in, she inquired the result. "Excommunication!" being the answer,

"Let us," said she, "be as cheerful as possible when he comes to his supper; his sleep has departed, and his food has been tasteless for many days."

He came, and being told of his fate, dropped upon his knees, and in the brokenness of his heart he prayed for his brethren, begging fervently for those who had "despitefully used him," and entreating his heavenly Father not to suffer him to be idle in his vineyard, but lay out some humble work for him, beneath the arrows of his persecutors.

*That* night to M'Dowall was a night of prayer. On the morrow, early, he prepared himself, and said,

"I will do what I can for my Master. I will take my Bible and go down to the docks and ships, and read the story of Calvary to seamen and fishermen. This my brethren cannot forbid. I will go from place to place, entreating men, women, and children to read the Bible."

subsist on one hundred and fifty. The Society would not employ him on such terms, and the most he would consent to receive was three hundred, saying it would not be right to receive any more; it would be taking it from the cause.

Let those who are engaged in Moral Reform, and praying that the mantle of M'Dowall may fall on them, see if they possess the same disinterested spirit, and are willing to make the same sacrifices.

And this he did do, till he was carried by angels to Abraham's bosom. Was not this disinterestedness? Did he enter the noisome dens of impurity, by night and by day, and entreat, rebuke, with much long-suffering, those whose filthy conversation and pestilential breath contaminate the air around them, that he might gain an imperishable name? Why, then, when his name became a hissing and a by word, and he was counted as one of the licentious of the baser sort, did he not shelter himself among his more dignified brethren, and preach that less offensive part of the Gospel that entailed no reproach?

*He was industrious.* He truly gained his bread by the sweat of his brow. Could the streets of New-York cry out, they would testify that his diligent feet have nightly trod their pavements, while the multitudes that were at ease in Zion were buried in sleep. His voluminous papers, too, bear ample testimony that he made "diligent search;" the midnight prowler, the thief, and the gambler, well knew the footstep and the voice of M'Dowall, and fled at his approach, or entreated him not to "torment them before the time."

His perseverance never relaxed till the last words died upon his lips. He occupied till his Master summoned him away, enjoining all about him to do the same.

*His temperament was sanguine.* He says in his private journal, "In debate I am warm and fervent; some would suppose me angry, while I have no consciousness of being so; but on the contrary, feeling an intense desire to elicit and teach the truth according to the Scriptures, and of impressing on others the same sense of obligation I feel, and of awakening in their minds the same desire to teach the doctrines of the Bible in the words the Holy Ghost teacheth."\* This temperament was often misconstrued by his enemies, and called a "bad spirit." But the best of his enemies might do well to ask, how much better spirit they

\* This he copied from Oberlin, claiming, as he said it, to be precisely himself.

would have manifested in like circumstances. Had they been more patient, the cause might have been attributed more to lack of energy and love of truth, than christian meekness of spirit.

He says of himself, "I am deeply affected by the least kindness, and he who treats me generously, soon gains the ascendancy over me; but opposition creates in me an astonishing degree of firmness, especially in matters of conscience."\*

Here some of his best friends misunderstood him; his extreme sensitiveness in matters of conscience was at times attributed to a desire to be thought well of men. That he did not prefer the good will of men to their hatred is not supposed, and that he did not warmly cling to the being who spake kind words to him cannot be denied. But it may with safety be alleged, that his sensitiveness was more deeply wounded when truth was assailed, than when his character was in danger. His companion observed to him,

"I think of procuring a sensitive plant and setting it in the room, that you may see yourself; you are so extremely affected when abused, lest you have given some occasion." Yet, she added, when he felt that God approved, the reproaches of men gave him but little trouble.

But he must have been more than human, when he knew that from motives of benevolence he had suffered the want of all things, if he did not sometimes wish the approbation of men as well as that of God; if his heart did not sink within him when opprobrium and scorn were the reward of his faithful, his unremitting labor; and if, too, the stirrings of indignation did not sometimes be manifest, when he heard the revilings of those who were sitting at ease, and would not so much as "touch his burdens with one of their fingers."

*He was chaste.* Mark the vow he made when but a youth. This chastity had its seat in the heart, and this

\* Oberlin.

inherent purity made him so abhor the filthy pollutions of the city, that with a holy disgust he rushed into the temples of those who were making merchandise of purity, and with a scourge of no very small cords he drove many of them out.

His Journal was accused of too much plainness of speech—of obscenity of language—which rendered it unsafe to be read by the young. These assertions sit tolerably on the lips of those who are ignorant entirely of what he saw and heard. But had any one accompanied him to these more than horrid dens, and heard the belchings of their polluted hearts in language which might almost compel demons to blush, he must rather have admired the purity of style he flung around his recitals, which fell so far short of the reality.

One fact may serve as an illustration. In the years 1834–5, a few friends met at the house of Mr. M'Dowall on a Sabbath morning, read the Scriptures, and prayed, and then went out in companies to visit the wretched abodes of pollution.

It was thought advisable that females should go to converse with their own sex. Mr. M'Dowall one morning accompanied two ladies and a gentleman. A house of the most degraded kind was entered; and, for the first time when ladies were present, had the conversation been unseemly. It at length became so obscene that the ladies were about retiring, when, turning to Mr. M'Dowall, he had sunk back upon his chair, and apparently was fainting. He was raised from his seat, and persuaded to go home. When he reached his dwelling, his companion asked if he were sick? He answered,

“It is enough. I cannot accompany ladies any more to houses of infamy. I have for years heard the filthy conversation of the wicked and been sustained, but to hear it in the presence of virtuous females is more than I can endure.”

He never again accompanied them.

It may be questioned whether many of those whose delicacy had been so shocked at his Journal, would have manifested more genuine purity of heart on such an occasion than did M'Dowall.

*He was retiring.*—His most intimate friends alone could know him. His dependent state constantly kept him more so. He could never be filling the ears of those around him with his sufferings and wants, and it often became necessary to apply to his companion to ascertain their condition when they were in real need. "God feeds me," would often be his answer, when he had scarcely enough to sustain life.

His manners were affable, his conversation easy, where he felt himself at liberty to unbend his mind.

When it is considered how insensibly we imbibe the habits and manners of those with whom we associate, it is much to be admired that he could retain any thing like suavity of manners, coming in contact, as he continually did, with those whose evil communications were corrupting in the extreme.

He wrote much, but his pen must be constantly dipped in the muddy abominations of all that is loathing, and his paper blotted with blackened details of charnel-houses of the dead. He had no time for rhetorical flourishes—for sketches of meandering rivers, purling brooks, and moon-light simperings—though his early writings show that he was not destitute of taste for the beautiful as well as sublime.

He had no time to sit down in the mirrored parlors of his more favored brethren to improve his conversational powers, nor no parishioners to bring in their yearly presents, to enable him to call together his rich neighbors and spread them a well-ordered feast. He had no servants to come at his ringing—few or no changes of apparel—and with all these formidable obstacles in the fashionable city

of New-York, how could he retain even a mediocrity of polish ?

Had he not possessed more than ordinary principles of refinement, the varnish would long since have been worn away, and he would have been *all* his enemies could have wished.

His relish for the fine arts may be given in his own words:—"I am a very great admirer of painting, music, and poetry, and yet I have no skill in either of them."

He adds, "Mechanics and natural history constitute my favorite studies. I am very fond of regularity, and of arranging and classifying, but my weak memory, added to constant employment, renders it difficult to me."

The disordered state in which his books were found at the time his most serious difficulties commenced, drew on him the imputation of carelessness and lack of system in business; and he ever averred he was no book-keeper, yet he was always careful, in his own way, to put every thing there, so that nothing need be lost. The state of his office at his death showed that he was not a stranger to system. It might well be said that papers and books, as well as himself, were "packed and sealed," ready to step aboard; and had he known the hour the ship would have sailed, he could not have arranged his affairs to better purpose.

He had gathered every fragment, and placed all together; and some of his last earnest injunctions were—"See that my business is all arranged, that every man may have his due."

His scholarship, probably, has never been fairly tested. His ill health in college kept him below what he would have been, which he often regrets in his journal. When he first entered his academical course, his appearance was not at all prepossessing, and his companions in study feared little from a rival like him; but his teacher observed he soon was in advance of most of them. Since leaving his collegiate course, his energies have all been directed

to one point, and in *that* point let him who says M'Dowall did not excel, make the effort.

When a few years shall have passed away, when men shall begin to walk with God, and dare to name things as he has named them—then shall the Journal of M'Dowall grace the library of the learned divine, as a memento not only of the zeal, but the talent of him who has, in this refined age, been denounced as unworthy a place among the reformers of the present day.

And what judge of talent can read some of his appeals to the public in his Journal, and not be struck with the masterly strength there put forth? Who can read some of the pathetic incidents in his Magdalen Facts, so vividly and yet so simply narrated, and say there were no touches of tenderness or beauty in his composition?

One peculiar beauty in his style, which every critic must discover, is, that in his most affecting incidents he leads the reader along without any apparent design—he enters upon the fact without telling him he is intending to make him weep, and he must prepare for it, but simply relates the story, and though often followed by his own reflections, yet these seem to be the spontaneous effusions of the thing itself, rather than any foreign ingrafting.

But the great strength of Mr. M'Dowall lay in his knowledge of the Scriptures. Here can be no mistake. Day and night they were his meditations—his meat and his drink. Well might he say, “read the Bible *through*.” He had read it through again and again, and knew its value. He had read it through twice the last year of his life, and nearly half through the third time; and this year, *too*, was one replete with the most harassing cares. But the word of God was his strong tower, into which he continually run, and was safe. Every page of his writings is embellished with the sweet words of eternal life; and every sentence has a “thus saith the Lord” for a defence. His conversations and his prayers bore the same impress.

*He was forgiving.*—His companion could testify how he fervently prayed in the silence of night for his bitter persecutors, saying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Long did his charity suffer the evil surmises, the hard sayings, and the strange doings of those who had been warm in his praises; and when asked by a friend—

"Mr. M'Dowall, why do you suffer yourself to be so injured? Why do you not keep for your needy family, the money that is justly yours?"

His answer was—

"I had rather *suffer* than quarrel, and let the Lord rebuke them."

Through his protracted persecutions, whenever a hasty or retaliating word escaped him, he took the earliest opportunity to humbly acknowledge his fault.

On one occasion, a ministering brother called on him as a stranger from the country, and made many inquiries concerning the success of the cause, *apparently* as a friend. Mr. M'Dowall answered them kindly, but unadvisedly made an imprudent expression. Before he slept, he made suitable retraction in a note, which he sent the brother. A short time after this, he heard this brother had gone to a neighboring city and exposed his fault, without the explanatory confession.

This was not all; when brought before the Presbytery, this expression was presented as a proof of the bitter spirit of M'Dowall. This was a great grief. He could not understand what spirit of forgiveness this brother could possess, and how he could reconcile it with the temper of the Gospel, or how he could ever again confide in that brother.

If any man had occasion to be suspicious of pretended friends, he was the one.

Often had he cause to say, "if it had been an enemy, I could have borne it."

When he was ordained as an evangelist in the city, the brother\* who gave him the charge, spake in the most feeling, pungent manner of his past sufferings and future prospects. He spake of persecutions which he had endured, and which he must henceforth expect among "false brethren;" he spake of sneers, of scorn, and of "gnashings of teeth;" he spake of *ravenous wolves* and *hungry tigers*, who would wait to devour: and he spake, too, like one who would have exclaimed, had the application been made to himself—"Is thy servant a dog, that he should do such a thing?"

A friend present said to Mr. M'Dowall as they were leaving the house,

"Your brother has spoken almost as by the voice of inspiration; but be not grieved should he soon be found among the "waiters to devour."

The trial of 1836 can tell *he* was one of the most clamorous in crying, "Away with him, away with him."

Mr. M'Dowall, when reminded of this, brought not a railing accusation, but added,

"God is righteous; *He* will not disappoint me."

Does a query arise, how so much forgiveness of spirit could dwell in a heart where so much "bad spirit" was manifest. Did not Paul, think you, possess a heart of forgiveness, when he said,

"*God* shall smite thee, thou whited wall."

And when the keeper of the prison said,

"The magistrates have sent to let you go," was Paul's answer and conduct derogatory to a spirit of forgiveness?

But Paul said unto them, "They have beaten us openly, uncondemned, being Romans, and have cast us into prison: and now do they thrust us out privily? Nay, verily, but let them come themselves and fetch us out."

\* Mr. Henry G. Ludlow.

But what did Christ do when all the ignomy of sinners was poured upon him? Why, as a "sheep dumb before the shearers, so opened he not his mouth." But what was Christ's errand into the world? To fulfill the law, and make it honorable; to make an atonement for sin.

When, by the "determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God," the hour had come that the whole curse of the law must be poured upon him; what was he to do? "Thinkest thou not that I can pray unto my Father, and he shall presently send me more than twelve legions of angels?" But had these twelve legions been sent, and he been rescued, where would have been the atonement? "But for this cause came I into the world." "This is *your* hour, and the power of darkness." "*I lay down my life.*" And this he did, not from any obligation he was under to man, nor because his enemies were just in their demands; but that God's law might be honored. And as this was his grand message into the world, what a strange contradiction would have appeared, had he contended for character or life! But was this his course till the hour had come? did he not reply when they accused him of gluttony? when they took up stones to stone him did he not justify himself by saying,

"Many good works have I shown you, for which of these works do you stone me?"

When accused of casting out devils by Beelzebub, did he bear in silence, or did he respond, "By whom do your sons cast them out?" "Why tempt ye me, ye hypocrites?" was his answer to the designing Pharisees. What did he say to his disciples when he sent them out? "When they deliver you up, take no thought how or what ye shall speak, for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye *shall* speak." Did this imply that they were not to speak at all? And what did Peter and Paul do when taken before magistrates, beaten, and forbidden to speak any more in the name of Jesus? Peter boldly

affirms, that "ye, by wicked hands, have crucified and slain." Did not Paul make his own defence, and in that defence say, "neither can they prove the things whereof they accuse me?" For if I be an offender, or have committed any thing worthy of death, I refuse not to die; but if there be none of these things whereof these accuse me, no man may deliver me unto them. "I appeal unto Cæsar."\*

He was accused of eccentricity. This was no slander, if eccentricity consists in daring to be singular for conscience sake. He was not conformed to this world, like most men; he sought not its aggrandizement, its honors, or its wealth. With these he seemed to have nothing to do. He never inquired, when duty was plain, what will men think or say of me; but ventured to say, what no other man, since the preaching of Paul, has said on the sin of licentiousness. He wandered about, not always in so comfortable a covering as "sheep skins or goat skins," being "destitute, afflicted, and tormented, of whom the world was not worthy." The charge against him on the celebrated trial, "*Unministerial conduct*," was a true one; for what minister in modern times has dared to conduct like him? No one can read his public and private journals, and *Magdalen Facts*, without acknowledging his conduct to be almost entirely "*unministerial*," and it was impossible that movements like his could pass unnoticed; and these movements must either be condemned or applauded: if applauded, it was an acknowledgment involving self-condemnation. And what more soothing opiate than "*unministerial*?"

\* It was intended, at the commencement of this memoir, to state facts without note or comment, and let the character of the deceased be inferred from these facts. But here is a fact, on which good people differ. That M'Dowall *did* publish his defence, and speak with much decision in that defence, is well known; but that he had a gospel right thus to do, has been disputed. But to the law and to the testimony; if these speak on this wise, then M'Dowall is exonerated.

His eccentricities extended not only to the peculiarity of his labors, but to the minutiae of life. His wardrobe, his table, his parlor (when he had a dwelling) was wholly "*unministerial*;" he had no "lust of the eye," no "pride of life" to decorate his abode; he asked not to fare sumptuously, but contented himself when the plainest crumbs were spread upon his plate. He sought not the "chief seats in the synagogue," nor to be called "Rabbi! rabbi!" Was he *not* "*unministerial*?"

Travel the length and breadth of the American Continent, not forgetting the self-denying Icelandic Moravian; go to the islands of the sea; go to Hindostan, Burmah and China; and where, in all the catalogue, will you find more unremitting labor, and where will you find more "*perils among false brethren*?" Eternity alone can tell the story; eternity alone can tell how the apostles have greeted him as the restorer of that Christ-like, unwearied zeal and patience which buoyed them up till they had sealed their testimony with their blood.

Let every bishop in christendom, rich or poor, popular or unpopular; let every missionary or pastor, with the Bible in his hands, in the presence of his Judge, ask himself if he has dared to be as apostolic as M'Dowall. Let him ask himself if he dare take the seventh commandment in his hand, and go not only into the dens of the polluted, but to the halls of the magistrate and the sanctum sanctorum of the church, and bring out the hidden abominations portrayed upon its walls. Has he done it; *dare he do it*? If so, on him let the mantle of M'Dowall fall. If so, let his conduct be denounced as "*unministerial*," and let him share with him those heavenly visions which burst upon his enraptured sight when he stood up on the confines of the eternal world!

\* \* \* \* \*

He had a happy talent of conversing with children. He descended to their capacities, and when he would re-

prove them of sin, he made them understand what is implied by sin. He would draw a willing confession, and fetch the tear of sorrow from the most obdurate heart. His government was inflexible and scriptural. With the Bible in his hand, he said to the Magdalens in his family,

"God says thus, and so, and we must do it. Dare you disobey? I dare not."

A pause ensued, when he asked,

"Are you prepared to hear what God says in this holy book?"

Then reading, he would apply it, so that each felt herself the one addressed.

In this way he kept up order in his house among those where it would seem impossible. The most incorrigible found no alternative but submission, and this submission was a force often to her unknown.

When he received one of this class into his house, he first divested her of her "tinkling ornaments," and clothed her in "modest apparel."

"Love of dress," said he, "has ruined many a character, and sent many a soul to the abodes of darkness." In this he often found a great struggle. They cling to these idols almost with a deadly grasp.

He once had occasion to divest one of these 'strange women' of her gay attire, who had professed much humility of heart for her sins. He took her different changes of raiment, and her jewelry, to an extravagant amount, and placed them together before her.

"These," said he, "you must give up, and put on the apparel of a modest woman."

She did so, and went to church with Mrs. M'Dowall, in a plain dress and hat. On her return, she asked,

"Who was the lady sitting before us to-day? Is she a church-member?"

"Yes."

"Did you see her dress and trimmings?"

"I did," was the answer.

"And she a church-member, dressed so gaily, while I must be told it is sin for me to dress in any manner like this.

Mr. M'Dowall, with his usual decision, silenced the murmuring, by saying,

"Church-members are not my pattern, nor must they be yours. The *Bible*, the *Bible* is the standard."

Much cause had he to mourn over the love of dress in professed christians. He has mentioned in his Journal, it was one of the greatest inlets to licentiousness in our city; and he found that the abandoned females under his care would submit to any change more willingly than a change of dress.

He insisted much on cleanliness. He seemed to attach a moral pollution to filth of any kind. During his sickness, to be washed in pure water was the greatest luxury.

"The filth—the abominations of this city!" he would often exclaim, with a shrinking as from something tangible and polluting to the touch.

He was fond of home; and here alone can the true christian character be known. Here M'Dowall showed that God was his all. It was here might be seen that religion was in him a "well of water springing up to everlasting life." His kind, his affectionate regard to the partner of his toils, and her only child, was almost unparalleled. He could not endure that they should lack any good thing. "His kindness in sickness," says her daughter, "exceeded all bounds." His own fevered brain had so often needed the opiates of tenderness and care, that well had he learned to administer the same. He was uneasy when the daughter was from home; and once, when she left because his house was occupied by magdalens, he said,

"How can I submit that she should be driven away to make place for such substitutes? While I have a piece of bread I will share it with her. O, how must parents feel

towards their children, when this one, who is not my own, is so near my heart !”

It was his practice to pray three times a-day in his family, and oftentimes he arose in the night to pray and read the Scriptures. His lamp was continually burning through the night, or accommodations to light one at any moment.

A friend who spent a week in his family a short time previous to his decease, writes thus to Mrs. M'Dowall :

“ While my memory lasts, I think I shall never forget the week I spent with you in New-York. I esteem it one of the most profitable ones in my whole life. It is pleasant as well as profitable to see the principles of the Gospel brought into the common affairs of life, and religion lived as well as talked of. It was always a wonder with me, that any one could be acquainted with Mr. M'Dowall and not discover in him the spirit of the meek and lowly Jesus.

“ How pleasant must be the reflections of your daughter, to remember how much she was permitted to do for the comfort of one of the dear children of God. I trust she will not lose her reward.”

“ Often,” says his partner, “ has he returned from his excessive labors exhausted and sinking to such a degree that restoratives were necessary ; and his mind so depressed, that the Bible and prayer could be the only physician.” O ! these were mercy-drops in that bitter cup which a compassionate Savior mingled with the wormwood and the gall he was constantly drinking in the dark world without.

A visiter once said,

“ Is not your patience exhausted to be called from your work so often for reading and prayers ?”

“ O no,” was the answer. “ This is the greatest comfort the poor man enjoys, and we should be sorry to deprive him of this.”

Blessed family ! Though you have “ sowed in tears, you

shall reap in joy." Though you have had no resting-place for the sole of your foot, the long sleep of the grave and the sweet home of heaven shall rest your weary feet; and though your table has been sparingly spread, yet a rich feast is preparing, and one has already sat down to the banquet.

"I will not leave you comfortless" was fully verified in this; had M'Dowall found no shelter within, from the peltings of the storm without, but the folly and noise of the clamorous woman, his pathway would have been hedged at every step with piercing thorns, and his martyrdom would long since have been completed.

He was from childhood ardently attached to home; the name of father, mother, brother, and sister, he often mentioned with the most heartfelt tenderness. It was there, when in college, in traveling, his hopes, his affections seemed to centre; and in his pungent appeals to the abandoned, how often does he point them to the paternal roof, and endeavor to awaken the dormant sensibilities of the heart by these tender appeals.

"Have you a mother or a sister? Did your mother send you here? Does not her image haunt your guilty soul when you are alone in the silent watches of the night?" These were common interrogations, and M'Dowall had a mother, and he loved her too. Never, will she forget her visit to New-York to see him, when his joy was so great, that he not only fell upon her neck and kissed her, but he took her in his arms, he wept, he laughed, he set her down and took her up, seemingly in a transport of tenderness and joy, till he could do nothing else but sit down and look upon her. His was the "eye that mocked not at his father, nor scorned to obey his mother." He was the son over whose grave his aged parents may shed tears of pleasant sorrow. Well may they say with David, "very pleasant hast thou been unto me," thy love to us was wonderful.

His brothers, and his sisters too, when they look back on the days of childhood, when by the fire-side in peace and affection they assembled, and think that the beloved John, who was then one of the happy group, is sleeping in death, may well say, "the remembrance of him is sweet."

What godly parent would not strike a new anthem of praise, when a beloved child has so valiantly "fought the good fight and finished the faith," and gone through the glorious gate of martyrdom into the celestial city !

What pious brother or sister would not mingle with their tears of sorrow, a grateful song of praise that such a brother, as a reward for his untiring zeal, is crowned a little before them ; that his care-worn body is at rest, and his emancipated soul drinking full draughts from the fountain of life in the midst of the paradise of God.

## APPENDIX.

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*From the Rev. Theodore Wright.*

My first acquaintance with Mr. M'Dowall was at Schenectady, in New-York, where I passed the years of my minority. About the year 1825 or 6, he was a member of Union College: he was of that class of young men who believed it his duty, while diligent and persevering in the acquisition of knowledge, to qualify him for a more extended sphere of usefulness in future life, to do good as he passed along.

He often remarked to me,

"We must now work for the good of souls, for we know not that we shall be permitted to enter the holy ministry."

Actuated by this principle, he devoted many of those hours, usually spent in recreation by others, to distributing Tracts, visiting and conversing with the poor. So intense was his love for souls, that I have known him, when passing along the streets, to gather the little children into a neighboring house to converse with them on the duty of loving a Savior.

The colored community knew and loved him: through the influence of his counsels and prayers they were often refreshed, both in the social meeting and at the fireside; and many of them were led to rejoice in the Savior.

We know him by no other term than the *good Mr. M'Dowall*.

His zeal and humility won the confidence of the christian community. About this time the Presbyterian church in Schenectady was vacant, consequently the spiritual interest of the church, under God, was thrown upon the laity. Through their solicitation, Mr. M'Dowall was induced to forego the privilege of visiting his parental roof, from

which he had long been absent, to spend his summer vacation in the promotion of the cause of religion among them. He labored from house to house during the day, and almost every evening in the week he attended meetings for conference and prayer; the Lord greatly owned and blessed his efforts.

The people of God were aroused, and labored and prayed for the salvation of souls; and a number were made to rejoice in the hope of salvation.

It was the blessedness no less than the inconvenience of Mr. M'Dowall, to be in advance of many of his brethren in his zeal and in his views of christian attainments and action. This subjected him to many a sore trial, growing out of the course he pursued among his fellow-students. He felt it his duty to labor for the salvation of those out of Christ; visiting from room to room, solemnly expostulating with the most sceptical among them.

He was urged on under the impression that they, with himself, were shortly to go forth to exert a decidedly healthful or pestilential influence upon the world. This called out against him all the latent and virulent opposition of those youthful, high-minded sinners. He met this joyfully, but the fault-finding, sensorious disposition evinced towards him by many of his pious companions, almost crushed his spirit. Some even charged him with pursuing a course that would lead the young men to infidelity, rather than to embrace the Savior. "O!" said he to a friend, "I am in a strait betwixt two. My brethren, who, I am persuaded, mistake, urge me to desist; but my conscience and my Bible urge me onward. I think I have a 'Thus saith the Lord' for my course. I dare not desist, I dare not meet these dear fellow-students at the judgment, with their blood in the skirts of my garments." This transaction called out the prominent traits of character which subsequently, in the life of Mr. M'Dowall, were more fully developed; namely, inflexible adherence to principle, and

unyielding moral courage in carrying them out. In no one individual have I seen these characteristics more strikingly marked.

He was a warm friend of my oppressed and greatly injured people. No individual have I ever known more free from that chilling "American caste," which tortures the feelings of all who are of a darker hue than their neighbors, withers their temporal prospects, proscribes them, irrespectively of moral worth, and irreligiously says to those for whom Christ died, "*Stand thou there.*"

Of this truth we have a striking illustration in the following occurrence :

While at the Theological Institute in Princeton, it was my happiness to board and room in a very respectable and pious colored family.

When Mr. M'Dowall became acquainted with this circumstance, which was previous to his going to Princeton, he at once determined to secure the same for himself.

I left the seminary in 1828, which was the year he entered. On his arrival at Princeton he immediately applied to my friend for the apartment which I had occupied. My friend acceded to his request. Mr. M'Dowall was delighted with his situation, anticipating much satisfaction in the occupancy of his convenient and pleasant room; not dreaming that an objection could possibly arise among those with whom he was associated for the soul-expanding purpose of preparing to preach the everlasting Gospel of peace. But he soon found his mistake; so great was the excitement among some of the dark-complexioned-hating-young-theologians, that meetings were called, and the voice of remonstrance in murmuring tones fell upon his ear. It was with mingled emotions of sorrow and regret that he witnessed this anti-christian spirit manifested among those, who, above all others, ought to be the last to "have the faith of our Lord Jesus with respect of persons."

In order to calm the angry storm, he waved his right, and took another boarding-house.

When conversing on the subject of the oppressed, he frequently remarked to me, that his deep abhorrence of licentiousness induced an equal hatred of slavery.

"Why," said he, "what is the slave-holding section of the country but a sink of pollution—'*one vast brothel*?'"

He maintained that the overthrow of the American Babel was retarded not only by the lust of unbridled power, or of filthy lucre, but by the "lust of the flesh." He held that this was a strong-hold of the monster slavery, of which few are aware. He has said to me, "I view myself an anti-slavery agent, doing that very work; for the more licentiousness is brought out to view, the more slavery—the accursed system, which, above all others in christendom, is the prolific cause of this abomination—will be abhorred.

During my absence from the city in 1832, from the people of my charge, occasioned by indisposition, this good brother supplied my pulpit eight months, with great satisfaction and profit to my people, receiving no other reward than the prayers and donations of the poor; indeed he asked no other, save the heart-felt satisfaction of doing good. Never can we cease to thank the Great Head of the church for the labors of this, his dear servant, among us. Many mothers, with deep emotions of gratitude, remember his tender appeals of love and truth to their sick or dying children. So do companions, and brothers, and sisters, remember his visits, which were so refreshing at the time when the awful cholera clad our city in sackcloth, and the destroying angel was in almost every family. O yes—they remember the words of consolation, and the fervent prayers which flowed from his lips at the dying pillow of those whom they loved.

My people were always glad to hear it announced that Mr. M'Dowall was to preach; and surely his plain straight forward attacks upon the powers of darkness were equally

acceptable and edifying to me. After the time he ceased to exercise his ministerial functions, he very frequently attended our place of worship. On one occasion he said to me, as he took me by the hand, in his peculiarly pleasant manner,

"Brother Wright, here I am happy. Here I enjoy the communion of saints. No where else do I feel so much at home. O! how pleasant it is to meet kindred spirits!"

I shall never forget his last visit. It was on one Sabbath morning, early last summer.

I invited him to offer a few remarks; he arose and commenced, and never before had I heard him so happy; he went wholly beyond himself. He dwelt on the theme which occupied his dying moments—the Bible, the Bible. So powerful, eloquent, and convincing an appeal in behalf of the precious book I never before heard. He very lucidly showed the importance of studying the sacred volume; the almost general and criminal neglect of this invaluable treasure among good people of the present day, and the necessity of an immediate and systematic effort to bring the church back to study the word of God. He remarked, "For the last few months, I have employed my time in endeavoring to induce individuals to commence reading the Bible through, in course, once or twice a year." He stated that he had a large list of names, with the residence of persons who are willing to unite in this delightful employment. He invited my people to co-operate with him, quite a number of whom acceded to his propositions. If ever I felt humbled under a sense of neglected duty, it was when hearing this soul-thrilling address. O! how he enforced the divine mandate, "search the Scriptures." I received an impression which will never leave me till the day of my death.

Mr. M'Dowall was endeared to me by long-continued and intimate acquaintance. We were indeed friends. We wept, we prayed, and we rejoiced together.

I have spent more hours with him than with any other ministerial brother in the city.

I think I never saw a man more conscientious and intent on doing good.

His intercourse with others was marked with great simplicity. I always thought that the good men who have oppressed him have greatly misjudged concerning his character. If they had occupied the same relation to him I have, they would, I am persuaded, have had similar views with me.

If they had witnessed his anxiety, tears, and deep sorrow, in view of his difficulties with his christian brethren, and the obstacles these difficulties placed in the way of the cause to which he was devoted, their views concerning him would have been entirely different. I am aware that he had his faults. Who has them not? It is human to err. But his errors were of the head, rather than of the heart. But I believe, however others may differ from me in opinion concerning him, that the view I have now expressed will be found, in the great day of judgment, to be in accordance with truth.

Yours respectfully,

THEODORE S. WRIGHT.

*From J. W——.*

In the fall of the year 1833, I went to New-York to superintend the mechanical department of Mr. M'Dowall's Journal. I resided in Mr. M'Dowall's family till some time in the next spring. Here I had an opportunity to study the *character* of the man. I *did* so. But it needs an abler pen than mine to give a history, so that the public may form even a faint conception of the true worth of Mr. M'Dowall.

Still I feel it a great privilege to give my testimony in favor of that much-injured man.

That portion of the tenement which Mr. M'Dowall occupied in Thompson-street, consisted of a front room and small back room, a bed-room on the second floor, and a small room in the attic. The front room, which had been occupied as a parlor, was now turned into a printing, or composition room and Mr. M'Dowall's study.

Mrs. M'Dowall, to her honor be it spoken, willingly put herself to much inconvenience to aid in effecting the arrangement at that time.

She delighted in doing any thing that afforded her hope that she was strengthening the hands and encouraging the heart of her husband in the good work to which she gave her whole heart, and for the accomplishment of which she prayed and labored day and night. Often, when her oppressed husband had been out a portion of the day, attending to duties connected with the Journal; and in view of the mountainous weight resting upon him, and the discouragement which met him on every side; the devastating ocean of licentiousness engulfing its thousands, and the deadly thrusts made at him by false brethren, he came home with his soul burdened, and weighed down to the very dust, his heart almost bursting with anguish; his dear wife, like a kind ministering spirit from the abode of bliss, with sweet and heavenly consolation, soothed and imparted words full of comfort to his troubled soul.

After the printing materials were removed to the house, the small back-room served as parlor, kitchen, and bed-room for Mr. and Mrs. M'Dowall; and the other small room was occupied as a bed-room by a member of the family, and I occupied the attic.

The furniture in the room used as parlor, kitchen, and bed-room, consisted of a rag carpet, two old-fashioned low bottomed rocking-chairs, a few common chairs, a table, and a small cooking stove, and a common birch-post bedstead, with ordinary covering. Our meals consisted principally of coarse wheat, or Indian corn bread, wheat mush and

molasses, or potatoes, with the addition, sometimes, of apples or apple-sauce, or a plain apple-pie. The cost of provisions for each in the family, I presume to say, was not over \$1 25 per week; all other expenses for dress, fuel, &c. were in accordance with the above. I am thus particular, because it has been said by many, that Mr. M'Dowall had robbed the public, to spend the proceeds in luxurious living.

The duty of family worship and reading the Bible was attended three times a day. Mr. M'Dowall loved to read and dwell upon the book of the Acts of the Apostles. At family worship he spent much time in reading and commenting on the Scriptures. He was not contented with reading the Bible and filling his own soul with it, but he wished to have others feed upon it as he did. In prayer he was fervent, asking what his soul most desired, and then saying no more. No one could remain long in his family, if in a state of impenitency, and not feel reproved.

The whole time I was with him, his soul was burdened with a weight in view of the opposition he met from the Female Benevolent Society. He bore patiently the persecutions, insults, and reproach from certain men who had the direction of that society. I was in his office one morning, and saw the spirit manifested by these men. I heard them insult the poor man till his soul seemed to bleed at every pore. Yet, like his blessed Master, when he was reviled, he reviled not again; when he was persecuted, he suffered it and committed all unto him; who judgeth righteously. His bitterest enemies have come to him and endeavored to get him into a passion, and have made much effort to cause him to do something inconsistent, that they might have wherewith to accuse him justly; but have gone away vexed because they were sorely defeated.

In all the time I was with him, I never saw him in

one instance angry. He was gentlemanly, kind, and courteous to all; in his family he was kind and affectionate.

He conversed with me much in relation to the oppressive course taken by his enemies, but I never heard him bring a railing accusation against any of them. From day to day, and from week to week, did I urge him to make a full exposure in his Journal of the proceedings of the Benevolent Society against him; yet he forbore, hoping they would cease their persecutions and do him justice. But these hopes were blasted. Not satisfied with demanding his money, they attacked his character, and in this way did what could be done to destroy him. Finally, when he found they would persevere, and that the cause of purity and truth must suffer if he remained longer silent, he made a full exposure of all which he thought necessary.

It has been reported that Mr. M'Dowall bought a large number of obscene prints, and carried them about the country, and exhibited them to all who chose to look at them. This is not true. The facts in relation to these pictures were these: There were a number of auction-rooms in Broadway where Mr. M'Dowall learned these prints were sold. Determined to ascertain the facts, a number of us went to several auction-rooms (evenings) and bought many of these prints, and gave them to Mr. M'Dowall as evidence that such things were sold at public auction. Mr. M'Dowall then determined to investigate this matter thoroughly. He made known the facts to several christian men in the city, and they furnished him with the means to effect the object; and every place that was known, or in respect to which any suspicions were entertained, where obscene prints, books, cards, and boxes were sold, was visited. At a large wholesale store in Pearl-street quite a number of different articles were bought of the most obscene and licentious character. At some of the largest fancy stores in Broadway many articles of this character were bought; and it was found that these

articles were imported in large quantities from foreign countries, were also manufactured, and constituted a considerable portion of the trade of wholesale dealers among us. Bills and receipts were obtained for articles bought when possible. The articles in Mr. M'Dowall's possession were always kept locked in a trunk, and the key kept in his possession. His agents have requested the privilege of taking some of the prints, when they went into the country, to exhibit to ministers. He always refused. He once observed, he would not be responsible for the iniquity that might be caused by the circulation of these obscene prints for worlds. By the advice of christian men, he finally concluded to invite certain ministers, who attended the May anniversary, to examine these articles, and see what means Satan was using to build up his kingdom, and to awaken them to a sense of the danger the whole country was in. We have full evidence that his object was accomplished. These articles were then returned to their place of deposit, and very few have ever seen them since.

Much more might be stated to prove that no man ever acted more conscientiously. He adhered strictly to the injunction, "Owe no man." When I was about publishing a paper in New-York, he met me one day in the street, and looking me solemnly in the face, he said, "Joseph, don't you run in debt for one article to publish your paper. If you do, God will curse your efforts."

Notwithstanding the perplexities with which he was harassed, he was most generally in a calm, serene state of mind, and at times his peace flowed like a river. One Sabbath evening, after returning from a meeting, I spoke to him of some of the proceedings and sentiments advanced, which I could not approve. In the most kind and tender manner he called my attention from that subject to the glorified spirits around the throne of God. He said he had been thinking all the evening of those white robes

Jesus Christ would give to all who were washed and purified in his blood. He longed, he said, to be clothed in that white robe which would never be stained or spotted with sin. His soul seemed to be full of God and heaven, and he had evidently been drinking deeply at that fountain which flows from the throne of God. Finally, our dear brother's worth and christian character never was appreciated but by few of his christian friends; but there are some hearts that will ever beat with thrilling emotion when the name of M'Dowall is mentioned.

"Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,  
"Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb:  
"The Savior has passed through its portals before thee,  
"And the lamp of his love was thy guide through the gloom."

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." It may truly be said of our departed brother, that by his testimony for the Lord Jesus when living, "he being dead, yet speaketh." Who will now stand in the gap? Who will now build up the wall, the foundation of which God laid by M'Dowall? Who is worthy to do this great work? He that is of clean hands and a pure heart—that escheweth evil, and worketh righteousness; he that will not daub with untempered mortar. No man can carry up the wall commenced by M'Dowall, but he who is willing to be called the filth and offscouring of the world—who will make himself of "no reputation,"—but he who despises the pomp, the show, and the popular applause of men; he who is willing to throw off the white-wash covering of nominal professors, and stand forth arrayed in all the panoply of heaven.

J—— W——.

*From C.*

During the time in which Mr. and Mrs. M'Dowall had charge of the Institution in Mott-street, I was appointed to

preside over the temporal wants of said institution, which office led me often to the house, and gave me opportunity of understanding the management, of which the society oft-times expressed their entire approbation. Their attentive and self-denying labors were evidently attended with the blessing of God.

Mr. M'Dowall was convinced that to have the charge of such an institution was not the labor designed for him, and after remaining about six months over it, he retired.

Shortly after their retiring from that house, evil surmisings respecting the integrity of Mr. M'Dowall while having the charge of that institution, and likewise respecting his labors previous to that, were whispered around the city, by those who had long known the honesty and upright principles of his heart.

Incredible as they *then* appeared, they soon acquired an extensive circulation. Mr. M'Dowall took a missionary tour through the country, and found *emissaries* had gone before him, under the garb of *Christian*, and *sanctity*, and *Reverend*, and strewed his pathway with those very reports with which he had been constantly assailed at home; feeling that his usefulness was destroyed, he returned home sick at heart, his soul sunk in despondency, waiting for the Lord to direct his next movements. A voice was heard through the land demanding an explanation. He attempted it, and was taken before the Presbytery.

The spirit which was manifested towards him by that body, and the humility and meekness with which he received it, enlisted my mind, and I attended most of the time during their sitting.

His mind was of a peculiar sensitive cast, and the great persecutions which he was suffering at this time prostrated his nervous system. He found himself utterly incompetent to stand the contest alone with such a numerous host. Neither was time given him to make preparations and collect his witnesses, and in the early part of the session he

was forced to withdraw. None but an eye and ear witness could realize the spirit which was manifested towards him at this time, and the amount of persecution he received, which truly was of that kind which tries the soul. This was a day of darkness unto him. His friends were apparently few, most of whom stood aloof; his confidence had been so often betrayed, that he felt fearful lest he should meet other treacherous foes. His pecuniary means were limited; the few friends who gathered around him endeavored to administer to his necessities. The plainness of his dress and simplicity of manners had been spoken of as being to his disadvantage. His family became destitute of fuel in the winter, when wood and coal were extravagantly high and scarce, and the weather intensely cold; a widow lady gave them wood and coal from her own winter's supply, by which they were provided some time—much of it he carried home with his own hands. This was the time in which the Presbytery were sitting in judgment over him. Different denominations of Christians, whose interests were not attached to his character, assisted him. The Lord opened the hearts of *some* near relatives of those his persecutors, who manifested their respect for him, by furnishing him, at different times, with some necessary comforts.

Mr. M'Dowall being a near neighbor, I was witness to his daily conduct during the session of the Presbytery, and present when the testimony of the witnesses was spread before him: he expressed great surprise, and appeared unwilling to believe they could ever have taken such a course; he mildly exclaimed,

“ I pity them from the bottom of my *soul* ! There must be DEEP repentance ! I pray the LORD to forgive them ! ”

I oft times heard such exclamations pass from his lips. He always manifested great mildness of spirit during the time he was laboring under this severe affliction; sleep departed from him; he lost the relish for food; his strength failed him; he became prostrate, and was unable to sit up;

the tender sympathies of his kind companion oft times passed unheeded; at times strength revived; necessity prompted him onward to duty, and constrained him to persevere in his defence.

There was that in his character which precluded him from ever expressing or dwelling upon any unkind treatment he received from his brethren, or injustice from professors of religion, until imperious necessity demanded the explanation.

I was present when the Presbytery imposed silence upon his lips, and the doors of the pulpit closed against him. That evening I called at his house; he had laid down to get a little repose, having a violent pain in the head; he was called; he came into the room, his handkerchief tied about his head, his face pale and emaciated: when the intelligence was communicated to him he uttered not a word; his countenance bespoke agony of soul!!—*anguish* untold and unexpressed! although he had respect to the decision of an earthly tribunal. The wound he felt so deep in his heart was to the cause he so much loved; he felt his character was so nearly allied to that cause, they could not be separated. This was a time of great excitement and distress;\* a *wail* was heard through the land, calling upon the wise and good to gird on their armor and come forth against this destroyer, traveling onward in his might, conquering and to conquer, slaying beneath his tread the glory and beauty of our world.

During the session of the Presbytery, the season of the year when changes which always take place on the first of May were approaching, it became necessary for Mr. M'Dowall to seek other apartments for his family. He had not the means to take upon himself the responsibility of a rent; provided he even had the means, many good people would have been afraid to receive him into their

\* Reference to the case of R. P. Robinson, the supposed murderer.

houses while resting under such a cloud of censure and persecution.

Early one morning I met him at my door ; with a disconsolate air he thus addressed me :

“Madam, I am sorry to give you trouble by asking a special favor. Mrs. M'Dowall feels extremely anxious to know where we can find a home, and desired me to call on you and ask the privilege of rooms in your house for a few weeks, till we can be able to make other arrangements,” adding at the same time, “she will gladly compensate you if she should ever have the means.”

I hastened to relieve his anxiety by telling him my doors were freely and gratuitously open to him whenever he needed a home. My answer appeared to afford great relief to his mind. He thanked me, and turned away with a smile of cheerfulness. Shortly after which they moved into my house, and remained until his family were prepared to go in the country. During the early part of the time he remained with us he was deeply engaged in examining the rules of the Presbyterian church discipline, to ascertain whether *he* had acted according to their Constitution ; after which he took up Henry's Commentary on the New Testament, which he examined with carefulness. He labored to understand his duty, not only for the past, but for his future proceedings.

He had made an appeal to the Synod, yet hesitated whether to proceed and engross the time of so many ministers. It appeared then to be his duty to publish his trial, that the world might understand all the accusations brought against him.

About this time he received several letters of consolation from ministers and christians in the country, enclosing donations. While he was preparing to publish some extracts, he was requested to publish all of the one received from the Rev. Fayette Shipherd, a Presbyterian minister in Walton, New-York. He apparently consented ; while

reviewing it minutely, he was observed with his pencil striking out some portion of it; on being asked what part he was dashing out, he replied, "This," reading thus:

"——— I calculate that your history is well written in Rev. 11 : 3-12. Yes; while the gifts are passing from one to another, and the lewd are making merry, you and your character *may* arise as from the dead, to approve yourself and works, pure as the principles for which you plead; and then, amid the consolations and triumphs peculiar to a death-scene as it closes a life devoted to virtue in its *highest* services, you may yet ascend to heaven."

On being asked why he left out that sentence, he replied,

"Because it looks too much like boasting." The request, on being pressed still further as a duty he owed to himself and friends, to publish that letter entire, he reluctantly consented to.

His character was uncommunicative—a propensity not to express the varied feelings of his mind; only those who were privileged with his particular acquaintance could appreciate his worth or know the amount of his sufferings. Having this uncommunicative character, many of the injuries he received, and much of his sufferings, were never exposed. He was very unassuming, and exceedingly modest in all his deportment and conversation.

The natural benevolence of his heart rendered him peculiarly susceptible to the sufferings and miseries of others; he would at any time have given his last sixpence even to an enemy, provided he knew he were in need. His faults, if faults he had, were on virtue's side. He would undergo any sufferings or deprivations if he thereby could benefit others.

During his stay with us, he was in spirit like a "*little child*," and fearful of making trouble. His health appeared to be sinking. He complained much of his head, and at times of being unable to write or study; his countenance oft times assumed a deadly paleness; he would cast himself upon

his bed ; on being asked what was the matter, he would reply *that his troubles* had overcome him. One day, being more than usually unwell, he was obliged to take his bed and receive medicine, after which he obtained temporary relief. He arose from the bed and abruptly left the room ; after the absence of an hour he returned exhausted and prostrate, and again took his bed. After a short rest, he cast his eyes upward, as if fixed on some high and important subject, apparently in deep meditation ; he soon observed he had just been down to the ship and learned that he could have a passage to Liverpool in the lower deck for fifteen dollars.

As he had pursued his labors, he saw that the vices of the old world were overspreading the new, and that every effort to purify our country would be unavailing, unless the feelings of the good on the other side of the globe could become awakened, and enlisted in this great work, to roll back that tide of iniquity which was coming in and overwhelming this our land. He saw a vast field spread before him white for the harvest, and no laborer to enter it. As these impressions were resting upon his mind, his soul was on the wing to enter that great field, forgetful of his persecutions, insensible to the weakness of his body, regardless of the manner he went.

Sunday mornings he was seen bending his way towards the docks, where sailors had congregated together to spend the day in idleness and sin. The ship cabin-doors were thrown open to receive him, and there he would pray with and exhort them till his strength was exhausted. Meanwhile the sailors would gather around him, and listen with profound attention ; some would even climb up the mast to hear and see him. He would return, take a little rest, then go another direction, where other similar companies resorted. The latter part of the time he tarried with us his mind appeared to be concentrated upon the Bible, for which he laid aside all other books, and made his Bible a

subject of careful research. The time being arrived in which they had made arrangements to take their departure, with deep emotion he expressed the gratitude of his heart, while he brushed the tear from his eye.

I would not allow him to thank me. I felt *mine* was the greatest favor, not only in having a good man's prayers, but I was greatly honored of the Lord in being *permitted* to afford him consolation, and not *left* to persecute him. After an absence of a few weeks they made us a visit. His mind appeared to rest on its being a duty to carry up his appeal before the Synod; and he observed that his "Savior had been condemned by an ecclesiastical court, and he prayed that he might be enabled to manifest the spirit of that divine Master." His mind had now gained much composure and spirituality. In prayer his spirit appeared greatly enlarged. Before evening-prayer he read the 51st Psalm. Each sentence was uttered in tones of deep feeling, particularly the 6th and 7th verses, "Behold, thou desirest *truth* in the INWARD parts, and in the HIDDEN parts. Thou shalt *make* me to know wisdom."

The manner of his expressing those words have given them a lasting impression on my memory. He arose early next morning, took the Bible, and retired into a room alone, and there remained several hours. At the opening of his appeal before the Synod, he was called upon to say whether he had any one to assist him. With a faltering voice he replied,

"*I stand alone; my help is in the Lord Jesus Christ.*"

After the final decision of the Synod a friend called. He lay in a calm slumber: he awoke. Inquiry being made whether he desired to hear the result, he replied,

"My strength failed me yesterday. I was forced to retire before I half finished my speech. I committed my case to the Lord. I have nothing more to do with it."

About ten days previous to his last illness I visited his family. He entered the room, took his Bible, and remarked thus:

"I feel the time has come when the Bible must be carried to the uttermost corners of the earth, and speedily too; not only carried, but it must be read—read fully and carefully, and impressed upon the conscience. The mind must be enlightened and the heart imbued with its precepts, until it becomes the law of the mind, and controls the secret actions. I want every christian to go to work, and extend his influence, until the knowledge of the Lord covers the earth as the waters cover the sea. This can be done. Let every heart become a reformer, and every family a society. When this is attained, the great object of moral reform will be accomplished. Till this is done, the little societies formed here and there will, as it were, avail nothing. The minds of the children must be enlightened."

To the writer he says, "I have a work for you to do. I want you to spend an hour every day, and visit the schools, and impress upon the minds of teachers their duty in reading the Bible and instructing the children."

His countenance was very pale. At tea he observed that he could not relish food. He soon opened his Bible, which he had not laid aside. He says,

"Here is the first chapter of John. Here, read John's testimony of Christ."

He spake with great earnestness; and as I read I saw the efficiency of John's testimony of Christ, never before realized. After reading, a prayer was made.

He then addressed himself to a lady\* (who was present at the time, and who had spent a large portion of her time and money in the formation of Tract societies in different parts of the country, and in the distribution of Tracts.) He says, "The Bible has been laid aside for Tracts and other books and papers; the time has come when they shall give place to the Bible." Let the Tract distributors be holy men; let them select appropriate passages of Scripture, and, with their Bible in hand, visit from house to

\* This Lady has since laid aside Tracts, takes to Bibles, visits families with "*Thus saith the Lord.*"

house, and read, with prayer. This will be the best way to accomplish moral reform. The next interview I had with him, he was cast on a bed of pain and distress; his voice could not be heard above a whisper, although he had not been sick over four days. He requested me to read a portion of Scripture: I read the sufferings of Christ: after which he desired prayers, that more clear views might be given him; at the close of every sentence he breathed the spirit of prayer. The last request I received from him, and the last words were, "Pray for me."

When the message came that he must soon take his departure, I hastened to his room; after which he breathed about thirty minutes.

He lay with his eyes fixed upwards—his hands upon his breast—not a struggle or a groan escaped him. The dark shade of Death which lingered on his countenance, forced upon me the *recollection of PAST SCENES*!!

After his spirit had left its tenement, while the few friends who had gathered around him sat in silent grief; it appeared that but a thin veil separated us from the angelic host with whom his pure spirit had mingled, and who were still waiting to afford consolation and strength to his bereaved friends.

It seemed like "*sitting in green pastures by the side of still waters.*"

This death-scene led the soul to the very gate of *heaven*.

When the undertaker appeared, and we had retired to another room, and his dear bereaved (at a particular request) gave a sketch of the wonderful manner in which the Lord had manifested himself to his soul, all were constrained to join "*Let the people praise thee, O God—yea, let all the people praise thee.*"

When we returned to take the last look, *how changed*! That visage which for months had indicated agony unpressed and uncommunicated, now shone like the morning star before the rising of the *sun*!

We seemed, in vision, to lift the veil and behold the heavenly train bearing him triumphant to their King—to hear him *shout* VICTORY! to see his Savior wreath his brow with the *martyr's* CROWN; and to hear a “HOST” proclaim him “CAPTAIN.” Yours,

C——.

New-York, Feb. 21st, 1837.

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## SKETCHES BY WILLIAM GOODELL.

### M'DOWALL IN RHODE ISLAND.—THE FIELD AND THE CULTURE.

It was, I think, some time in the year 1828, that I first became acquainted with REV. J. R. M'DOWALL. I was then living in Providence, R. I. and Mr. M'Dowall came among us in the capacity of Agent for the American Tract Society. With the exception of some active christians in Providence, and perhaps one or two other populous towns that were peopled, in a good measure, by recent emigrants from other parts of New England; the inhabitants of Rhode Island in general, including the pious and exemplary members of the churches of different sects, were, at that period, very far from regarding with any great favor or interest, the then novel, unpopular, and exciting enterprises of Bible, Tract, Missionary, and Sabbath School Societies. Along with their own more enlarged and accurate views of *religious freedom*, which distinguished these descendants and successors of ROGER WILLIAMS, and for the advocacy of which they had been unjustly stigmatized by their christian brethren and neighbors as semi-barbarous and heathen; the Rhode Island christians, in return, had imbibed an almost instinctive and insuperable jealousy and distrust of all benevolent and Christian efforts attempted

to be introduced among them from abroad. They regarded themselves as refugees from the Ecclesiastical oppressions of Massachusetts. They remembered the persecutions of their brethren in Connecticut, during the legislative usurpations resorted to for the enforcement of the Ecclesiastical Constitution, commonly denominated the Saybrook Platform. The political and irreligious presses of this period in Rhode Island were taking advantage of this condition of things to widen the breach between the Christians of Rhode Island and those of the neighboring States; and thus prevent the Agents of Missionary, Bible, Tract, and Sabbath School Associations from making any successful inroads into the territory of Roger Williams. These Agents were represented as "foreign emissaries" sent to spy out and subvert the liberties of the people of the state. The despotic doctrines and the proscriptive practices of the dominant clergy of the adjoining states, of a former period, were constantly kept in sight; and the imprudent and unfounded aspersions of *Rhode Island* which had fallen from the pen of the late *Rev. Dr. Morse*, and other conservative zealots of that stamp, were unceasingly quoted to prove that the great Associations originating out of Rhode Island were hostile to the free principles she cherished.

About the same time, too, the calumnies which assailed the Sandwich Island Missionaries every where, were as loud and as confident, and nearly as much listened to, by professors of religion throughout the country, as the similar complaints and slanders against the assailants of American heathenism and licentiousness have since been. Indeed the rage of the impure and the vicious in our land (as though they foresaw what was shortly to be attempted in America) was almost as virulent and as clamorous when christianity attacked American and European debauchery in the Islands of the Pacific, as when it afterwards brought the war home upon them, in the more

strongly intrenched and fortified citadels of our own populous cities. The popular presses in Rhode Island were alive with these topics. Every man who attempted to introduce any moral or religious innovation, was set down as a conspirator against the public peace and welfare. Sabbath Schools were a device not exactly for dividing the Union, but for uniting Church and State. The Tracts of the American Tract Society were incendiary publications. Domestic missionaries, especially from other States, were impertinent intermeddlers who deserved a coat of tar and feathers for slandering the state, and meddling with things that did not concern them. No epithets of indignation or of contempt were deemed extravagant, if applied to a temperance newspaper or a temperance agent, and a volley of broken rum-bottles, if not of rotten eggs, was the expected accompaniment of a Temperance meeting.

The name of *Arthur Tappan*, on account of its connection with the *Missionary* enterprise, was a theme of as general and as scurrilous abuse *then*, as it ever has been at any subsequent period on other grounds.

Such was the peculiar condition of things in Rhode Island, and such were the general moral aspects of the country at large, when M'Dowall first entered upon his duties in that State, as the agent of the American Tract Society. He was young; and he was a stranger. He was undertaking to cultivate a soil which had proved too rugged for older and more experienced husbandmen—a field from which veteran soldiers of the cross had retired in despondency, and almost given up in despair. A few individuals favored his enterprise, and looked with anxiety for the result. But it was not long before they were convinced that the Lord of the vineyard had at length raised up for them a laborer, imbued deeply with the spirit of the station assigned him, and eminently gifted with his own heavenly wisdom and skill. I regret the want of time and ability to relate the progress and success of

his labors in detail; but I am sure I shall be sustained by the testimony of a cloud of witnesses in Rhode Island, when I say that M'DOWALL was the first adventurer from abroad who won the confidence of the people in general, and disarmed their prejudices, and triumphed over the opposition which had uniformly baffled, to a great extent, if not wholly, the efforts of his predecessors. He was cordially received by the active and pious of all sects—he was respected by all classes—he was welcomed, in an especial manner, by the destitute, the despised, the neglected, and the poor. No one could charge him with a sectarian spirit. He identified himself with the people among whom he labored. Plain in his dress; simple, affable, and truly courteous in his manners; sitting down as though at home, at the coarse meals and rustic firesides of the common farmers and poorer people; assuming no airs of learned arrogance; betraying no consciousness of belonging to a superior caste; affecting no princely condescension; evincing, by his untiring industry, that he was himself a working man; traveling on foot, or in the rudest and cheapest style of conveyance that the country people were accustomed to use themselves—the mission of M'Dowall contrasted in a striking and favorable manner with some exhibitions that had been witnessed in that region, and, I fear, in other portions of the country. The people of Rhode Island found in him a man after their own heart. The most virulent opposer could not stigmatize him as a “proud or hireling priest.” His benevolent self-denial was known and acknowledged by all men. Addressing himself to the consciences and the reason of those with whom he conversed, and mainly anxious that they should examine and think for themselves, and act as rational and moral beings in view of their own individual accountability—in-  
sisting much, as he then did, upon the duty afterwards inculcated as his dying motto, “*Read the Bible through,*”  
“Study and understand it all, for yourself, and not on

hearsay, from another ;" it was almost impossible that the people of Rhode Island should not have been disarmed of the suspicion that he came among them to rivet fetters upon their consciences, or cheat them out of the liberty of the Gospel. The secret of his extraordinary success I do not take to have been so much any peculiar sagacity or historical knowledge, which enabled him to appreciate the peculiarities of the people of that region, and led him to shape his course in particular reference to their condition, as it was the result of his own settled temper of heart and habit of thinking and acting. He did in Rhode Island as he would have done any where else, and as his Divine Master was in the habit of doing when he tabernacled in flesh, and went about doing good ; and of whom it is recorded, the common people heard him gladly.

#### M'DOWALL IN NEW-YORK.

About the close of the year 1828 I removed from Providence to Boston, and do not recollect to have known any thing more of M'Dowall until I took up my residence in New-York, in 1830. In the summer of that year I found he was laboring among the degraded and vicious population in the neighborhood of the Five Points. The first information I recollect to have received distinctly of his efforts in behalf of abandoned females, was contained in some communications from his pen, which appeared in the "Genius of Temperance," (with which publication I was connected,) in the autumn of the same year. Those articles produced some excitement, and elicited some opposition. A large portion, however of the subscribers of that Journal, were interested, and enlisted in the enterprise.

To give a full history of my acquaintance with Mr. M'Dowall and his labors after the period last mentioned, would be to repeat a considerable portion of what the reader

will no doubt find presented by other hands in the course of this Book of Memoirs for which this article is prepared. I shall briefly allude, therefore, to a few particulars of the narrative.

IMPORTANT PERIODS—A CLUE TO THE SUBSEQUENT DIFFICULTIES.

1. It was a trying time for Mr. M'Dowall, when so many of those who had commenced laboring in the cause of Moral Reform, and stood by his side, were so far overborne by popular clamor as to give over their efforts soon after the opposition elicited by the Magdalen Report. He felt it his duty to go forward, though he should be compelled to go alone. I have never doubted that his decision was correct, though I readily foresaw something of the difficulties he would be called to encounter. And I have never ceased to regret that good men, who, until that time, had given to the enterprise the full share of attention which its importance demands, were induced to withdraw from that effort, and thus weaken the hands of one who, aided by their countenance and support, might have been able to stem the current, and roll back the tide of persecution that, at length, overwhelmed him. Those who abandon any benevolent enterprise, themselves, however conscientious they may be in the decision to do so, are seldom, if ever, in a position afterwards to appreciate the measures of those, who, making the opposite decision, resolve, at all hazards, to persevere in their work. I think it important to notice carefully this period of Mr. M'Dowall's history, not only for the purpose of observing how far, in his resolution, his perseverance, and his courage, he exceeded most good men, but as furnishing an easy solution to the natural inquiry, why such a man, in such an enterprise, should have received so little support and assistance from men who usually abound in every good work. When an army

is once routed and commence a retreat, it is not easy to rally them again to the rescue. The policy of bending to the blast, and waiting till the excitement is over, is a suicidal policy, by which reformers cut the life-strings of their own energies. But for this fatal misstep, the enterprise in which the Magdalen Society had engaged might have stood, I have no doubt, on as high a vantage ground, at the present time, as the Temperance Reformation, or the cause of Human Rights.

2. Another turning point and instructive period of the history of M'Dowall, was the publication of his "MAGDALEN FACTS." This pamphlet was sent to all the editors of newspapers on the exchange list of the "Genius of Temperance," including most of the religious periodicals of the country of different sects, and which, at that period, were more numerous in the interior of the country than they are at present. I was at some pains to collect together the notices which these editors wrote of the Magdalen Facts of M'Dowall; and I think I have the means of making it appear that the work was received with more than ordinary favor from the conductors of the religious and periodical press. I cannot be mistaken in the fact, that the great body of active christians engaged in the temperance cause *out of the city*, were not only interested in the subject, but approved the pamphlet as eminently calculated to do good. But its reception among *leading men in New-York city* was such, at the same time, as to leave no manner of room to doubt that the author would be prevented, by every means in their power, from prosecuting the work he had commenced. A very prominent member of one of the first churches in the city remonstrated with me for having commended the work, and declared it ought not to be circulated among the people. He proceeded to assign his reasons at some length. I then opened the pamphlet, and pointed him to the extracts from the writings of Solomon, with which it was commenced.

I put it to his candor to say whether the objections he had made would not apply with as much force and propriety to these extracts as to any other part of the book? The question perplexed him. I insisted on an answer, and after a long pause he very deliberately acknowledged that they would! "And," said he, with an emphasis and an energy I shall never forget, "I should prefer that those portions of the Bible should never be perused by the female members of my family." And this was from a gentleman of high literary attainments, and great influence in the church.

3. A similar train of remarks might be made respecting the first appearance and subsequent continuance of M'Dowall's Journal. No periodical, perhaps, was ever more popular with the plain working class of christians, both in city and country, particularly the latter. The funds sent in for its support, and the letters received from every quarter, bear witness to the fact. But the opposition the same publication received from leading and influential ministers and laymen in the city of New-York, was such as to render it certain that no measures would be left untried to cripple and prevent its circulation. If any evidence is needed on this point, it may be found in the statement of the Rev. Dr. M'Auley before the Synod, which reversed the proceedings of the third Presbytery.

4. The indictment of the Journal by the Grand Jury, and the position taken by the New-York Observer, are irrefragable facts going to establish the same point. Leading members of the jury were members and officers of churches. The Observer was the favorite organ of the principal ministers in the city. The ground openly avowed by the editor of the Observer, in defence of the indictment of the Grand Jury, was, that the civil magistrates ought to prevent the circulation of the Journal! The Governor of South Carolina is generally credited with having made the first public demand that freedom of speech and of the

press, as guaranteed by our constitutions and bills of rights, should be authoritatively annihilated in the northern states. But it is a mistake. The precedent was first furnished by the opposers of M'Dowall in New-York. A public journal, of unusual popularity with the country people, was to be put down by the strong arm of the civil law ! This was the same principle afterwards maintained by a distinguished civilian of Massachusetts on another subject, when he recommended that "the village and country inhabitants" should be prevented, by "penal enactments," from listening to the public discourses of those whose teachings did not accord with the tone of public sentiment in Boston !

#### INFERENCES FROM THESE FACTS.

These facts have been alluded to in this place, because I consider them as furnishing the only key to the intricacies of the contest in which M'Dowall was involved, in the latter part of his career. There was scarcely any end to the alleged grounds of complaint against him, which were successively urged and abandoned: the real and original difficulty was generally kept out of sight. In view of the *facts* to which I have referred, (and they are facts which no one, I think, will undertake to dispute,) the never-ceasing opposition carried on through the instrumentality of the Female Benevolent Society and the Third Presbytery, is a problem easily solved. There was evidently a fixed and settled determination with the higher influences in the church to silence the publications of Rev. J. R. M'Dowall at all hazards. On the admission of this fact, the whole process is easily understood: without it, no man can give a rational account, or assign a satisfactory reason or motive, for proceedings so absurd and self-contradictory. I would not be understood as attributing to

these men any worse motives than other great and good men have more openly avowed, when they have claimed and exercised the prerogative of judging and deciding for their christian brethren what sentiments they may promulgate, and, for the community, of which they are members, what books they may read. They may verily think they do God service, but the public ought to understand and judge of their claims. Nor do I forget, that far other objects and aims may have influenced a large number of those who were made *instrumental* in the persecutions of M'Dowall. The intentions of some may have been good. Of the object of those who were induced to raise a contention about *funds*, the readers of this book will have an opportunity to judge. I have always feared that those funds were a temptation which blinded the eyes of many, who thought they saw in them the means of doing good, and sincerely thought they were likely to be expended in a manner which would produce evil. Under such circumstances they might easily persuade themselves that they had the best claim to their use; and the more so, when their claims were sustained by those eminent men and revered teachers whose opinions they were accustomed to regard as authority. It is with this *latter* class, I apprehend, that the original and principal ground of opposition existed; and this ground was, very plainly, nothing more nor less than hostility to the publications and labors of M'Dowall; an opposition so deep rooted and intense, that nothing short of his deposition from the ministry, the silencing of his voice, and the discontinuance of his writings, could allay, appease, or satisfy them. The whole history accords with this statement. They asked for his *funds*. For the sake of peace, he yielded them. They next assailed his *character*. In this they persevered, until, in the last resort, he was compelled to vindicate it in the public prints. Very few, at the present time, will venture to deny that he did it fully and successfully. But

for the crime of doing it, he was arraigned, and deposed! \* *Such* a chain of facts will always tell their own story. Posterity will need nothing else to give them an insight into the whole mystery of transactions which now puzzle men on the spot, only because they stand so near, and among the confused, and complicated, and noisy machinery, that they do not discover distinctly the relative position, proportion, and motion of the main-spring that moves the whole.

#### DEFECTS OF M'DOWALL.—THE ISSUE.

I have been drawn into the discussion of this topic further than I had intended. M'DOWALL has gone to his rest, and his works do follow him. The spirit of forgiveness which he exhibited, should be cherished by his surviving friends; and the more so, as the signs of the times seem to indicate that they will be called upon to share in his sufferings, if they are faithful to follow in his footsteps. There is a time for the boldness of rebuke; and there is a time for the meekness of submission. The Savior pronounced the severest woes at one time; but, in the final contest, when his warnings could no longer do good, he was as the sheep before his shearers, and opened not his mouth.

The friends of M'Dowall, if they follow his dying advice, and "Read the Bible through," will not contend that any mere man on earth has ever been without faults. They will be expected to mention, impartially, what they conceive to have been *his*. I shall endeavor to do so.

\* The injustice, absurdity, and cruelty of this treatment will more fully appear when it is distinctly understood that the withdrawal of support and funds occasioned by the first part of the process, was such as to render it impracticable for Mr. M'Dowall to publish his defence in a Journal of his *own*; and that, for various reasons, not one of the Religious Journals would publish it for him. And then it was made an offence in M'Dowall that he published his defence in the penny papers of the city.

As a Reformer, he labored, I think, under one serious defect which, unfitted him, in some degree, for the rude, rough times upon which he was cast. To "have been qualified fully for the contest in which he engaged—to have grappled successfully with the giant influences by which he was opposed, and whose skillful and unyielding hostility he should have foreseen; M'Dowall must have partook less than he did of the texture of the weeping and beseeching Melancthon: more of the spirit and determination of the thundering and self-vindicating Luther. He must have met his enemies on the threshold, and contended with them, inch by inch, without parley, and without compromise. But the excessive mildness and tenderness of his spirit forbade this. His friends, some of them at least, saw this defect, and forewarned him of the issue. He was not the man to avail himself, in season, of these friendly suggestions. His enemies understood this, and counted on it, in their plans for his defeat. To this backwardness of excessive and misplaced forbearance on his part, they owe all their unrighteous successes. He should have stood firm against their first attempt at encroachment. He should have refused to purchase peace by submitting to arrangements and settlements which were afterwards unfairly construed into admissions of the justice of their claims. Instead of scarcely standing on the defensive, he should have carried the war into their own camp, and crippled their unholy influence by a full and early exposé of the facts which he afterwards stated in his published Defence. In not doing this he erred, and erred greatly. And this early error, it may be, occasioned later and somewhat different errors. It was certainly the occasion of placing him in circumstances of perplexity, and peril, and provocation, in which, it is said, he once or twice "spake unadvisedly with his lips." The meekest of men are liable to do this; and the temperament which *indisposes* men to contend, at the same time *unfits* them for the com-

bat into which the excess of their forbearance is well calculated to plunge them. There is reason to suspect that it may have been thus with M'Dowall. He certainly was never adapted, by his physical constitution, to mingle in that strife of tongues which overtook him at the last, notwithstanding his laborious and anxious flight. And the full pack came pouncing and roaring upon him, at a time when his energies were exhausted, and when, like the feeble and hunted hare, he could only utter an unmelodious groan of agony, and expire. It is alleged that some of his complainings grated harshly on the polite ears of his pursuers; and, on the failure of every other ground of accusation, these complainings are now made the justifications of the chase! He should have "writhed with gracefulness—he should have groaned with melody!"

The contest was an unequal one. It was not to be expected that his delicately attuned nervous system could sustain the shock without spasmodic contortions and involuntary shrieks. The rugged station was unbefitting a M'Dowall. It was as though a Howard had been summoned to storm the Vatican. It was like placing a Lawrence Sterne upon the war horse of a Napoleon. It was the lamenting Jeremiah compelled to snatch down his harp from the willows and wield it as the spear of Ithuriel!

#### HE HAS NOT LIVED IN VAIN.

Thus fell the martyred M'Dowall. And yet it was superhuman—an unearthly wisdom, that assigned him the very station he occupied. The children sitting in the market-places may now say, "We have piped unto you and ye have not danced; we have mourned unto you, and ye have not wept." John the Baptist, from the wilderness, with the severity of scorching reproof upon his lips, has visited the generation in which we live, and they have said, "He hath a devil;" he is censorious, and vituper-

tive, and unchristian. The beloved disciple has also visited them, meek, mild, timid, gentle, and forbearing, and they have trampled him to death under their feet. But Wisdom is justified of her children, and the varied qualities of the messengers of Divine Truth are well adapted to call out and try the human heart, in all its intricate folds and windings.

M'Dowall has not lived in vain. His memory and his example will live when all earthly glory shall be forgotten. The Providence that raised him up, and guided him, intended that coming generations should be instructed by his story. As it is impossible to exhibit such a man without relating his persecutions, we may be rationally assured that the relation of them will prove as salutary as the similar records of former times. M'Dowall has not lived in vain; because, among other things, his history shows to what a pass the nominal Christianity and Protestantism of the nineteenth century in America had arrived, before the dawn of that bright era when Christians shall "READ THE BIBLE THROUGH;" read it for themselves; read it to learn what God hath spoken; read it to forsake the rudiments of men; read it to be perfectly joined together in the same mind and judgment; read it to be gathered into one fold under one Shepherd; read it to abjure the usurped authority of those who love to have the pre-eminence and lord it over God's heritage; read it to proclaim the whole counsel of God, whether men will hear, or whether they will forbear; read it to judge for themselves of the teachers who profess to be sent of God, and to know them by their fruits read it to learn that the seventh commandment of the decalogue is yet unrepealed, and that ministers who persist in urging with plainness and pungency its high claims, though despised and thrust out of the ministry by men, may yet remain the approved and commissioned messengers of the Most High God.

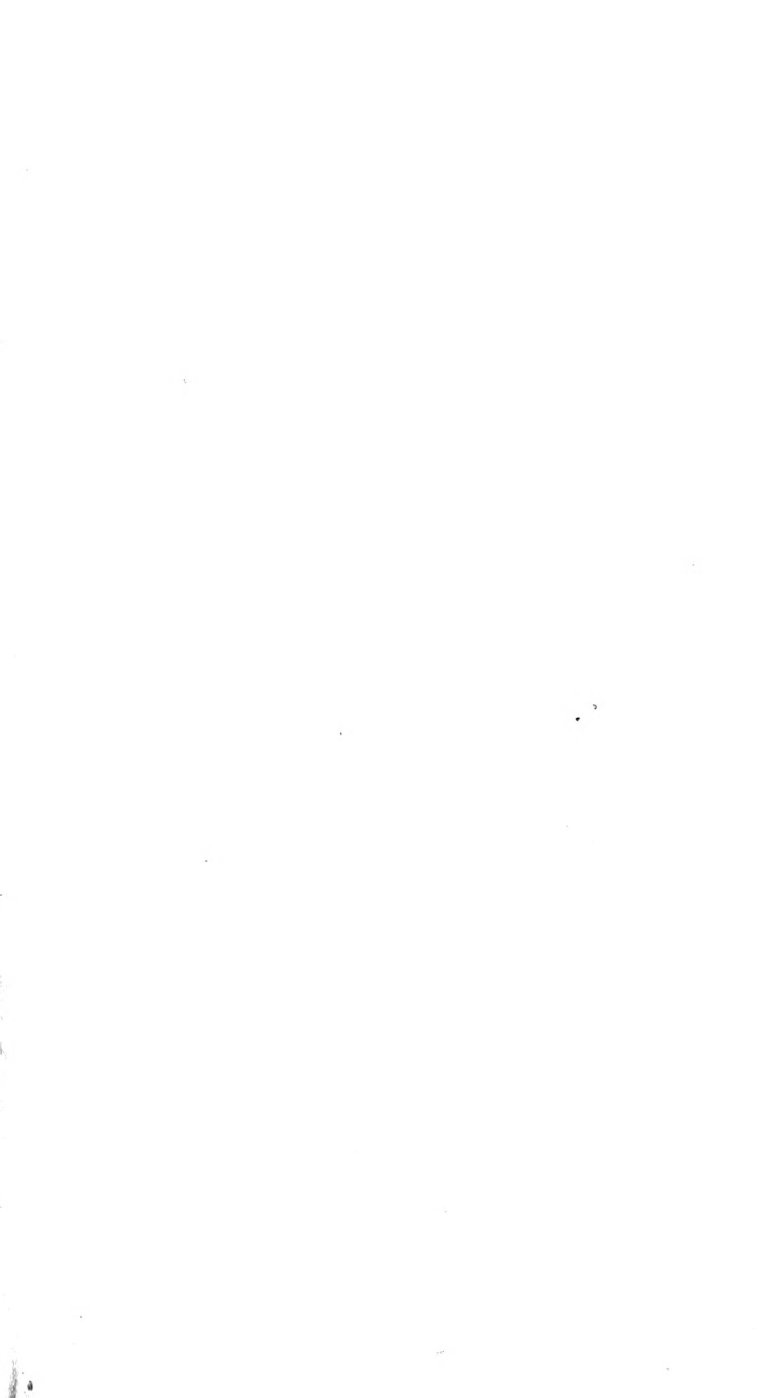
The morning of that glorious day, it is believed, will ere

long break over this dark world of impurity, of oppression, of arrogancy, of usurpation, of persecution, and of sin. The Martyr of the seventh commandment in the nineteenth century will be remembered *then*. Blessed is he that watcheth and keepeth his garments, lest he walk naked, and men see his shame.

THE END.



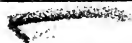
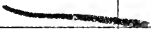








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